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CHARLES PETTIT McILVAINE.

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MEMORIALS

OF THE RIGHT REVEREND

CHARLES PETTIT McILVAINE, D.D., D.C.L.,

LATE BISHOP OF OHIO,

IN THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF THE UNITED STATES.

EDITED BY THE

REV. WILLIAM CARUS, M.A.,

CANON OF WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL;
FORMERLY SENIOR FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE; AND INCUMBENT OF GREAT ST. MARY'S, CAMBRIDGE.

NEW YORK:
THOMAS WHITTAKER, 2, BIBLE HOUSE.
MDCCCLXXXII.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THESE MEMORIALS of Bishop McIlvaine have been compiled out of his correspondence with the Editor, and from letters kindly entrusted to him by the Bishop's family for publication. To these have been added a few extracts from his journals and writings, with some of the valuable remarks of Bishop Lee, in his Funeral Sermon, and of Bishop Bedell, in his Diocesan Address.

The work, therefore, is merely what its title imports—*Memorials* of the Bishop; *fragments* only of his history and writings; worthy, it is thought, to be preserved, and useful, it may be, hereafter, for a *Biography* of the Bishop.

Owing to impaired health the Editor has been unable to execute the work with the additions he wished, and so make it more fit for publication; he ventures, however, to offer it to his readers, with its admitted imperfection, in the hope that it will receive from them the indulgence it needs.

A few passages out of the Bishop's letters to the Editor, which strongly express the warmth of his friendship, have not been withheld from the public: because they seemed necessary to the full illustration of his very affectionate disposition, and on this account they will probably be regarded as not improperly retained in these Memorials.

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MEMORIALS

OF THE RIGHT REVEREND

CHARLES PETTIT McILVAINE.

INTRODUCTION.

IMMEDIATELY after the death of my beloved friend Bishop McIlvaine, I received a letter from his honoured coadjutor and successor, Bishop Bedell, expressing his 'wish that I would take in hand a Memoir of the Bishop.' Had I been competent to undertake such a work, I might perhaps have been induced to comply with this request, after enjoying the great privilege of the Bishop's friendship—a friendship of very rare affection and intimacy—for thirty-eight years. But a Memoir of Bishop McIlvaine recording, as it ought to do, the chief incidents of his eventful Episcopate of forty years, would be a work of far too great magnitude and responsibility for me to attempt to execute; and further, it appeared to me that the Life of the Bishop of Ohio ought rather to be written by some one of his distinguished friends in the American Episcopal Church. I earnestly hope that such a complete biography may yet be given to the public. In the meantime some Memorials of this eminent servant of Christ, which will exhibit his extensive influence, evangelical principles, and holy walk and conversation issuing in a most blessed death of 'perfect peace,' will not be without interest, and are due to the Church of Christ. Holy men of God ought to be had in remembrance. A record

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also, though imperfect, of his gifted ministry, will magnify the grace of his Lord and Master, by whom he was so richly endowed, and to whose glory all his varied talents were entirely consecrated.

The object of this volume therefore will be, to make such extracts from his correspondence and writings as will illustrate these points; and they will be useful materials for the future biographer. Such incidents in his life as came more particularly before me, whether during my intercourse with him, or from his correspondence, will form a principal part of these Memorials. A small selection from letters to various members of his family, which I have been kindly permitted to use, will exhibit his constant and loving care for them, and the tenderness and depth of his affection.

The extracts from his private note-books and journal, never of course intended for the public eye, 'now that he has gone, may with propriety' (as Bishop Lee has observed) 'be laid before the people of his Diocese,' and the Church at large. They admit us to the inmost workings and aspirations of his soul before God, together with his lively faith in the love of his blessed Lord, and daily consecration of himself to His glorious service.

It was the practice of the Bishop almost always on the return of his birthday to enter in his note-book some special record of his thoughts with respect to his spiritual state; and it will be noticed how constantly he seemed to anticipate an early and perhaps sudden departure to his Lord. Thus he regarded each year as he entered upon it as not unlikely to be his last.

The result of this habitual expectation of death was a calm and constant preparation for it: so much so, that it may be truly affirmed that he always so lived as to be ever ready to die. This readiness to depart and be with Christ gave a special tone to his whole temper and demeanour, and led to a very close walking with God. It

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gave strength and consistency to all his public and private life, for he continually realised the presence of God, and sought to do all to His glory. And this holiness of life and consequent spirituality of mind was entirely free from all gloom or austerity; on the contrary, whilst always serious, he was eminently bright and cheerful—often, indeed, playful, but his playfulness never degenerated into levity. Purity and dignity characterised all his words and actions. What was once observed of Archbishop Leighton by one of his most intimate friends, I may say with great truth of Bishop McIlvaine, 'that after free and frequent conversation with him for many years, I never once saw him in any other temper but that which I wished to be in, in the last moments of my life.' His habitual walk with God, whilst it wrought in him increasing likeness to his Lord and devotion to His service, produced also an increasing sense of his own shortcomings. As he observed to me on his death-bed, whilst remarkably enjoying his Saviour's presence—'What I have left *undone* most troubles me;' adding, 'every enlightened conscience has, I suppose, an exceeding sense of *shortcoming*.'

Learning more and more of the infinite holiness of God by filial communings with Him, he was able to adopt, from his inmost soul, the strong language of holy Job and Isaiah* after the Lord had revealed Himself in His glory to them. It is by walking in *His* Light that the holiest servants of God are enabled to perceive in themselves what can only be discerned by that Light. And confessions of demerit and sin, which to the world are unintelligible, and appear perhaps morbid or exaggerated, are in truth the irrepressible expressions of the deep humiliation of the saint.

Though with respect to Episcopacy he firmly maintained the obligation of that ecclesiastical order and

* Job xlii. 5, 6; Isaiah vi. 5.

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polity, 'which (he says) we believe to have come down from the Apostles,' yet he ever cherished an affectionate regard for all who exhibited the fruits of the Spirit, though not of the Episcopal communion, and heartily did he use the language of the Apostle: 'Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.' This truly Christian spirit will be best expressed in his own words from his work on 'The True Temple; or, Holy Catholic Church and Communion of Saints': 'If the Lord of All took into His embrace, as a brother, every doer of His Father's will, shall we not be glad and rejoice that we have such an example to do likewise? In the present divided condition of the visible Church, when sect contends with sect and party with party, and peace seems so far off, must not every true follower of Christ, having in himself the mind of Christ, feel it a very precious consolation that wherever in the whole earth are those, who under any name or form do believe in Jesus with the heart as their only and sufficient Saviour, there his brethren are, there are those who are members with himself of the same body, communicants with him in the same spiritual meat, and the same spiritual drink, to be joined for ever with him in the kingdom of God? The more we are separated by denominational divisions, the more should we love to remember that whoever follows Christ, the same is our sister or brother. Oh for a great revival of this mind of Christ in all that are called by His name! It is to me a precious thought that wherever my Lord has a disciple, I have a brother; that if a poor sinner, who has shared with me in the corruption and condemnation, has shared also with me in the regeneration and remission, by faith in Christ Jesus, then, whatever he be, barbarian, Scythian, bond or free, no matter how he may stand far off from me in sectional relations, separated by partitions which neither is willing to put away, he is united

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to me, and I to him, as bone to bone, in the one mystical body of our common Lord and Life. 'We are heirs together of God and joint heirs with Christ.' The present separation is for a day. The future fellowship, face to face, in the presence of our glorious Lord, seeing Him as He is, will be for eternity.'

An ardent lover of his own country, and in every respect a true patriot, he also took the deepest interest in all that concerned the welfare of England, temporal and spiritual. And in consequence of the high estimation in which he was held by those in authority in both countries, and the entire confidence reposed in his wisdom and integrity, he had the privilege, at a critical time, when the relations between England and America were seriously disturbed by the *Trent* affair, to render very effective aid in the maintenance of peace between the two countries.

The honours conferred upon him by both the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and the many marks of esteem and respect which he received, even from the highest personages of the realm, thoroughly as they were appreciated by him and gratefully enjoyed, never affected his spirituality of mind. He regarded them as fresh talents to be consecrated to the glory of his Lord—giving him, as they did, increased opportunities of serving Him.

The character and work of Bishop McIlvaine are so faithfully pourtrayed by Bishop Lee in his discourse *In Memoriam*, and by Bishop Bedell in his address to the Convention of his Diocese, that I have been glad to introduce nearly the whole of their valuable and discriminating remarks, as supplying what was needed for this present *fragmentary* work. I shall only add to them two very graceful and important tributes to the memory of the Bishop. From his beloved friend and mine, Edwin Guest, Esq., LL.D., the late Master of

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Caius College, Cambridge, I received the following, May 10th, 1873:

'Of all whom it has been my privilege to know, he came nearest to my ideal of the Christian man. There was in him a balance of qualities not often met with, a clearness of intellect and decision of character united to a singular humility, and a kindliness of nature which in its sanctified form became the greatest of the Christian graces. I shall always look upon it as one of my greatest privileges to have known Bishop McIlvaine.'

His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, on receiving my narrative of the last days of Bishop McIlvaine, very kindly wrote to me:

'His departure was like his life, and the manner of it is an encouragement to those who are looking forward to pass before long through the same trial. It was impossible to know our dear friend without loving him. We greatly enjoyed his visit to Addington before his journey with you began. We shall all greatly miss him. But it is pleasant to think of his peaceful rest in Christ.'

And now I would humbly commit to the Lord these memorials of His faithful servant, on whom He bestowed such abundant grace, with the prayer that He may be glorified in them, and that He would so bless their perusal, that the reader, obtaining like precious faith with the devoted Bishop, may enjoy the same blessed end of *perfect peace.*

WILLIAM CARUS.

Winchester, November, 1880.

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PART I.

NARRATIVE, &c.

CHAPTER I.

1799—1825.

THE family of Bishop McIlvaine trace their descent directly 'from the Makilvanes of Ayrshire, who in the early part of the sixteenth century must have been of considerable power and influence as large landed proprietors. Their lands of Upper and Nether Grimmet, or Grumet, extended for many miles along the Doon, and now form part of the possessions of the Marquis of Ailsa, Earl of Cassilis. They were confirmed in their possession by Acts of James V. and Mary Queen of Scots; the records of which are in the Record Office of Edinburgh.'

'Prior to the sixteenth century (writes Colonel Francis McIlvaine), they possessed and occupied Thomaston Castle, the fine old ruins of which are still standing on the estate of the Marquis of Ailsa. The family was connected by marriage, not only with the Kennedys, of whom the Earl of Cassilis was the head, but with the Stuarts (a branch of the royal family), and others of importance in their day. Robert Stuart of the younger branch of the royal house married Julianne, daughter of John

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McIlvaine, of Grimmet. About 1520, Alan McIlvaine, who married a niece of the Earl of Cassilis, purchased the estate of Grimmet in Ayrshire, and from him we are directly descended. The family appears to have been impoverished by high living and fines (they were Presbyterians), and sometime in the beginning of the eighteenth century our ancestor removed to this country, and settled in or near Philadelphia. His descendants settled in or near Bristol, Pennsylvania, living the lives of country gentlemen on their estate of Fairview near that place. At the death of our great-grandfather this estate passed out of the family.'

From Bishop McIlvaine's brief notes of his personal history we have the following account of his family and of himself in his early years:

'I was born in Burlington, New Jersey, January 18th, 1799. My father was Joseph McIlvaine of that town, and his father was Joseph McIlvaine of Bristol, Pennsylvania, brother of Dr. William McIlvaine, an eminent physician of Burlington, and of Mrs. Mary Bloomfield, wife of General Bloomfield, who was for several years Governor of New Jersey, and a Brigadier-General of the United States during the war of 1812—15. My father was one of the leading lawyers of the State, and at his death was one of its representatives in the Senate of the United States. He died at Burlington on the 19th of August, 1826, in his fifty-eighth year. My mother, Maria McIlvaine, was a daughter of Bowes Reed of Burlington, who was brother to Joseph Reed of Philadelphia, General Washington's confidential Secretary, and first Governor of Pennsylvania. My dear mother lived to her seventy-third year, and died in New York at the house of my brother Reed, on the 18th of April, 1849.

'I was blessed with most affectionate, tender, devoted parents—wise and faithful—whose memory is treasured in my heart with the tenderest love and the highest

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veneration. Their remains lie in the burial-ground of St. Mary's Church, Burlington, where are also those of my mother's parents, and of all my five brothers, and of the parents and various members of my wife's family.

'I received my education for college at the Burlington Academy, a corporate institution, of which my father was one of the trustees. From my childhood I attended the worship of the Episcopal Church in Burlington; then, and until after I was ordained, under the rectorship of the Rev. Charles Wharton, D.D. My parents and all the family belonged to that congregation. My dear mother, having some scruples about presenting her children for baptism as long as she was not a communicant (which she afterwards became), I was not baptized until during my college course, when having been turned to the Lord, by His grace, I presented myself for baptism in St. Mary's Church, Burlington, and received that sacrament at the hands of Dr. Wharton. I graduated at the college of New Jersey (Princeton) in the autumn of 1816. Two brothers, Reed and Bloomfield, graduated there before me; two, Joseph and Henry, after me. At that time I had five brothers, and two sisters; Bowes Reed, the eldest, was a merchant of high character, and died in New York, August 27th, 1866, in his seventy-second year. The second, Bloomfield, was a lawyer of eminent ability and promise in Philadelphia, and died in Burlington, August 18th, 1826, the day before my father, who died in the adjoining room. They were placed in the same grave. The third, Joseph, a lawyer of high standing in Philadelphia, for some time Recorder of the city, and at the time of his death a representative of Philadelphia in the State legislature, died at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, suddenly, January 17th, 1838, in his thirty-seventh year. The fourth, Emerson, after some years as a civil engineer, was, when he died, in the Treasury

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Department, Washington. He died October 9th, 1853. The fifth, Henry, was also a lawyer of Philadelphia, of pure, lovely character, and excellent abilities. He died in New York, September 12th, 1851. My two sisters, still living, are Mary and Ellen—Mary, the widow of Admiral Engle, of the United States Navy; and Ellen, Mrs. Harris, of Philadelphia.

'From the period of my graduation at Princeton College, September, 1816, I stayed at home in Burlington, reading, until the following September, 1817, when I entered the Theological Seminary of the Presbyterian Church at Princeton, expecting to spend two years there, during which the course of study involved nothing distinctive of the Presbyterian Church. But my health failed about the middle of the second year, so that I was there only eighteen months. My professors were Dr. Miller, and Dr. Alexander, the father of the eminent men of that name, who since have adorned the ministry and literature of the Scriptures. I deeply venerated the memory of those distinguished men. We had no Theological Seminary in our church at that time. The General Seminary was just beginning to be organized. After leaving the Princeton Seminary, I returned to Burlington, about the month of June, 1819, where I continued in private study until July, 1820. I was not old enough for Deacon's orders till January 18th of that year.* Between that date and July, when I was ordained, I was called by the Vestry of Christ Church, Georgetown, District of Columbia, to take charge of that parish, so soon as I could be ordained, to succeed the Rev. Reuel Keith, D.D., the first pastor.'

It was during his college course at Princeton that his soul was awakened by the power of divine truth, and his heart opened to the teachings of the Holy Spirit.

* In the American Episcopal Church a Deacon may be ordained at the age of twenty-one.

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Writing about this long afterwards, Bishop McIlvaine says: 'It is more than fifty years since I first witnessed a revival of religion. It was in the college of which I was a student. It was powerful and prevailing, and fruitful in the conversion of young men to God; and it was quiet, unexcited, and entirely free from all devices or means, beyond the few and simple which God has appointed, namely, prayer and the ministry of the Word. In that precious season of the power of God, my religious life began. I had *heard* before; I began then to *know*. I must doubt the deepest convictions of my soul, when I doubt whether that revival was the work of the Spirit of God. Many that laboured faithfully in the ministry, and are now at rest with the Lord; some that are still in the work; many whose mark has been strongly made on their generation on the side of the Gospel, were the subjects of that work.'

'I was a candidate for orders four years. During this period I originated the Sunday School of St. Mary's Church, one of the first Sunday Schools organized in the United States. I superintended it until I was ordained. The school has continued to this day.'

He thus describes its origin in a letter April 9th, 1872: 'While I was in college at Princeton one of my class-mates, John Newbold, on returning from a vacation, brought to us students an account of a Sunday School he had attended in Philadelphia. It was the very beginning of Sunday Schools in the country. A number of the students in college formed a Sunday School Society, and raised a fund of about $400, of which I (then in my seventeenth year) was made treasurer. We set up four schools in and about Princeton—I and J. Newbold—and I think the present Dr. Hodge, of Princeton, and the present Bishop Johns (a class-mate of Dr. Hodge, and both a year before me), were teachers in different schools. My first extempore

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address was then made to the school I was detailed to. Going home in 1816, the project of the Burlington School originated. Such a thing had never been heard of in Burlington.'

This school largely embraced the children and youth of the place, as well as those of Episcopal families. Besides superintending and teaching in the Sunday School of St. Mary's Church, which he had organized, young Mr. McIlvaine appears to have been diligently engaged in various other labours of love amongst the sick and the poor of the neighbourhood, in cottage lectures and Bible classes. These services, not common in those days, had a wide influence for good, and left their mark upon the place. On his leaving Burlington he received a very affectionate letter from the Sunday School teachers of St. Mary's Church, in which they thus expressed their gratitude and Christian regard :

'With you originated the scheme of instruction which they have since so advantageously pursued; your example taught them their duty, and your diligence continued to animate and give efficacy to their labours.' And they add, that these thoughts 'are felt alike by the poor whom you informed, the sick whom you visited, and the wretched whom you consoled. They give this proof of their approbation, under the full persuasion that they were commending not you, but the efficacy of the grace of that God, which awakened your mind at so important a period of life (amidst the gaiety of youth and the pursuits of learning and science) to dedicate your time and your talents to the promoting of the everlasting Gospel in the salvation of immortal beings.'

It was during this period that Mr. McIlvaine experienced a very remarkable spiritual conflict, which he ever remembered with solemn awe. As he described it in his journal many years after, and narrated it to the Editor and a few other friends, the record is here intro-

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duced, as it may be helpful to any who are sorely tried by the buffetings of Satan :

'*February 7th*, 1869.—As I was reading to-day that passage of 2 Corinthians xii. 7, where St. Paul speaks of the messenger of Satan, I remembered a remarkable event in my own history, which I have seldom mentioned to anybody, but which I never think of but with a solemn awe, and a sort of consciousness of having once known that buffeting from such a messenger, in a manner too impressive to be forgotten. I think it should be recorded, and now for the first time I put the account in writing.

'I think it was just after or a little before I graduated at college, when I was between seventeen and eighteen years of age, and about a year or eighteen months after I had been turned to the Lord, I was at my father's house in Burlington, New Jersey. Conscious of the immaturity of my religious character and feeling the need of special seasons of prayer (there being at that time in that town scarcely any intelligent, earnest Christian society to help me), I had a rule of going each evening at the setting of the sun to my chamber for prayer. One afternoon, as that time approached, I was sitting in the parlour with some company that had just come in. Presently I said to myself, The sun is down—go to your room. But I answered to myself, They will go directly, and I will wait. I waited a very short time, and was conscious that as I waited the disposition to go decreased. I said to myself, I had better go at once; and arose and went. I had no sooner got out of the parlour into the hall, where I was to ascend the staircase, than an indescribable *dread* came over me, as if some mysterious agency of terror were resisting me. I began the ascent by force. As I went up the dread increased to such a degree that I trembled in every limb, and perspiration broke out at every pore. I took hold

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of the banister and dragged myself up. By the time I had reached the first landing (my room was on the second story) I was so overpowered with dread, that I stopped, and considered whether I dared to go further. What it was I did not attempt to examine. All I knew was that something, some power, some darkness, some unutterable *dread* was upon me and before me. I considered but a moment, and went on to the head of the stair, the trembling and the dread increasing. There I stood again, and thought whether I dared go on. My room was at the end of a passage; I pushed forward and got hold of the handle of the door. The dread increased. It seemed a *horror* of darkness. I stood for a moment questioning whether I dare open the door. I opened and rushed to the chair at which I was accustomed to kneel at the opposite side of the room. I knelt, and in broken sentences prayed; two or three times looking behind me, as if I expected to see some being there. I could not pray but briefly; I arose, and *instantly* the whole dread began to vanish away as a cloud. In a few moments it was all gone; but I was drenched with perspiration, my limbs shook, my nerves were thoroughly shaken, and all the next day the physical effect was upon me. For thirty-six hours my nerves did not recover. What it was precisely I say not. I was in good spirits when it began. Nothing of the sort had ever come upon me before, and I have had no such experience since. I believe it was a messenger of Satan. It was an awful encounter. I mentioned it to nobody for years. But it has helped me to believe solemnly in the Bible teaching of that adversary, who goeth about as a roaring lion to devour; and whom we must resist, by praying with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit.'

'Upon his graduating,' writes Bishop Lee, 'with endowments and advantages of no common order, all the

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paths of worldly honour and advancement were invitingly open. Success at the bar or in the senate was all but certain. But he esteemed even the reproach of Christ greater riches than the world could give, and laid all his gifts, capacities, hopes, and prospects a freewill offering at the feet of his crucified Lord. Before his ordination as deacon (at the age of twenty-one) he was called by the vestry of Christ Church, Georgetown, District of Columbia, to succeed the Reverend Reuel Keith, their first Rector. He at once entered upon that bright course of ministerial usefulness which continued unobscured for half a century. As a preacher his fine person, graceful manner, and elocution, fervent and forcible style, commanded general admiration, and rendered his ministrations very attractive and acceptable. The physical man corresponded well with the intellectual, and the lovers of oratory found his discourses a rich treat. But they were invested with a power and a charm far exceeding aught conferred by the gifts of nature or the fruits of culture. His aim was not to delight the ear and gratify the tastes, but to arouse the conscience and convert the heart. He appeared before his congregation, not as the finished and able orator, but as the ambassador of the King of kings. He had been moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon him this office and work, and the baptism of the Holy Ghost rested upon his ministry; so that "his speech and his preaching were not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power." The secret of Mr. McIlvaine's early success was, that he preached with unwonted fervour and faithfulness the unsearchable riches of Christ. His great and glorious theme was a Divine all-sufficient Redeemer, saving to the uttermost all that come to God by Him, and bringing present salvation to all who receive Him in confiding faith. This gospel he presented, not only in its doctrinal fulness, but out of a

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heart glowing with love to the Redeemer and the redeemed. He spake as one absorbed and penetrated with his sublime and awful subject. The ministry of this servant of Christ was clothed with power because it was full of reality and unction—met the wants of awakened souls—answered great questions stirring in the depths of troubled hearts, and pointed out clearly and distinctly the way of life.'

In one of his papers of Memoranda, Bishop McIlvaine writes, that he was ordained deacon by the venerable Bishop White, in St. Peter's Church, Philadelphia, on July 4th, 1820, and always spoke of that day as the time of his first ordination; and his letters of orders, signed by Bishop White, bear that date. There appears, however, to be some error as to the exact day, and it will be seen by reference to a note in the Appendix, that possibly June 28th is the true date.

After his ordination, his health being feeble, he did not go to Georgetown till late in August, 1820. During the following August, 1821, while only in deacon's orders, Mr. McIlvaine received a remarkable testimony of confidence from the Vestry of St. Paul's, Philadelphia, by a call to become their assistant minister in the following terms: 'The congregation highly appreciating your piety, zeal, and talents, and strongly desirous of having you for their pastor, *dispense with a rector* till the time shall come when you will be legally qualified for that office.'

In the following year, 1822, on the 8th of October, Mr. McIlvaine had the happiness to be united to one whom he 'had known from her childhood,' and to whom he was devotedly attached—Emily Coxe, third daughter of William and Rachel Coxe, of Burlington, whose family had been for more than a century one of great distinction in America. On attaining his twenty-fourth year, he was ordained priest, March 20th, 1823, in St. Paul's Church, Baltimore, by Bishop Kemp.

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Whilst still in deacon's orders, Mr. McIlvaine had the rare honour of being elected 'Chaplain to the Senate of the United States, in the second session of the seventeenth Congress, December 9th, 1822, shortly after his appointment to Christ Church, Georgetown; and he had the further distinction two years after of being again elected Chaplain, December 14th, 1824, the second session of the eighteenth congress;' and was thus probably the youngest clergyman ever elected Chaplain to the Congress of the United States.

Whilst Mr. McIlvaine had charge of Christ Church, in the immediate vicinity of Washington, many of the leading members of Congress frequented his church, and amongst the rest the late Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, then Mr. Canning, the minister from England, who was a regular attendant and communicant. Mr. McIlvaine was anxious at this early period to acquire the ability to speak extempore, as most likely to be useful to him in his ministry, and as it proved to be when so often called upon suddenly to speak or preach, and especially during his laborious Episcopate. To gain this power he began by committing his sermons to memory; but this he soon found to be a great bondage. He then, after carefully studying his subject, adopted the method of preparing some passages in the very words in which he wished to express his thoughts. Whilst preaching on this plan, Mr. Canning, who took a lively interest in the young minister, was kind enough to call upon him, and gave him some valuable hints.

'Young man, you never will succeed if you go on in this way. Prepare your thoughts—have a distinct idea of what you mean to convey to your hearers; and then leave the words to come of themselves.' Upon this excellent advice Mr. McIlvaine immediately acted, and became, as is well-known, one of the most powerful and successful extempore preachers of his time.

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Brief as was his ministry at Christ Church, it left an impression there so deep and lasting, that fifty years afterwards that early pastorate was still held in loving remembrance, and honoured by the following Minute of Vestry on the occasion of his death:

'To his people as their pastor, guide, and friend, he endeared himself by the example of his quiet, gentle life, going in and out among them, in their joys and in their sorrows, with that adaptability of character and sympathetic nature which has made his name almost a household word among those who knew him at that time, and by whom relics of his life among us are still preserved. Although but one of those who then constituted his vestry now survives, there are a few still living who rejoice in pleasant memories of the sweet converse held with him as our rector. Such are the blessed traditions of our church, and we hand them down to our successors, that they may know that among the great and good men that have been over us in the Lord we give a high place to Charles Pettit McIlvaine.'

Mr. McIlvaine was only able to remain a short time at Christ Church. 'My health,' he says, 'having suffered from the climate of Georgetown, I accepted the appointment, proposed and pressed by the Honourable J. C. Calhoun, of Chaplain and Professor of Ethics at the United States Military Academy at West Point. I was appointed January 28th, 1825. I moved my family in the summer of that year. I was connected with the Academy during three years, having resigned the last day of December, 1827.'

'This was an era,' writes Bishop Lee, 'in the history of that institution. The chapel service, which had been looked upon as a weariness, became eventually full of interest. The cadets laid aside their books to listen to the powerful expositions of the Word, and earnest appeals to the conscience. New convictions of the truths

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of Christianity and their own personal concern therein as immortal beings redeemed by the blood of the cross, thrilled many souls. Individuals came to converse with the chaplain and to ask what they must do to be saved; and then a little group of young converts had courage to meet together openly for prayer. The old days, we are told, never returned. The fruits of this genuine revival were the addition of quite a number to the ministry of our Church, who afterwards occupied conspicuous positions. But these accessions were not the greatest amount of good accomplished. It is said that half the corps became Christian men, many of whom, eminent in military and civil life, adorned the doctrine of God their Saviour. The influence for good thus exerted who can measure?'

A narrative of the remarkable issue of this ministry will be given in the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

MINISTRY AT WEST POINT, 1825—1827.

THE following account of his ministry at West Point was written by Bishop McIlvaine, February 5, 1863:

'I have often been urged by persons who were acquainted with the leading facts in the remarkable work of grace which God granted to my ministry, at the United States Military Academy, West Point, to write an account of it. Though the remembrance of it, as connected with the peculiar circumstances in which it occurred, has ever since been of the greatest consolation to me, when tempted to depression of mind, as evincing God's acknowledgment of my ministry, and His gracious using of me as His instrument in this wonderful work of grace (to my own great astonishment); I have shrank from the writing, because so much involved myself in the

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account; till now when thirty-seven years have passed since the time referred to, I fear I have lost some of the particulars important to be noticed. But I will do what I can; and I pray to be enabled so to write, that God may be glorified in the narrative, as He was in the events to be narrated.

'One night I was taking tea at the house of John C. Calhoun, Esq., then Secretary at War, with whom I was intimate. To my great surprise he suddenly asked me if I would accept the place of Chaplain and Professor of Ethics at West Point, adding that if I would, the appointment should at once be given me. I demurred on account of my youth; for then I had not completed my twenty-fifth year. He answered that he preferred a young man who would grow to the place, rather than one whose habits of mind were so fixed by age that they could not be moulded. All I could say was that I would consider it. While considering the question, I was kindly warned by military men residing in Washington—men of religious character, and personally attached to me and my ministry—that I ought to take into account what state of things I should encounter, if I went to West Point; that I should find not only no religious sympathy or fellowship in the institution, but a widespread infidelity among officers and cadets, which however easily a chaplain of easy habits in his ministry might get on with, my sort of preaching would be likely to arouse into most unpleasant opposition. I must confess this prospect alarmed me. I felt my youth and inexperience, and dreaded such an encounter. But considerations of health—the summer approaching, and probably bringing with it a return of the fever, with which Mrs. McIlvaine also had suffered—were potent; so that after much seeking the Lord's will, I concluded to say to Mr. Calhoun, that I would accept the place. At that time I had never seen West Point but once, and

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then only as a visitor for a day, and was as unacquainted as possible with all the interior operations of the Academy. I have seen ever since, that I was led, and thankfully owned the hand that led me. It was productive, under God's blessing, of great good to me personally in many ways, preparing me for more usefulness in after years, besides what His blessing granted at West Point to my ministry.

'I landed at West Point (which is on the Hudson River) in the spring of 1825. It was, I think, Saturday evening. My family not being with me, and the house allotted to me not ready, I put up at the Mess Hall, kept by Mr. C——. It was then the only hotel. Those who know the buildings of the Academy, as they were before the present great improvement, will recognise under that name a venerable building, of which not a vestige is now left; but which to me, as to many others, was consecrated by the most endearing recollections. Sunday came, and I was to meet my new congregation for the first time. My predecessor was a Presbyterian, and of course no liturgical service had been used by him. I was to introduce that of our prayer-book. How could it be done—were there any prayer-books among the cadets, officers, and their families? Could I have any responses? I sent for Mr. C—— and stated the difficulty, and asked if he knew any officers who were acquainted with our service, and who would assist me by giving a lead in the responses. He kindly named two (Lieutenant S—— and Captain H——,) who, he said, would be very ready to help. I asked him to request them to favour me with an interview. Presently they came. I asked them if they were acquainted with the Episcopal service. Lieutenant S—— answered that he had been brought up in the Episcopal Church, and was sufficiently acquainted with the service to do what I desired. This latter was particularly important,

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because, being Chief Instructor of Tactics under the Commandant, Major Worth (afterwards the late General Worth), it was his place to sit in front of and immediately with the cadets. All the accommodation for worship at that time was a hall under the library, in a building which many years ago was destroyed, and where now stands a much more comely edifice. The chapel was sufficient to accommodate only the corps of cadets, the officers, and the families of the latter, and a few strangers; and these with so much crowding, that the cadets sat on benches without backs or rails, and these so near to one another that one must be specially determined to kneel in the prayers, or he would think no room could be got for it. I preached my first sermon—'*The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.*' My two officers fulfilled their promises well, and gave a decided lead in the service. At that time, except the Superintendent, to whom I had reported, and whom I knew only so far, there was not an individual connected with the Academy, male or female, whom I knew in the least. I felt very desolate. My affections reached out for somebody to embrace, as having a fellow-feeling in spiritual interest, and as these two had so readily offered to take a prominent part in the responses, I naturally leaned in heart to them, and from that day I felt that to them at least I might look for sympathy in my ministry. The sequel will appear as the narrative proceeds.

'At the close of the sermon I endeavoured to make a lodgment in the kind feelings of the congregation, and especially the cadets, by saying that while I was there as a professor, as well as minister of the Gospel, I should try to do my duty in both capacities. I wished it to be understood I regarded my spiritual relation as much the most important, and as that in which I most desired to be known; that as a minister of Christ, I

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desired to be the servant of all in any way in which I could be of service to any.

'Here it will perhaps be interesting, especially as the great war now raging has given prominence to so many of the older graduates of the Military Academy (and it will be a matter of much interest to myself) to record the names of some of those who were at the institution during my connection with it, and who were, therefore attendants on my ministry. First, I mention a name I never mention without affection and honour—Colonel Sylvanus Thayer. He was the Superintendent, and excellent he was in all respects in that office. Never a better officer in such a place, a gentleman of the highest order. His testimony is in the unqualified respect and attachment which all feel for him who were ever under him. The Commandant of Cadets was Major Worth (General Worth of the Mexican War). Among the academic officers were Colonel T. Mansfield, Professor of Natural Philosophy; D. B. Douglas, Professor of Engineering; Charles Davies, Professor of Mathematics; Dr. John Torrey, Professor of Chemistry. The present excellent Superintendent of the Academy, Colonel Alexander Bowman, graduated soon after I joined, and became Assistant-Professor in my department of instruction. The present Professor of Engineering, D. H. Mahan, who had graduated the year before, was the Assistant-Professor of Mathematics. The present Professor of Natural Philosophy, W. H. C. Bartlett, and the present Professor of Mathematics, Albert E. Church, were cadets when I went to West Point, and graduated, the former in 1826 and the latter in 1828. Alexander D. Bache, now so distinguished in the science of the country, graduated in June, 1828, and remained as Assistant-Professor. Robert Anderson, the man of Fort Sumpter, now General Anderson (alas! I fear never to be capable again of active service, in consequence of the effect of

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that awful defence on his nervous system), was in the same class. Charles F. Smith, the late General Smith, who led *the* charge at Fort Donnelson, and died not long after, was of the same. Of subsequent classes, what a singular mixture there was of those who have since risen to distinction, and are now arrayed against each other on the two sides of the present war. In one class were the present Generals Heitzelman and Casey, with the late General Albert S. Johnston. In another are the present Generals Buford and Philip St. George Cook, and General-Bishop Polk. In another the present General C. P. Buckingham and *Jefferson Davis*. In another the late General O. McMitchel and the present General Thomas A. Davis, with Generals R. E. Lee and Joseph E. Johnston. In the two next were the present Generals Van Cleve and Curtis; the Rev. Francis Vinton, of Trinity Church, New York; and W. N. Pendleton, now a clergyman of Virginia and colonel of artillery; J. B. Magruder, now a general; and A. T. Bledsoe, Professor of Mathematics in the University of Virginia, and late Assistant-Secretary of War under the Confederate Government. All these, with many others, whose names I dwell upon with great interest as I read them in the register, I think of wherever I now find them, as those to whom I have earnestly and repeatedly preached the Gospel of Christ, and some of whom came into very near and most interesting associations with me in connection therewith. I follow them wherever I can hear of them, and often think of that day when we shall be all again assembled together to give an account of our joint stewardship—I, *of my faithfulness to them;* they, of how they received Christ Jesus the Lord whom I preached.

'My reception at the Academy was kind and friendly, such as became gentlemen. No hindrances were designedly thrown in the way of my ministry; but there

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was a most chilling want of any manifestation of sympathy with the Gospel, except on the part of some three or four ladies, who were in communion with the Church of Christ—two of them Episcopalians. . . . So far as I could ascertain then, or afterwards, the prevalence of infidelity, was, as I had been told at Washington I should find it. This was especially the case among the junior officers and those most nearly connected with the cadets, who had charge of the police, and personal behaviour of members of the corps. By the rules of the Academy my opportunities of intercourse with the cadets were exceedingly limited, even supposing any of them desired an interview with me. Only on Saturday afternoon was any cadet allowed to visit an officer, or anybody else out of the barracks, without special permission from the Superintendent: and such was the feeling and prevalent sentiment about coming to see me, lest it should indicate something towards religion, that for a whole year I cannot remember that a single cadet ever visited me, or sought my acquaintance, or that I had any knowledge of one of them, other than that formed by seeing them in the chapel, or meeting such as came under my professorship in the class-room. One service on Sunday was all I had with them. In the afternoon of Sunday I had a Sunday School in the chapel, in which a few ladies assisted, which was followed by a service for the artillery company stationed there and their families, and such others as the want of room in the morning unfortunately excluded. This service was voluntary on my part; but such being my personal relation to the corps, and having only a formal acquaintance with a few of the officers, I began my ministry in the dark; not only knowing nothing of the congregation, except of the most negative character, but having no means of ascertaining more, except as my preaching should call it out. Under God's gracious guidance I was saved from a snare, by

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which often in analogous circumstances one's ministry is made ineffective. I determined to know my military and scientific congregation as differing in no respect, so far as the current character of my preaching was concerned, from any other congregation. I would remember what they were, only to give a certain incidental direction sometimes to what I said; but they were sinners, lost sinners, with hearts and consciences and wants like all others; they needed the same Saviour, the same Gospel, and the same manifestation of truth as others: and what God has provided as the method of convincing and converting souls to Christ by the preaching of the Cross, was the method for them, in just as much simplicity and directness and boldness and confidence, as anywhere else. My preaching, therefore, from the beginning was purposely of the same style as when I was in charge of my previous congregation. On this I rested for such effects, whether of favour or offence, as would develop character and enable me to know the minds of my hearers.

'Thus I began in the spring of 1825, and so continued for a whole year, before anything of the least encouragement appeared, except as evidences of offence, taken at what I preached, indicated something better than perfect indifference. Meanwhile, *character* came out from time to time, giving me *bearings* to shape my course by. One Sunday I was walking from church, and some of the junior officers were behind me. I heard them say of my preaching, 'It is getting hotter and hotter.' Soon after I was dining with a company at the house of one of the officers, when a lieutenant said something which was interpreted as insulting to me. I left the table. The next day the lieutenant came to apologise and explain; he was an infidel of the most scoffing and sneering kind. I learned afterwards that the other officers, forming the dinner-party, had insisted that he was bound as a gentle-

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man to apologise as he did. Now and then such incidents showed that something was at least stirring.'

The narrative then proceeds to record a long and distressing correspondence with one of the officers, who at one time had apparently taken much interest in the church services, but afterwards, in consequence of a sermon from which he warmly dissented, wrote to Mr. McIlvaine an avowal of his decided sceptical opinions. This was a sad surprise and disappointment to him; and the narrative ends here, evidently unfinished; as no further account is given by him of the results of his ministry at West Point. The sequel, however, of this remarkable movement has happily been recorded by the Rev. G. T. Fox, vicar of St. Nicholas, Durham, who was one of Mr. McIlvaine's congregation at Brooklyn, and to whom the Bishop was warmly attached, and had narrated the following incidents:

'For a year, as we have seen, Mr. McIlvaine continued to preach the simple Gospel to his military audience, without the slightest indication of any effect or response, except of unbelief or opposition on the part of some. No cadet could come to see him without special permission, except on Saturday, and for all that year all had kept aloof from him, so that except in his class duties he knew personally not one. Thus in the remarkable manifestation of grace which at length ensued, the hand of the human minister was almost invisible. At the darkest time, one of the eldest and most high-spirited of the cadets came to him—one whom Mr. McIlvaine did not even know by name, and unburthened a heart smitten with the Word and Spirit of God. He had conversed with no one. In a day or two another, a case of conviction, as solitary as the other. Then another, and another, unconnected, no influence of sympathy, till they thus found themselves with others of one mind. No meeting with anybody to talk to them, encourage

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them, pray with them, till they thus came to the Chaplain's study, each by himself, or conducted, for introduction by the cadet who came first. So it went on. Now some officers came in the same mind, of whom two were professors, and one an instructor in artillery. In a few days a meeting for prayer in the Chaplain's study was held twice in the week.

'That was all the additional means. There was not the least appearance of excitement. The meeting was crowded with cadets and officers; but silent, quiet, calm. It was confined to prayer by the Chaplain, and the simplest exposition of truth. None came who did not profess in so doing to be seeking Christ. All other publicity was carefully avoided. The cases of conversion were generally very distinctly marked with evidences of the new creature, leading to a very positive confession of Christ, and a very exemplary walk before God and man. Some who had not been baptized came forward before all the corps, and in that ordinance confessed Jesus. Besides a conviction which brought many in a few weeks to forsake the world, and enter on a religious course, which was continued in faithfulness all their days (for many have since died), some going into civil life—some remaining in military life—several becoming ministers of the Gospel, and one a bishop—there was a general impression of solemnity over almost the whole corps and the neighbouring people—transitory as was expected with some, but resulting in many instances of consistent religious life, which became known to Bishop McIlvaine only as in after years communications were made to him by Christian gentlemen in civil or military life or by their friends, referring to that season as the day when the seed was sown of a work of grace in them. The Bishop's friends have often heard him speak with wonder and humble praise to the riches of the grace of God, as he has adverted to that chapter of his

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youthful ministry, particularly the long conflict without any visible encouragement—then the suddenness and power of the work—so without hand—with so little of man's device, the means so few, the fruits so unmingled with accompaniments to deface them—so in spite of all the circumstances around, so little his—so purely the Lord's. To the present time he has hardly ceased to hear of cases of persons, whose religious life was then seminally begun, of whom he had never heard before. The last was that of a general in the army. One case is well remembered. The Bishop was on a visit to West Point in 1860, the autumn before the war. A lieutenant, who rose rapidly during the war to the very highest rank—eminently distinguished as a soldier and a Christian—invited him to attend a little meeting of cadets for prayer, of which he was the head. The Bishop was glad to go. He found about thirty present. At the end of the meeting he was relating to the young men the remarkable work of grace more than forty years before, which had occurred under his chaplaincy; and had just said, that to that day he had scarcely ceased to hear of persons whom he never knew, who ascribed the beginning of their Christian course to impressions then received, when the bugle sounded and the meeting was dispersed. But as the young men were going out —each taking the Bishop's hand as he went—the *last stopped*, and with great feeling said to him, that he begged to say, what he had often wanted an opportunity to do, that his father, who had recently died, and had lived a Christian life, always referred to those days and that work of grace as its beginning; and he, the son (with tears) wished to thank the Bishop for *his* part in his father's conversion. On inquiry, the Bishop found it was the case of a cadet of whom he had never any knowledge.'

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CHAPTER III.

MINISTRY AT BROOKLYN, 1827—1830.

DURING these important events in his ministry at West Point, Mr. McIlvaine received on the 27th of July, 1827, from the Vestry of St. Paul's Church, Rochester, New York, an unanimous invitation 'to take charge of their church as rector, leaving him to consult his own convenience as to the time when he will commence the discharge of his duties.' He writes to his sister about this: 'The people are more anxious than you can conceive, that I should come. They offer any salary I may ask, and will build me a fine church, and do all in the power of men to make me satisfied. I can scarcely resist their importunity.'

Another offer was made to him August 30th, to become President of William and Mary College and Pastor of Bruton parish, both in Williamsburg, Virginia, vacated by the death of Dr. W. H. Wilmer, with handsome stipend.

But having received an invitation from the Vestry of St. Ann's, Brooklyn, to undertake the rectorship of that important church, he accepted it in the following terms: 'As the circumstances are by no means ordinary, and there is a general and gratifying desire that I should be their rector, I have determined, in dependence on the Divine blessing, to accept the call. I accept it under the solemn belief that I do the will of God; having come to this belief after much prayer, and anxiety for the direction of Him from whom all good counsels do proceed; and after the concurrent advice of many who are aware as well of the circumstances of the case, as of the principles on which a clergyman should act in regard to them. Should it please the Chief Shepherd that I

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enter upon the duties of the rectorship, which I have thus accepted, I entreat your prayers to accompany my own, that whatsoever things are pure and lovely and of good report may flourish and multiply under my ministry, to the glory of God and the good of all our souls.'

Mr. McIlvaine now removed to Brooklyn, where he spent more than four years in delightful and abundant labours;—and of the impression there made, there are yet many living witnesses. The faithful and prayerful spirit in which he entered upon his important duties will be seen by the following extract from his note-book:

'*Brooklyn, November 13th*, 1827.—I came to this place on Friday, November 9th, 1827, and preached first on Sunday the 11th. I desire and pray to be enabled to give myself wholly to the work of the ministry —to seek with a single eye the glory of God. My circumstances require much wisdom, prudence, independence, prayer, and firmness. I feel that I am too anxious to please, especially to gain the goodwill of those who opposed my coming, and who are not likely to be pleased with evangelical preaching. I am in danger of making their pleasure a matter of too much consequence. I must resist this tendency; I must just preach the Gospel, and labour with all my might to win souls to Christ, and trust in God for all besides. If I am faithful, all will be well. I need not fear, when God is with me. May he enable me to seek His glory with my whole heart, and successfully to promote it through Jesus Christ my Lord!'

Again we have a record of his deep sense of the solemnity of his position at St. Ann's, with his earnest prayer to be faithful in his ministry, and to be delivered from the fear of man:

'*February 5th*, 1828.—O Lord, at whose awful bar I must stand for an account of that precious message

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which Thou hast committed to my trust, and those immortal souls to whom that message is delivered, and those means of usefulness which Thou hast given me to be improved for Thy glory, ever forbid that I should alter one word of my ministry, or the smallest circumstance connected with it, out of the fear of man! Enable me boldly and faithfully to declare the truth, whoever may hear, whoever may be offended, whatever may be the consequences! Grant me such love to the cause of my Master, such an engrossing zeal to win souls to Christ, and such an abiding impression that 'Thou God seest me,' and wilt one day bring me into judgment, that my thoughts may be too elevated, too much taken up with higher and nobler things, ever to stoop to such an inquiry, as whether man will be pleased or offended at what I am going to preach! I pray for more love, purer zeal, livelier faith! Oh to feel deeply, always, waking and sleeping, in sickness and health, in the pulpit and in the study, '*I am not my own*,' '*Bought with a price*,' '*Father, glorify Thy Name*.'

Very deeply did Mr. McIlvaine ever feel the solemnity of his duties as a parent. At great length he recorded on several occasions, on the birth of his children, his thoughts on what he regarded his 'awful responsibility;' and how much 'their inheritance in heaven would depend in a very great degree upon the example they shall see in me, the instruction they shall receive from me, the prayers that I shall offer, and the spiritual solicitude that I shall feel in their behalf. Yes, my dear children, your Father will have much to do in determining the happiness or the woe of your eternal state.' And then he writes as follows, which may be taken as a specimen of what he recorded in a very similar manner afterwards on the birth and baptism of his other children:

'*September 15th*, 1828.—Last Friday, my fourth child, the third now on earth, a little girl whom we intend to

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call *Emily*, after her dear mother, was born into the world. . . .

'I desire and pray, O Thou God and Father of us all, that I may most deeply feel what a precious trust Thou hast committed to me—what a solemn charge I have to keep: what an awful responsibility I have to sustain. Give me faith to look to Thee for help, guidance, and a blessing in all my efforts to bring up my dear children in Thy fear and love! I would feel my utter inability to guide and protect them in such a world as this. They have inherited the same depraved nature which I and all mankind have inherited as the curse of original sin and the consequence of the fall of the original covenant-representative of our race. They must be born again, or they cannot see the kingdom of God. O Lord, I feel and own my entire inability to do for them so great a work. I feel deeply anxious that Thou shouldst in mercy accomplish it in their hearts. I desire earnestly that these my children may be instrumental in good to the souls of men, and in the promotion of Thy glory on earth. I would solemnly and again and again commit and commend them to Thee, to Thy grace, to the compassion and tenderness of Jesus, beseeching Him to take them up in His arms and put His hands upon them and bless them with a blessing which will never wear out! Do with them, O Lord, as Thou wilt. We have no property in them. They are thine, we have consecrated them to Thee. But as long as Thou shalt continue them on earth, lead them in paths of usefulness and righteousness, and finally receive them to glory! for Jesus' sake.'

The above is only a small portion of what he wrote on this occasion: and he adds to it a special Act of Dedication of his child to God.

The incessant demands on the time and thoughts of a faithful and diligent pastor of an important town parish

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began to be seriously felt by Mr. McIlvaine, when at length engaged in the full course of his duties at St. Ann's. But in nothing did he feel these demands so acutely as in the frequent interruptions they caused to his seasons of needful study, and especially those of private prayer. Upon this trial he makes the following remarks:

'*December*, 1828.—I have always found my secret prayer exceedingly interrupted, clouded and injured by two causes: first, not rising early enough to finish my private devotions before those of the family, when interruptions usually commence. Secondly, delaying my evening worship till my body is weary and my mind grows heavy. Often and often have I endeavoured to remedy these evils. Sometimes I have succeeded for a considerable time. But my resolution has been very weak. I have not sufficiently looked up to God for grace to help. In His help I will now endeavour anew. I will strive to get all my secret exercises done before being called to the family in the morning; and I will, as much as circumstances permit, enter upon my evening devotions before I have reason to anticipate that sleepiness of mind and body, of which I have had so much reason to complain. O Lord, help me—grant me a greater disposition to redeem the time. Enable me to practise habitual self-denial that I may get more time for the secret culture of my own soul.'

ON PARTICULARITY IN PRIVATE PRAYER.

'*August 26th*, 1829.—I must correct a deficiency in my morning prayers. I do not anticipate with sufficient particularity the trials, temptations, emergencies, and various duties and unfavourable influences upon my heart, and all those contingent things which may and do so frequently occur, but which cannot be counted on or descried beforehand. I must endeavour to realize more my dependence upon the present help of God in such

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times of need. I must secure before they come that grace and wisdom by which only they can be met. O Lord, help me to profit by this reflection, and this day I beseech Thee go with me. I know not what trials may arise; what attempts the world and Satan may make on my heart; what sudden calls of duty, or means of usefulness, or need of strength may rise up—Thou knowest. Be with me in every necessity. Never leave me to myself. Protect and sanctify my heart. In all my ways may I acknowledge Thee, and do thou direct my steps.'

During his ministry at Brooklyn, which was so eminently faithful and devoted, Mr. McIlvaine would often record his own sense of the defects and unworthiness of his services—and this in strong terms of humiliation and sorrow. A passage or two, out of many of the kind, may here be introduced as illustrating his constant self-examination, and aspirations after higher degrees of holiness and zeal. It was his custom also to write his thoughts at the commencement of each year, or on the return of his birthday: and it will be observed that he always contemplated the possibility of an early death, for which indeed he was continually prepared.

It is, however, particularly to be observed that the strong terms which he uses, when reviewing his early life, express the judgment of an enlightened and spiritual man, when describing his natural alienation of heart from God previous to his conversion, and are not the record of any painful remembrance of a sinful course in youth: for Mr. McIlvaine's early life was exemplary for its morality: as he tells us in a note written January 18th, 1860, 'When first called and persuaded in my sixteenth year in College, I had been kept comparatively exemplary in point of morals—a profane expression had never crossed my lips. But how ignorant I was of all Thy truth and way and word! How feeble was the first

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dawn of life in my soul! How cloudy was my understanding of divine things! And as the morning light advanced, how long was it a misty morning! How little external help I had! But Thou didst lead me, and hold me, and bear with me, and wast so compassionate and long-suffering. Thou didst enlarge my mind. All has been Thy leading, Thy sustaining, Thy feeding—all Thine, the grace of God in me, with me—else had I been nothing but a poor blind, useless, lost sinner!'

'*January 13th*, 1829.—I have recently entered upon a new year. How old am I? I have lived almost thirty years. When the 18th of this month shall have arrived my years will be thirty. How long a space! How much time hath the Lord given me to save my soul, and glorify His name! . . .

'O Lord, Thou hast been to me unspeakably merciful, That Thou didst withhold Thy merited retribution, while I was spending nearly sixteen years in entire rebellion against Thee, while sin rioted in my heart, and the world was all the object for which I cared; that Thou didst then visit my dark, blind, corrupt, wretched heart with Thy free and sovereign grace, mercifully calling me to know and serve Thee, and graciously constraining my heart to love Thee and choose Thy ways; that after all these mercies, when I lived so far beneath my profession, my privileges and my duties, when I so often abused Thy love, and grieved Thy spirit, Thou didst not forsake my soul and shut up Thy compassion, but didst continue to warn, to chide, to revive and to strengthen me, not suffering the spark of love in my heart entirely to expire, not permitting the world and Satan to get completely the mastery over me; that Thou didst call such a worm and miserable sinner to such a work and such an honour as the ministry of the Gospel; that Thou didst enable me to escape all those snares and influences by which so many who enter on this work are

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turned aside from the simplicity and spirituality of the Gospel, to its form and circumstances and accidents, making their ministry but cold and powerless; that Thou didst show me the true doctrine and the true object, and give me the determination to follow them, and the heart in some measure to devote myself to them; that notwithstanding the very great sinfulness of which I have been guilty since I came into the ministry, my coldness of heart, languor of zeal, weakness of faith, my selfishness, pride, indolence and worldly-mindedness, the impurity of my motives and the feebleness of my prayers, Thou hast blessed my preaching and other labours to the conversion and sanctification of many sinners, and that I am now favoured with a wide and cheering field of usefulness, in which my poor efforts have already been attended with great mercy from on high, O Lord, what ought I to render! what gratitude do I not owe! How can I own it and feel it as I ought? O Lord, I beseech Thee to awaken this cold heart to a more tender, affectionate, fervent spirit of thankfulness and praise; and grant that the contrast between my sins and my mercies, between what I have done in Thy service and what Thou hast done for my salvation; between the merited love I have withheld from my Saviour and the deserved wrath which He hath withheld from my soul, may so deeply affect my heart, that my repentance for sin may become more humble, abiding, and heart-breaking; that my devotion to Thy service hereafter may be more affectionate, unreserved, and persevering; that I may thirst after God! As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so may my soul thirst after Thee, O God!

'I would exhort myself to redeem the time, because *I have a great work to do. I have an immortal soul to save.* Ah! how little do I feel the infinite value of my own soul! How deplorably does the world succeed in dim-

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ming my vision of those eternal realities for which I profess to be preparing! But what to me is all the world, what all the universe of worlds, in comparison with my never-dying soul? I have a battle to fight, a race to run. The prize is not in my hands. Still is the exhortation sounding in my ears: 'So run that ye may obtain,' 'Give diligence,' 'Let us labour that we may enter into that rest.' I have a wicked and deceitful heart to contend with, a powerful adversary from hell to fight, an ungodly world to overcome. I have much holiness to gain; deeper repentance to feel; stronger faith to put on. My only safety is in continual advancement. And to be continually advancing, I must *redeem time*. Time advances rapidly. It waits for none. Before I have realized that it comes, it passeth away. Were I to improve my scattering moments, which are now so frequently lost, how much more room should I have to grow in grace; how much more leisure for prayer and meditation; how many more questions of self-examination might I carry to my heart; how many more precious visits might I make to the invisible world; how much more would all my engagements be intermingled with spiritual thoughts and exercises! I covet too little in religion. I am too much contented with slow advances, little encouragements, tolerable evidences. I want more hunger and thirst. I want to feel *in haste* to be more holy, to get over more ground, to achieve greater victories, 'before the night cometh when no man can work.' Oh, my soul, my soul! I would more deeply feel thy value.

'But besides my own soul, a whole congregation of immortal souls is committed to my charge. I am occupying the awful station of a steward of souls—a shepherd of a flock which looks to me for guidance unto eternal salvation. I am sent to preach the Gospel of life to the dead, to call the lost out of darkness to the free grace

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and glorious light of Jesus Christ. If unfaithful to my work, souls will perish on my hands, and I must answer for their death. The more I labour, the more immortal souls will be rescued from hell, and made the happy heirs of everlasting life. And oh, my soul, what a work, what an object! What responsibility is this! Let me remember that 'it is required of stewards that a man be found faithful.' But 'who is sufficient for these things?' What am I that such a work should be committed to my trust! Am I faithful? Can I answer for all the souls to whom I have been sent? Alas! no. I believe, indeed, that I do preach the Gospel. I am not conscious of keeping back anything that is profitable, so far as relates to *the matter of my preaching*. But oh, when I look at my spirit, my heart; when my motives are all considered and the times and seasons for usefulness come into view; when my weakness before my fellow-worms, and my worldly-mindedness, and my indolence arise to reproach me, Lord, Thou knowest that I have been, and am still most unfaithful. On no ground but that of the merits of my Saviour can I hope for Thy blessing upon my ministry. Oh, wash me in His blood from all sins, and let not my unfaithfulness rise up in judgment to condemn me for ever. Oh that I could feel more solemnly the burden of the souls to which I am sent! Oh that I had them more tenderly and continually in my heart! Oh that my heart's desire and prayer to God that they may be saved were more fervent, more constraining, more entreating both for them, and with them!

'Lord, 'what lack I yet?' Thou knowest all my weaknesses, ignorances, dangers, temptations, and deficiencies! Do I come short in preaching the Gospel? Is there anything in my doctrine untrue? On what feature of the Christian scheme, or of Christian duty or experience, or of the sinner's heart, should I dwell more

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particularly and frequently? What shall I correct in my manner, spirit, style? What other measures shall I adopt in order to render the ministry more profitable and effectual? O Lord, instruct me! Help me more literally to know nothing among men save 'Jesus Christ and Him crucified.'

'*This is my birthday.* I am writing these reflections on the 18th of January, 1829, the day on which I commence the *thirty-first year* of my life. It is also the Sabbath. May this be expressive of the holy manner in which the year thus begun shall be passed! May it be a year of separation from the world—of rest from sin—of communion with God! God has given me thirty years to advance in holiness, to prepare to die, to promote His glory! What account can I give of them? They appear to me almost entirely barren and desolate. They give me cause for nothing but humiliation and repentance on account of what God has received from me in those years; and of wonder and praise for the great mercy which I have received from a compassionate, long-suffering God. O Lord, increase my self-abasement, increase my thankfulness. By the mercies of God would I feel constrained to 'present my body, and soul a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto Him, which is my reasonable service.' How long have I to live? How long have I to overcome the world, to grow in grace, to requite the amazing love of Christ to me, to save perishing souls from eternal death? How long have I to bear fruit to the glory of God, and to finish my preparation for the awfulness of death and the trial of the Judgment? Oh, how prone I am to feel, to plan, to anticipate, as if it were taken for granted that I have yet years to live! Often are useful, zealous, vigorous ministers, of far greater importance to the Church on earth than I, taken away before they have reached my age—called away suddenly, by accident, or some rapid malady.

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And why should not I be called away this year? I may take a cold, be smitten with pleurisy, burned up with fever, dead in a week. It is not improbable. I may have but a very few opportunities remaining to preach the Gospel to my dear people—only a few more Sabbaths to meet with them on earth. I may have but a month or week to be ready for the Son of Man. And shall I not feel the truth of this with deep solemnity? Shall I not endeavour every day to live as if the morrow were to rise upon my grave! Shall I not preach every Sabbath as if I should never be permitted another to meet my people, and beseech them to be reconciled to God? . . . Oh, grant, as I commence a new year of my life, I may feel a new spirit of love, zeal and faith! Be with me now while I kneel at Thy feet, and let the precious influences of Thy Holy Spirit revive and sanctify my heart! Amen.

'*January 26th*, 1829.—Yesterday I preached to my dear people on that interesting verse, '*The Spirit helpeth our infirmities, for we know not what we should pray for as we ought.*' I preached my own experience. I believe I know by experience, what it is for the Spirit to make intercession for us '*with groanings which cannot be uttered.*' But why is it that such experience is not more frequent in my heart? Why is it that so often my heart is cold, my thoughts at random, my desires so few and languid? Why does prayer so often seem a burden, instead of my life and highest enjoyment? Shall I say, because of my infirmities, my sins? Truly; but is there no way of overcoming these adversaries? '*The Spirit helpeth our infirmities.*' The true answer is, because I go to the throne of grace trusting too much to my own heart; not feeling my entire dependence upon divine aid to make me know my wants, and to give me the spirit of prayer. I am not sufficiently in the habit of thinking and feeling according to the verse on which I

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preached yesterday. The cry of my heart is not sufficiently unto the Holy Ghost to teach what I should ask—to give a deep feeling of my wants—to elevate my mind to God; to make me athirst for His grace and enable me to pray *as I ought*. I must honour the Spirit more, by more reliance upon His aid. I must open my heart to His intercession. I must seek, whenever I pray, that He would dwell and speak in my heart 'with groanings which cannot be uttered.' Come, blessed Spirit! now inspire my soul; now enlighten my mind; now lift up my heart; now help my infirmities. Give me unspeakable desires, and enable me to approach God in that 'effectual fervent prayer' which, through Jesus Christ, availeth much!'

One more note on the return of his birthday may be recorded:

'*January 18th*, 1830.—This is my birthday. To-day I begin my thirty-second year. I have lived *thirty-one years*. How they have fled! . . . I have set apart this day to be spent as much as possible at home, in my study, in devotional reading and prayer. May the Lord be pleased to meet me, and enable me to see all that should humble me in the past and quicken me for the future; all that should alarm, awaken, and encourage me! Oh, my Saviour, come and commune with my soul! Leave me not to the weakness of my own heart. I will number my days. May I so do it as to apply my heart unto wisdom. I have been in the ministry about nine years and a half. . . . With what pictures of unfaithfulness could I fill up the intervals between these dates! I have been endeavouring to realize my need of a Saviour. I find nothing to lean on but Jesus. Wherever I look is sin—all is sinful—all urges me to the City of Refuge—on every work and feeling is written, 'Flee to the stronghold, thou prisoner of hope.' I do flee. Christ is all my hope. I have this day

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renewed my covenant with Him. I have solemnly acknowledged His absolute right to all my heart and life. Oh that I may not live any more to myself!

'What shall I particularly strive for during as much of this my thirty-second year as God shall give me!

'First. To live more under the believing impression that I am soon to die—that I know not how soon, or suddenly: and to view death so frequently and closely, that when it comes I may be acquainted with it, and know how, in the strength of God, to meet it.

'Secondly. To obtain a more tender and affectionate and constraining sense of the love of Christ to my soul. The more I realize His love to me, the more I shall love Him and hate all sin, and despise the world, and be ready for suffering and cheerful in duty, and bent upon heaven. Death will have no terrors, if I can feel a near, tender, strong attachment to Jesus. The power of a Christian's hope, to keep him from fear, is in its being accompanied with the love of God shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost.

'Thirdly. To do more in and by prayer. Endeavour to feel more, believe more, and seek more, enjoy more, and agonize more in secret prayer—for my own soul—for my wife and children—for my precious mother and my dear brothers and sisters. To pray more frequently—cultivate a spirit of constant waiting upon God at home, in the street, at all times and places. Oh for a spirit of prayer in all its vigour, faith, perseverance and felicity! The Lord pour it into my heart. . . .

'My birthday is just now fading away. The night is at hand. But it is a sweet evening, cool but clear—a bright unclouded sky, affording hope of a sweet and beautiful morning. Thus may the evening of my dying day appear. While cold with the chill of death, may my soul be peaceful, my heart comforted—the sky of hope all brightness and glory—not a cloud—affording

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the sweet presage of a bright and glorious eternity. Amen.'

How remarkably in every particular this desire was fulfilled forty-three years afterwards will be seen in the narrative of his death.

'*January 19th*, 1830.—The morning is as bright and beautiful and unclouded as the last evening seemed to promise it would be. Not a vapour obscures a spot in the sky. The sun arose in all his splendour. The winds are all hushed. It seems like a perfect morning. Oh, thus when my soul arises from the shadow of death, and the day of eternity begins, may its morning break in glory—without a cloud, without a tear! Blessed be God, it will. If I am living in Christ, I shall sleep in Christ, and rise in Christ, and He will wipe all tears from my eyes, and all will be pure and perfect day. There will be no *sun*. But there will be *God* in all His ineffable glory; Jesus, in the brightness of that glory, will be there. His saints in their white raiment, made like unto Jesus, will be there—one family—all generations of the people of God, of all dispensations, by whatever providences or means of grace they were sanctified, under whatever clime or colour they had lived, by whatsoever name or sect they had been distinguished—all will make one affectionate, spotless, glorified inseparable family.'

CHAPTER IV.

FIRST VISIT TO ENGLAND, 1830—1831.

MR. McILVAINE had entered in his note-book an account, which he had just received, of the happy effects of a sermon he had preached on prayer, when suddenly his health failed from neuralgia of a violent kind, and

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entire rest and a voyage became necessary for his recovery.

'*March 7th*, 1830.—How little did I suppose when I wrote the above account that in fourteen days I should sail for England, unable to preach! So uncertain my days. I sail to-morrow, and expect to be gone five or six months. I embark upon the great deep. I go among strangers. I know not that I shall ever behold my precious family and dear people again. O my God, help me with childlike submission to leave myself perfectly in Thy hands! To Thee I commit my people. To Thy love I commit my beloved wife and my three darling children. Be their God and Father. Comfort and support my wife in the trial of my absence; teach and bless her in training up our children—take their hearts into the care of Thy grace—make them Thy dear children; and whether we meet again in this world or not, grant that we may dwell together in heaven, through the rich and free grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. Farewell, my darling Emily. To God I commit myself. Ever put all your trust in Him. Bring up our sweet children at His feet. I am unworthy of them and you. The grace of our common Saviour be with you evermore.'

He had the happiness on arriving in England to meet his valued friend, Dr. Milnor, rector of St. George's, New York, who had reached London, April 19th. On his arrival he writes to Mrs. McIlvaine:

'*London, May 13th*, 1830.—Out of this wilderness of houses and people, my most beloved and precious Emily, I now write to you. Oh, how sweet it would be to see you, and be with you, and those most precious children! . . . . I reached London after the principal and most interesting anniversaries were over. Dr. Milnor had appeared at all of them, and spoken at many. He has met with a very hearty reception, and is treated with great respect and attention. His health is excellent. I have

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taken but little part in the meetings. As corresponding secretary of the American Seaman's Friend Society, I felt it right to consent to say a little at the meetings of the Port of London and Bethel Union Society, and of the Naval and Military Bible Society. I also said a little at the Sunday School meeting, but I made no effort at either, and now I am determined not to speak again; and although many Societies are yet to meet, I think my duty to my people, and self and family, and God, demands that I should deny myself the pleasure of attending more than one or two.

'I have met a variety of distinguished men, such as Lords Gambier, Bexley, Lorton, Mount Sandford, besides clergy, and officers military and naval; and with the decided, bold, spiritual, and zealous piety of all, especially the naval and military men whom I have seen at the meetings, have been delighted; no clergymen could have spoken more boldly, spiritually, ardently, and evangelically. Oh for such men among us!

On Tuesday I went with the Honourable and Rev. Baptist Noel to his house about eight miles from London. He preaches in St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row, where Cecil preached. I have been in the church. We spent the night at his house. Next morning (yesterday), we went to a breakfast at Daniel Wilson's,* Islington, where we met about thirty clergymen, and several ladies. The breakfast was at ten. The Dean of Salisbury and the Chaplains of the Bishops of Winchester and Chester were there. After breakfast we all went into the library, and held a clerical prayer-meeting. I declined taking part, as I shall invariably, that nothing may interrupt my recovery. Dr. Milnor, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Stewart, and Mr. Darby expounded; Mr. Noel, Mr. Dallas and another prayed. It was a precious meeting. Oh what a spirit animates these men! Mr. Wilson is a charming man. I had an invitation to meet the

* Afterwards Bishop of Calcutta.

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Bishops of Winchester and Chester and Dr. Chalmers (who is now in London) at dinner, but the party has fallen through. . . .

'But now about my health. My improvement has been as rapid as I expected. The disorder had taken a deeper hold than I supposed. It is broken, but the eradication of its seeds will be gradual. I have had two bad turns since I got here, but they were short. I recover from them much sooner than I used to do. I must have patience—be very quiet—read nothing—write as little as possible—eat very plain food—sleep much—and by the goodness of God I shall return to you and my dear people in health. I am much stronger, and look better than when I left you, but my head is easily disordered. I want you to tell my people all that I have written here about my speaking and my health. I am more and more impressed with the necessity there was of leaving them for a time. But how I want to be with them again! How happy I will be to resume the delightful duties of my office in Brooklyn. My sweet home, how dear it is—my sweet wife and children—my eyes are blinded with tears. . . . . And now, my most beloved, must I cease writing? I could write a volume, if it were prudent. Take care of our children. Teach them—pray with them and for them—tell them how I love them, and think of them, and pray for them. Keep me continually in their minds. Tell them I hope they are good to you, and to one another. A thousand kisses to them and sweet E. A world for a sight of them. Pray much for your dear husband. Remember me affectionately to Mr. P. and all my beloved people who inquire about me, and keep, dearest, sweetest wife, the whole heart of your devoted husband.

'C. P. M.

'Farewell! O Lord, bless and keep my dear family; sanctify and comfort, and save them and me for ever.'

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'*Peckham, May* 21, 1830.

'TO THE SAME.

'. . . I have an invitation to spend some time at Daniel Wilson's, at Islington, but cannot for the present. On Tuesday next I dine with the Dean of Salisbury, or rather pretend to dine, for I shall take my own meal before, instead of waiting till six o'clock. But, dear wife, however pleased I am, and however satisfied, there is nothing for my soul or heart like the quiet delightful labours of my beloved flock, and the sweet enjoyments of my own dear home. I would be at home as soon as Providence shall make it wise to return. My field I long to cultivate again. Oh, how I love my people! The Lord bless them—feed them. Take care of the Sunday School, and give my love to Peet, White, and Mr. Clarkson, and—(but how can I make a selection?)—all—all—all. . . . . Tell them (the children) I will bring them some very pretty presents if I hear well of them. At night, when I go to bed, I visit you all, I talk with you, I play with them, till I get so interested that I have to cease for fear of not getting to sleep. Load the boys and Emmy with kisses. Remember me to the women, and my love to your parents and sisters when you write them. Write to my mother when you get this, as I cannot now without risk.'

'*June* 11*th.*

'. . . I dined at Daniel Wilson's together, with Dr. Milnor, and met the Bishop of Chester (Sumner) and his two daughters, the Bishop of Lichfield (Ryder) and wife and daughters, Lord Bexley, Sir Charles Grey and Lady; and last, but not least, Professor Lee, of Cambridge, the first Oriental scholar of England. He introduced himself to me, and invited me to visit him at the University. After dinner we all adjourned to a meeting of the Missionary Society at Islington, at which the two Bishops, Lord Bexley, Sir

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C. Grey, Dr. Wilson, and Daniel Wilson (*not speaking of myself*) addressed the people. I should have mentioned before Zachary Macaulay, formerly the excellent editor of the *Christian Observer*, as among the guests at dinner and as present at the meeting; Rev. Mr. Pearson also, who is at the head of the Church Missionary College in Islington, and the Rev. Mr. Ayre, son-in-law of Legh Richmond, classical tutor in the same. Dr. Milnor and I spent the night at Mr. Wilson's. Next morning he was so kind as to present me with the second volume of his admirable work on the Evidences of Christianity, of which I have the first.'

'*June 15th*, 1830.—. . . . I should have mentioned that I went this morning with Mr. Ewbank to breakfast with Sir Thomas Acland, to whom I had a letter from Bishop Chase. He is one of those who received Bishop Chase so kindly, and took a very lively interest in his cause. His lady gave the printing press, called the Acland Press, now connected with Kenyon College. . . . Sir Thomas promised that if I would meet him at the lobby of the House of Commons at four o'clock p.m., he would get me admission under the gallery, where I would not be crowded. As this was the only evening I had left to see the Parliament of England, having been prevented from attending before for fear of the crowd in the gallery, I was punctual to the invitation. Sir Thomas mentioned to the Speaker that I was *Chaplain to the House of Representatives!* Accordingly my admission was immediate. The officer at the door seemed very reverent—remarking as I passed that he understood I was Chaplain of the Congress of the United States, and therefore had a right to go in. I was exceedingly amused with my honours, and readily availed myself of the benefit. Whether I was *then*, or only *formerly*, Chaplain I did not think myself called on to decide. I was introduced to Sir Robert Inglis, the

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member for Oxford, who came to my seat, and pointed out the principal men. I heard the two Peels, Mr. Brougham, O'Connell, Mr. Alderman Wood, etc. In the House of Lords no business of importance was doing, but I heard Lord Holland, and saw the Duke of Wellington, and the appearance of the whole body, and was satisfied.'

'*Wednesday, June 16th.*—At nine o'clock a.m., Dr. Milnor, Mr. Smith, and myself went on board the steamer at the Tower stairs for Calais: a small, ill-contrived, but not a slow boat, with three masts and many passengers. We were not off many minutes, threading our way through the forest of vessels, when a melancholy accident reminded us that in the midst of life we are in death. A large collier brig was swinging round with the tide, and before we could stop our way her bowsprit tore away the shrouds and braces of our mizen-mast, struck the mast and laid it with all its rigging along the quarter-deck. I apprehended the event, and ran towards the bow. Mr. Smith and Dr. Milnor also escaped entirely. But the second mate was killed on the spot, the first mate was knocked overboard, but was taken up unhurt; and a lady, Mrs. Rouse, who with her husband was on the commencement of a tour, was taken up insensible, wounded dreadfully in the head, she was taken ashore and I hope survives. How gracious the Providence, that neither of us three was hurt! What a melancholy letter might have gone to my dear wife! The Lord be praised! We continued our voyage, and reached Calais about seven o'clock, amidst an immense and most amusing throng of soldiers, of all sorts and sizes, with whiskers, no moustachios, long beards; and strangely mixed up with citizens, porters—all come out to see the boat, which they see twice a week. . . .

'The next day but one after our arrival in Paris was *Sunday*. I had heard and read much of the aspect of

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this precious day of the Lord in Popish countries, but I was not prepared for the sight of the shocking reality. There was a market near my room. I got up on Sunday morning, and forgetful of the peculiarity of the land, walked to the window. There was the market, as much studded with vegetables and crowded with business and surrounded with noise as usual. After breakfast, I walked out a little way to see the state of things in the street. My spirit seemed loaded with the daring atheism of this people. I never had such an impression of a state of general rebellion against God. No one would remark any difference between the treatment of Sunday and that of any other day, except that, to distinguish the former, pleasures are multiplied. This I expected. But I supposed I should see ordinary labour in a great measure suspended. No, the masons were at work on the walls, women binding shoes, tailors on their benches, tradesmen at their counters, the whole business of labouring in all departments, pretty much as if Sunday had been as literally blotted out of the memory of man, as the commandment to sanctify it has been perverted in the creeds of these poor benighted and Pagan Romanists. It is a horrible city on this account alone—not to speak of all its other abominations. All the worship that I have seen in the churches is nothing better than baptized heathenism, and one might attend it for a month, and, except for the cross or some picture of Christ in his view, would see and hear nothing to prevent his supposing himself in a temple of ancient idolatry. How fast must such a city be ripening for the judgments of God! He will honour His Sabbath, if men do not. He will not suffer men to bow down to idols with impunity. Oh, how great the privileges, the mercies, the happiness, the responsibility of those, who dwell in our own Protestant country! How sweet the Sabbath there! I shall get out of Paris and of France speedily. This is no

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city for a Christian to remain in, unless duty calls him to do so. A few more days and I shall return to England, satisfied perfectly never again to see a land over which the curse of infidelity and Popery has spread such blighting desolation. But the time comes when the Gospel is to reign even here. It can conquer France. It will purge out the streets of Paris. And there are features in the character of the French people, which will appear beautifully in the light and under the influence of the Gospel. I do not doubt but that true religion will one day display some of its noblest triumphs, and number many of its most faithful and active servants on the ground, which is already famous for the most tremendous exhibitions the world ever beheld of the depravity of man.'

On leaving Paris, Mr. McIlvaine, with his friend Dr. Milnor, proceeded by way of Rouen and Dieppe to Brighton; and thence through Portsmouth to Ryde, in the Isle of Wight. There they spent 'a delightful Sunday,' greatly enjoying the service at St. James's, and the preaching of its gifted minister, the late Rev. R. W. Sibthorpe; and deeply and gratefully did they feel the contrast this holy and peaceful day presented to the 'bustle and business and noise' of their late Sunday in Paris.

From Ryde they passed on to the beautiful village of Brading, which had been the scene of Legh Richmond's ministry, and where he wrote the touching narratives of 'The Young Cottager,' and 'The Dairyman's Daughter,' which had excited so wide an interest in America as well as in England. They had the gratification of looking at the grave of the former in the churchyard of Brading, and afterwards visiting the house of the latter at Arreton where she entered into her peaceful rest.

A sudden return of Mr. McIlvaine's illness prevented his accompanying Dr. Milnor in his tour through the island.

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They rejoined each other, however, on Saturday, spent the next Sunday (July 18th) at Southampton, and on Monday proceeded to Winchester; and after visiting the Cathedrals of Winchester, Salisbury and Exeter, passed through Ilfracombe to Bristol. 'There,' writes Mr. McIlvaine, 'I visited Hannah More, who had been residing at Clifton for two years since she gave up Barley Wood. She is now in her eighty-sixth year. We found her sitting at a table with her companion (a niece of Lord Exmouth), very handsomely and becomingly dressed for one of her age and character —not looking very old—a little bent; but cheerful and sprightly in conversation, as if she was still young. Her eye is remarkably bright and keen—it shines like a diamond. She talks and inquires and judges as if her intellect was as good as ever. Her sight is perfect; she reads without glasses, and except as to the recollection of names and dates, I saw no evidence of any effect of age upon her mind. There is a charming simplicity and affectionateness in her manner, while at the same time the accomplished lady appears in all she does and says. She inquired eagerly after whatever was new to her in the progress of religion, and seemed to freshen up with youthful feeling, when anything we had to tell seemed the evidence of the advancement of the cause of Christ. Then, if her companion had not heard it also, she would make us repeat what had been said. She inquired with interest after Mr. Gallaudet and the Hartford Deaf and Dumb Asylum; after Mr. Eastburn and Mr. Sprague. America, and the cause of religion there, seemed very much to interest her. In the election, then proceeding in Bristol, she felt and expressed a lively interest, because it was made to hinge upon the slavery question. The anti-slavery candidate had been to pay his respects the day before; but he forgot that it was Sunday. The good old lady (though fond of him and

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warm in his favour) thought he would be none the worse for a lesson on the Sabbath, and sent him word that she never saw company on that day. The next day she would be very happy to receive him. She spoke to us with much feeling about the conduct of her servants, by which she was induced to leave her favourite Barley Wood; but gratefully pointed out, how the Lord had caused great joy to come to her by the change. She spoke of her schools, which she still supports. They have now 500 children in them. She once educated 1500 at a time. Bishop Porteous she mentioned as her old and beloved friend, and as one of the best of men, and related an interesting anecdote of Robert Hall, to the praise of his character as a consistent Christian. Having requested one of us to read aloud a pretty little piece of her poetry, which we had not seen before, I requested her companion to copy it for me, and the old lady to write one verse herself, so that I have her writing and signature for a relic.'

From Bristol he visited Bath, and the Cathedrals of Gloucester and Worcester; thence to Birmingham, Chatsworth, Sheffield, Leeds, York, Hull, Peterborough, Stilton and Huntingdon, and on to Cambridge. There he writes:—'Put up at the '*Sun*' (and it was a warm day, too), but the '*Sun*' happened to be just opposite Trinity College, where I wanted to go. I therefore ventured to take lodgings under its *beams*. After clearing myself of dust, and putting on my most *clerical*-looking coat (for in Cambridge almost everyone you meet has a black gown to give him a clerical aspect), I sallied forth to deliver my letters of introduction. Of these I had three—two of them from Mr. Scott, of Hull, to Professors Farish and Scholefield (the former of Mathematics, the latter of Greek), the third to the venerable and excellent Mr. Simeon, Fellow of King's College, Rector of Trinity Church, and the spiritual

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father, almost, of Henry Martyn. Professors Farish and Scholefield are Rectors of churches in Cambridge, and both truly evangelical and zealous men, as well as eminently learned. I was fortunate enough to meet them both at the house of the former, and, besides a very kind and unceremonious reception, was invited to dine on Monday with one and breakfast with the other. After walking about a little with Mr. Farish, I proceeded to Mr. Simeon's rooms. Being a Fellow of King's (and of course a bachelor) he lives in the college, where he occupies spacious and convenient apartments, which have probably been his place of residence for fifty years. He is a veteran in the service of the ministry. When he began to preach the Gospel there were scarcely any to be found in the pulpits of the Church to bear him company. Many years he fought the fight of faith almost single-handed in Cambridge. Long was he the subject of ridicule with learned, but (in religion) ignorant Scribes and Pharisees of the University. But he was faithful. How have old things passed away! He spoke with delight of the change. How many godly and faithful men are now everywhere scattered among the churches of England, and how many of them are found in Cambridge! In this change, perhaps no man has been more instrumental than Simeon, both by writings and preaching. He is greatly beloved and revered in, as well as out of Cambridge. His health has been so bad of late as to suspend his preaching, so that I feared I should not hear him. But at any rate I was determined, if possible, to see and talk with the dear old man. I found him lying upon his sofa, from which he rose to receive me. The sweet, affectionate expression of his face, and the welcoming tone of his voice, united with the great softness and childlike simplicity of his manners, instantly made me feel as if I was in the presence of a father. He is now seventy years old,

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in feeble health, his voice weak, but animated in conversation, and overflowing with love and zeal for his Master. I was rejoiced to find that he was getting ready to preach the following morning (Sunday). How thankful and delighted he seemed to be able again to return to his pulpit. Nearly fifty years he has occupied the same desk, and the prospect of again standing there to speak for his Lord was to his soul like 'honey and the honeycomb.' After we had talked a little while, he took down a copy of a New York edition of his sermons on the Liturgy, which he said, with much pleasure, was sent him by one of our Bishops. We commenced a conversation as to his views expressed in that book relative to the baptismal service; but perceiving that he would fatigue himself too much, I rose to take my leave; but could not get away without answering several questions about 'dear Bishop Chase,' as he called him, and promising to dine with him the next day at the Fellows' table in the hall of King's College.

'*Sunday, August 22nd.* At 11 o'clock, attended at Mr. Simeon's church, where the good old patriarch had preached for nearly fifty years, and where Buchanan and Martyn had often fed upon the truth at his lips. A curate read the service. When Mr. Simeon ascended the pulpit his countenance was heavenly. He seemed perfectly absorbed in devotional meditation. His whole appearance was a sermon to me, on the solemnity and responsibility of a minister's work. In preaching, his voice was very feeble, though distinct. On account of weakness, the sermon was short, but it was faithful, solemn, and direct in its application to the heart and conscience. How his face lighted up when he spoke of the Christian's consolations and prospects! I was not disappointed in Mr. Simeon's preaching; much less in his character and piety. In the interval between the services. I dined with him. But before dinner we walked

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on the grass plot. I told him something about the revivals of religion in the United States. 'Why,' said he, 'that is very delightful. We have nothing of that kind in England. There is a dew everywhere, but a shower nowhere.' . . . The introduction to the last edition of 'Butler's Analogy' by Daniel Wilson, he thought Wilson's best production. He asked if we had established Infant Schools among us, and spoke of them as a new but happy and successful instrument of usefulness. After a good deal of talk about the United States, we returned to Mr. Simeon's rooms, where a little fruit was set out awaiting our return. Again the old man of God took hold of my hand, and ardently expressed himself as rejoiced to have me there, following his hearty squeeze with his fervent ejaculation for a blessing upon me. . . . Speaking of Baxter, he said he considered his 'Saint's Rest' as the next book to the Bible. 'But,' said he, 'Baxter was deficient in one thing, that of holding up the glory and excellence of Christ, as the great means of drawing and transforming the heart. It is by beholding His glory that we are changed into the same image.' In the evening I attended at St. Mary's, the University Church, and heard a sound discourse from Professor Scholefield. It was very evangelical and faithful. Paid a farewell visit to Mr. Simeon. 'See,' said he, 'I will show you that I have been thinking of you.' He then took up a volume of his University Sermons just published, which he had selected for a present for me. This was his second present, having the day before given me a copy of his edition of 'Claude's Essay on the Composition of a Sermon.' 'And here,' said he, 'is another copy which I must trouble you to take for *dear, beloved Bishop Chase.*' I took a most affectionate leave of the good man, followed by the sound of his blessing and prayers, till I had passed out of his sight. The mere sight of that aged saint is a sermon. No appearance of affectation of any kind.'

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'*Saturday, August 28th.*—Returned to London.'

On resuming his duties at Brooklyn, Mr. McIlvaine writes in his Note Book :—

'*January 16th,* 1831.—It is the Lord's Day, but the weather is so exceedingly stormy, that we can have no service this evening; I have therefore an unusual portion of time for my own soul: a part of which I give to a continuance of this book. My last note was on the eve of departure for England. I have been there, and returned. I was sick, and now am well. I have been at home and with my people again since the beginning of November. What shall I render to the Lord for all His benefits, for renewed health, for friends at home and abroad, for the Gospel, my portion in it, my permission to preach it, and ten thousand times ten thousand blessings, which my ungrateful heart has never noticed, but which I know God has heaped upon me? Oh what a heart is mine, that feels so little, loves so little, repents so little! Send me light, O my Lord, to show me my heart; send me grace to change my heart, cleanse it, humble it, refine it, strengthen it, warm it! I would be crucified with Christ and feel that '*I live*'—that while dead I live—not unto myself, not to the world, but unto God. I desire to feel always that 'I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me!' Be this all my life, a life of faith! O my Lord, why do I live so far from Thee; so ignorant of Thy unsearchable riches; so cold to Thy wonderful love; so destitute of Thy heavenly mind; so poor, dull, blind, and naked as to all that pertains to the power of godliness? Why am I so selfish, indolent, proud, impatient, unbelieving? Why so little meekness and gentleness and self-denial? Why do I care so much about what my fellow-worms think of me, and so little for what my Lord and my God thinks? Why so unwilling to be despised, opposed, rejected of men, when Jesus was so despised and rejected of all men? Oh, why do I feel so

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much as if the world were my abiding-place, and realize so little of its vanity, of its loathsome depravity, of the nearness of death, of the claims of eternity, of the attractions of heaven? Why is not my soul ever awake to its own infinite value, and the necessity of redeeming time for its salvation and the glory of God? Why am I not burning with the love of Jesus, and with holy benevolence to my fellow-creatures? Alas! how far I come short in all things, and how little I feel and lament it! Where is my panting after God, where my hungering and thirsting after righteousness, where my pressing toward the mark, where my diligence to grow in grace? Sin first slew me, and I was dead. Now that by grace I have been quickened to some newness of life, sin cripples my efforts, clouds my views, clogs my affections, mars and contaminates all my attempts at the service of God. Oh, whither shall I flee for hope? In myself I see nothing but condemnation and unworthiness. Left to myself I perish. Jesus, Lamb of God, to Thee, to Thee alone I flee! I want all. In Thee is all. Thou callest me unto Thee; help me to come! Be Thou made unto me of God, 'wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.' Teach me how to drink of Thy cup, to eat of Thy bread, to sit at Thy feet, to learn in Thy school, to lean on Thy grace, to manifest Thy spirit, to believe in Thy righteousness, to take up Thy cross, to rejoice in Thy promises. To Thee, *now*, I would come. I bring my heart to be changed and sanctified by Thy Spirit. Oh, breathe into me the breath of life, that I may become a living soul! I would single my aim to Thy glory, as the one object of my life. I would narrow my affections to Thy service, as the only portion on which they must be placed. In Thee alone is power to do this. In Thee I seek it. Jesus, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean. Increase my faith. Lord, good Lord, appear in my heart, now bless me, now revive me, now say, Depart in peace!'

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January 19th, 1831.—'Yesterday was my birthday. I have entered my thirty-third year. Little did I think at this time last year, that before another birthday I should visit England and France. Have I not reason to think now, that before my next birthday I shall be in eternity —near, hastening, solemn eternity? I would have my mind more deeply imbued with its influence. I would live always as upon its shore, waiting to launch away. Ah! but how weak are all my resolutions! how soon a little hopeful disposition to diligent striving with God, and near walking with Him, dies away! How short are my seasons of life—how great is the sin of self-dependence in my heart! Here is the worm at the root of all my resolutions—*self-dependence*. I do not lean upon God as I ought. I go about effort as if it were *not* God that alone can work in me to will and to do. I do not sufficiently feel that by the grace of God I must become, and seek to become, what I desire to be.

Oh, how much more faith I need—faith in the efficacy of prayer—faith in the promise of the Spirit—faith in the presence and help of the Lord—faith in the freeness and all-sufficiency of Christ—faith in all that is unseen and eternal! O Lord, greatly increase my faith—take away my self-confidence—give me a spirit of self-denial, and shed abroad the love of Christ in my heart, so that every affection may be pervaded by it, every thought savoured with it, every design originated in it, every work governed by it, every burden and duty made light, easy, and cheerful—everything to which thou dost call me changed into meat and drink, through its transforming influence. I want love—greatly do I need tender, fervent, constraining love. Thou who art 'Love' give me such love!'

ON MORE PERSEVERING PRAYER.

January 28th, 1831.—'I can do nothing without more prayer—more frequent prayer, more deliberate prayer,

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more wrestling prayer, more patient, persevering prayer. The coldness of my heart, my want of unction and spiritual savour in conversation and preaching, is owing to deficiency in secret communion with God. Lord, teach me my duty, and sin, and privilege in this respect. Help me, O Lord, to persevere in the following plan of prayer; morning, evening, and at noonday, at the commencement of any study or work, whether at my desk or in my parish —when I leave my study for the pulpit, and when I return from the pulpit—whenever I take up the Bible—and ejaculatory prayer in all places and times. Oh for a genuine, hearty, and vigorous spirit of prayer! Lord Jesus, teach me how to pray! I can do nothing without Thee!'

During his arduous duties at Brooklyn, Mr. McIlvaine was invited, under circumstances of great honour to himself, to undertake a work requiring much thought and labour, for which he was justly regarded to have special qualifications. This was in the autumn of 1831. The university of the city of New York had not yet organized its classes, nor appointed its instructors, when it was represented to the council, that a course of lectures on the Evidences of Christianity was exceedingly needed, and would probably be well attended by young men of intelligence and education. On the strength of such representation, Mr. McIlvaine was requested by the Chancellor of the University to undertake the work desired, because, having lectured on the Evidences of Christianity while connected with the Military Academy at West Point, he was supposed to be in a great measure prepared for a similar effort. 'Thus in the midst of exhausting duties,' writes Mr. McIlvaine, 'as a parish minister, and in a state of health by no means well-established, he was unexpectedly committed to an amount of labour which, had it been all foreseen, he

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would not have dared to undertake. Meanwhile, a class of many hundreds, from among the most intelligent in the community, and composed to a considerable extent of members of the New York Young Men's Society for Intellectual and Moral Improvement, had been formed, and was waiting the commencement of the course. A more interesting, important, or attentive assemblage of mind and character, no one need wish to address. The burden of preparation was delightfully compensated by the pleasure of speaking to such an audience. The lecturer could not but feel an engrossing impression of the privilege as well as responsibility of such an opportunity of usefulness. He would thankfully acknowledge the kindness of Providence in his having been permitted and persuaded to embrace it, and for a measure of health in the prosecution of its duties far beyond what he had reason to expect! His debt of gratitude,' he adds, 'is inexpressibly increased by the cheering information that much spiritual benefit was derived from the lectures by some whose minds, at the outset of the course, were far from the belief of the blessed Gospel as a revelation from God.'

The English friends of Mr. McIlvaine were so much impressed with the great value of this work, that they unanimously decided that it should be reprinted at once. Dr. Olinthus Gregory kindly undertook to be the editor.

Dr. Milnor, of New York, being in England again, writes about this (April 21st, 1834), to Mr. McIlvaine: 'A few days since I received a very kind letter from Dr. Gregory, who speaks of you in the most affectionate terms, and of the gratification which it afforded him to have been instrumental in the publication of an English edition of your lectures on the 'Evidences,' a work which he says 'is highly esteemed by Lord Bexley, the Bishop of Winchester, the Bishop of Chester, and other competent judges; and is getting into very good circulation

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in England.' He speaks also in terms of eulogy of your 'faithfully simple and touching farewell sermon,' which would have been printed for private circulation, had he not lost the copy which you sent him.'

The Editor cannot refrain from here offering his testimony to the admirable manner in which the great argument of this work has been sustained throughout; and earnestly would he recommend its perusal to any, who may desire to be furnished with a summary of the 'Evidences of Christianity' of no ordinary value.

A very interesting fact was related in America, not long before Bishop McIlvaine's death, by St. Meille, a Waldensian pastor from the college of Florence, which shows the happy effect of a study of the Bishop's powerful work. An Italian officer of good family lost his young wife three months after their marriage. Deeply distressed and disconsolate he withdrew from society, and occupied much of his solitude in reading a Bible which had come into his hands. Like many of his fellow-countrymen he had imbibed sceptical opinions, and though struck with the beauty of its passages, could not receive them as the truth of God. In this condition of mind, he saw, on the stall of a colporteur in Venice, an Italian translation of Bishop McIlvaine's book on the 'Evidences of Christianity.' At once he said, 'This is exactly what I want.' He purchased and studied the volume, and by God's blessing, was not only convinced of the truth of Holy Scripture, but also enlightened by the Holy Spirit to believe and rejoice in its saving truths. Since that time, as a private gentleman, he has done the work of an evangelist, which so many of our own higher classes in England are doing, and spreads in his own country 'the savour of the knowledge of Christ,' which he had himself attained.

A similarly happy effect of this work on the 'Evidences'

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came to Bishop McIlvaine's knowledge only a few weeks before his death. He was staying at his daughter's house in London, when the postman, from frequently bringing letters to him there, inquired of the servant whether the Bishop was living there: on being informed that he was, the man seemed much moved, and earnestly hoped he might be permitted to see him. This was, of course, readily granted; and at the interview which shortly followed, he said, 'I greatly desired to see you and express my gratitude for the benefit I have received from your valuable work on the 'Evidences.' I was once an infidel, but now, on reading your work, by God's grace I am a believer; and as on Sunday I have no public duty as a letter-carrier, I go among some of my companions who are sceptical, and endeavour to convert them to the faith I now enjoy.'

CHAPTER V.

ELECTION TO THE BISHOPRIC OF OHIO, 1830—1834.

MR. McILVAINE'S growing popularity was strongly indicated by the anxiety to secure his services in other fields of labour. In the year 1831 he received calls about the same time to St. Thomas's Church, New York, and to St. Paul's Church, Boston, 'and whilst giving earnest consideration to these invitations, he was startled by another and still more imperative summons.' 'On September 10th, 1831, he was unanimously elected by the Convention of the Diocese of Ohio their Bishop, in place of Bishop Chase, who had resigned. If in one view, as Bishop Lee observes, the office to which he was elected might be considered a promotion and an honour, in another it involved no small measure of sacrifice. It called him to exchange the delightful social privileges, the crowded congregations, the well-sustained charities

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of a flourishing city parish, for wearisome and painful journeys, few and scattered flocks, ministrations in school-houses and cabins, constant anxieties and struggles in the efforts to build up the Church in new settlements, with few helpers and scanty means. Few positions call for greater self-denial and more patient endurance than the work of a Bishop in a frontier diocese. And at that time the Church had not been educated to that measure of hearty and liberal sympathy which now cheers and strengthens our pioneer Bishops. There can be no weightier crisis in the history of a minister of our Church, than when he is compelled to confront so solemn a question, as that which was now proposed to the rector of St. Ann's. What were the feelings of the Bishop-elect at this time, the notes in his own diary permit us to know, as recording the inmost feelings of his soul. They were never intended for the public eye, and yet present so vividly the thoughts of that momentous period, that, now he is gone, they may with propriety be made public.'

Before the General Convention had decided whether the Episcopate of Ohio was vacant, he writes:

'I can very freely commit the matter to the Lord. I would not remain here, if it be His will that I go to Ohio; I would not go to Ohio, if it be His will that I remain here. My heart does not thirst for a bishopric. Its honour I could willingly forego, its responsibility I am not sufficient to bear. Its duties are unspeakably holier than any spirit I could bring to them. Should the Lord open the door and point me thither, and go before me, and be my light, I will go in His name, and my song shall be, 'My grace is sufficient for thee; My strength is made perfect in weakness.' '

The consecration was delayed till the following autumn, when the General Convention was to meet; because, as yet, there was no law on the subject of Epis-

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copal resignation. In the meantime, after much solemn consideration and prayer, he writes:

'I believe my mind is determined to accept the election to the Episcopate of Ohio and President of Kenyon College, in case Divine Providence shall open the door to an entrance upon its duties. I am thoroughly persuaded that it would be unfaithfulness to my Master were I to do anything else. My mind has always been averse to such an office. I never entertained a desire to be advanced to it; but, on the contrary, have always felt as if I could hide myself to escape it, and when there seemed a prospect of my being selected for a bishopric, have taken positive measures to discourage those who were disposed to choose me. I have felt altogether indisposed to the office, because I was sincerely averse to so much distinction, and felt utterly unworthy of, and unqualified for a post of so much importance and responsibility. When I received the official notification from Ohio, I hardly entertained a thought of accepting it. My sinful, unsubmissive, unbelieving heart rebelled against it. For some weeks I argued strenuously against it, and tried to make out by various pleas that it was not my duty to go there. But my arguments have all been silenced. I cannot escape the belief that my Lord has called me. Oh, how it should humble me! Miserable, sinful worm, what am I, that my God should thus be mindful of me—thus use me—thus honour me! But oh! my heart aches and trembles at the thought of going. How much sacrifice I must make! What a separation from beloved relatives and friends; what a distance from all I have loved, and been accustomed to be with! How painful to my dear mother! What separation for my dear wife! What a new life for her and me! My children's prospects how changed! Then my beloved people here! Were I to consult feeling, the disposition of flesh and blood, unquestionably I

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should decline. But I must give up self, wife, children, mother, brothers, sisters, *all*, to the will of the Lord. I desire to feel that my portion is in the service and glory of Christ. Wherever I can best serve Him, there must I be happiest. 'I live not by bread only, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.' O my Lord, I pray to have all my motives in this matter entirely pure and holy. Give me clear views of duty; perfect submission to Thy will; ardent zeal to be spent in Thy service; readiness for any self-denial, any cross to which I may be called. Let no ambitious desires or thoughts exist in my heart. Cleanse me from a worldly spirit, a self-depending spirit, a vain-glorious spirit. Anoint me doubly for the work. Deeply impress me with its awful responsibility. Who am I, that I should go to such a work? Assure me as Thou didst Thy servant Moses, '*Certainly I will be with thee.*' *Be my* '*shield and exceeding great reward*,' *my wisdom, my strength, my guide*, and employ me always for Thy glory.

'*October 19th*, 1832.—To-day the General Convention is in session to decide whether I go to Ohio, or remain a contented, happy pastor in Brooklyn. Never was a pastor more delightfully situated. My people so harmonious, affectionate, attentive. So much good going on, and so much already done. It would be a most painful separation to go away. But, great as was the rebellion of my heart when the election first came, it is now passed. I can say, 'Here am I, Lord; send me, if I am such as Thou seekest.' Duty seems as plain as if I heard a voice from heaven. But it will call for great self-denial. The office is so responsible, untried, awful. The field so new, vast, and wild. The way is so obscure, I am so weak, ignorant, cold-hearted, sinful, faithless. I can do but one thing: give myself into the hands of the Lord as He opens the way, be willing to let Him lead and provide from day to day, and from step to step."'

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At length the solemn time arrived for his consecration as Bishop of Ohio, on which he makes the following note:

'*October 30th*, 1832.—To-morrow I am to be set apart, by imposition of hands, to the office of an overseer of the flock of God, which He purchased with His own blood. What shall I say? To say that I am most unworthy and insufficient, is to say but little of the truth. It is a wonder of grace that I am permitted to preach the Gospel—how much more to bear such a name, and be commissioned for such a work. Lord, what am I? What have I done? What is there in me? What can I do that Thou dost call me to such a station? I wonder, and tremble, and am much cast down. I have need of so much more wisdom, and love, and faith. I am so deficient in self-denial and long-suffering—selfishness, and pride, and the love of ease have such dominion within me. I see but one way: '*Come unto Me*'—'*Learn of Me*'—'*Follow Me*,' saith my Master. Only let me have a single heart, and a humble trust in Jesus, and He will lead, support, and comfort me. This may I do. May I go to Jesus as a poor, ignorant, guilty sinner, seeking all I need in Him. May I be enabled to cast all my care on Him who careth for me. One thing I know: I have not coveted this office. I have not gone before the Providence of God in this solemn matter. Of my duty to go with all my unworthiness and weakness, I am well convinced. I could not refuse, without the greatest rebellion against the will of God. I desire to renounce *myself*. Help me, O my Lord! I would set out to crucify the flesh: to give myself wholly to the work—to count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ; willing to suffer for His sake—anxious to labour for His glory—looking for my rest only in heaven. Lord, I beseech Thee consecrate me to the work whereunto I am called, with the precious

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anointing of Thy Spirit—prepare my heart for the solemnities of to-morrow—enlarge my soul with zeal and love—bless those who are at the same time to be consecrated—may we be like-minded one towards another, and ever be co-workers, labourers together with God! Come, blessed Spirit, animate my sluggish soul, and fill my heart with the love of Christ!'

On the solemn day of his consecration he records, in yet fuller and stronger terms, the thoughts he had expressed, September 3rd, 1829, respecting the eminent holiness which should ever be conspicuous in the minister of Christ:

'*Wednesday, October 31st.*—Day of Consecration. 'Aaron, before his consecration, was washed with water. The act was typical. Jesus, I would come to Thee, and be washed in the precious fountain of Thy atoning blood, and by the purifying baptism of the Holy Ghost. Before entering on this holy office, let the blood of sprinkling be applied to my conscience, and the sanctification of the Spirit to my sinful heart. I would wash and be clean. Aaron was invested with a robe by the hand of Moses. Put on me, blessed Master, infinitely greater than Moses, the robe of Thy righteousness—the clothing of humility—the garment of praise. Aaron was invested with a breastplate, wherein were twelve precious stones, containing the names of the tribes of Israel, which he was always to wear on his breast when he went in before the Lord. Give me to be invested this day, O my Master, with the breastplate of faith and love, having on my heart all Thy true Israel, and ever bearing in my affections, and in my prayers, the interests of Thy Church, and the souls of those for whom Thou hast died. Aaron was girded with an ephod. May I be girt about with truth, strongly, boldly, patiently, as a pilgrim, as a labourer, ready to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. Aaron was invested with

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a mitre and crown, and had on his forehead a plate of gold, on which was written, '*Holiness to the Lord.*' I want nothing but the last—Holiness to the Lord, and from the Lord. Oh, may this be my glory—this my helmet—this my name! May it be engraven on my heart, be always in my mind—*Holiness to the Lord*'!

'*November 1st*, 1832.—The solemn act is done. The vows of a Bishop of the Church of Christ are upon me. How awful those vows! What soberness of mind and zeal of heart—what steadfastness, watchfulness, diligence, firmness, and courage and confidence in God, do they require! Lord, my heart is *fixed* to keep them; fixed on Thee as all my strength, and wisdon, and holiness. I could hardly say anything under the imposition of hands but 'Jesus, give me Thy hand; bind my hand to Thine, that I forsake not Thee.' What if I cannot see before me! Jesus does; and if I have His hand I need not fear.

'The consecration was in St. Paul's Church, New York. An immense concourse attended. I had the affecting pleasure of being surrounded with the beloved members of my congregation. Eight Bishops were present. The imposition of hands was by committees of three. The committee allotted to me was Bishop White, Bishop Griswold, and Bishop Meade, beloved, venerated brethren and fathers. The greeting of brethren of all kinds at the end of the service was very general and deeply affecting to me. Now, Lord Jesus, my Master, give me an unfailing humility, guard me against a secular spirit, shut out of my heart all desire of the mere worldliness of the Church; give me zeal with knowledge, knowledge with zeal, 'faith that worketh by love.'

'Such were the secret prayers and aspirations,' writes Bishop Lee, 'wherewith this servant of Christ, at an early age in comparison with the claims of the office to which he was called, presented himself on October 31st, 1832,

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in St. Paul's Church, New York, where he was consecrated to his future work by the hands of Bishops White, Griswold, and Meade. The occasion was memorable for the addition of four to the number of our Bishops, of whom the venerable presiding Bishop—Smith, of Kentucky—is now the sole survivor. The event was called to mind when the House of Bishops were assembled, on the fortieth anniversary of that day in the same city; and fraternal congratulations were tendered to the two honoured and beloved brethren, the one occupying the chair, the other seeking health in a distant land. The wonderful submarine cable flashed the intelligence across the Atlantic, and the response was such an overflowing of brotherly love, as showed how deeply the heart of the absent one was touched by this kindly remembrance.* Highly valued will that response be, as conveying unconsciously to his associates in office the farewell of him, whom they were to see no more at their meetings.'

Bishop McIlvaine did not resign St. Ann's till April of the following year because of the winter. But soon after his consecration he made a short visit to his diocese. He records this first visit in a journal dated from the 'commencement of my episcopate.'

'*Tuesday, November 13th.*—Left my beloved wife and family and home for Philadelphia. Passed that night at Burlington, and preached on 1 John iv. 16, 'God is love,' without notes. Next day went to Philadelphia and lectured in the evening, in the lecture-room of St. Paul's, on Matt. v. 14-16, 'Ye are the light of the world.' On the following Friday evening preached at St. Andrew's, on Matt. x. 33, 'The denial of Christ.' On Saturday, went to Baltimore, stopped at the house of Mr. Johns, preached in his church in the morning, on 'The reading

* The congratulations and the responses are recorded hereafter at their proper date.

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of the Scriptures.' At night preached in St. Peter's, on Ezek. xxxiii. 'Why will ye die.' Next night addressed the Baltimore Tract Society. On Tuesday, November 20th, left Baltimore in the mail, for Wheeling, with Mr. and Mrs. Bausman and Mr. Hunter, from Brooklyn: the last going to enter Kenyon College. After riding incessantly three days and nights, we arrived safely at Zanesville, in Ohio. The good hand of the Lord preserved us from all accidents, except the breaking of the axle of the stage, and the consequent necessity of riding fifteen miles in an open rough wood-waggon over mountain roads and in the middle of a cold night. But we were cheerful and content; many have fared much worse, and been more thankful. We were much favoured in having but one passenger in the stage besides our own company—an Episcopalian of a very amiable character, and apparently very desirous of being spiritually profited. Thus favoured we began and ended each day as we rode with singing hymns and prayer. One day I delivered a short lecture in the stage. Thus the time passed pleasantly. I trust our fellow-passenger will find the journey to have been his introduction to the way of eternal life. He left us at Wheeling. Thence towards Zanesville; we were joined by Judge Wright, whom I knew as a member of Congress in Washington. He is an Episcopalian residing at Steubenville—introduced me on my arrival at Zanesville to Mr. Goddard, a vestryman of the church in this place. In the house of this gentleman I am now hospitably accommodated.

'I have thus entered my diocese, the field of my future labours, the scene of my future trials till my departure for the rest of heaven. I crossed the Ohio with prayer that the Lord would ever be with me, my light and my defence and strength and consolation in all the duties of the arduous field. Since being here my heart has been much tried with unbelief and fear.

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At the remembrance of my dear family and the sacrifices which they and I must make, in separating from our beloved home and flock in Brooklyn, for the new, rough, untried field, this immense scene of spiritual want, my eyes have filled with tears, and my speech has almost failed. My soul has truly been cast down within me. But still I am enabled to put my trust in the Lord. I say, with David, 'Why art thou cast down, O my soul, why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him who is the help of my countenance and my God.' I try to yield up my dear wife and sweet children and myself, as sacrifices to the Lord, to use as seemeth good in His sight. I know that we need nothing but the peace of God to make us happy. That anywhere, if we be only serving God, we can be happy, that He will support and provide for us if we yield all cares to His guidance. Oh that I could feel more readiness and faith and cheerfulness to suffer for Christ's sake! He died for me; apostles died for Him; shall I murmur at His cross? Oh, awake, my soul! for such a Master and such a service and such a recompense. Count nothing hard, nothing painful—live by faith, seek more love. Remember that 'if we suffer we shall also reign with Him.' Never did Hebrews xi. seem so sweet and full of meaning, especially the account of the faith of Abraham. It just pictures my condition, and what I should feel. Lord, increase my faith. Thus may I endure, thus may I offer up my dear children on the altar of faith; may they be indeed children of promise, and heirs of the promises. May my dear wife have faith for all her duty. Prayer has greatly relieved me to-day. It is sweet to go to Jesus —to cast all my care on Him, to submit myself at His feet, and say, 'Not my will, but Thine be done.'

'*November 25th.*—Last night, Saturday, I preached my first sermon in my diocese—opened my message at

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St. James's Church on Luke xiii. 24: 'Strive to enter in at the strait gate,' etc. This morning preached on Luke xiii. 3: 'Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish.' This afternoon on Matthew vi. 10: 'Thy kingdom come.' Baptized, during the service, F. Fracker, infant son of J. T. and N. Fracker. . . . At night preached in the Presbyterian Church on 1 John iv. 8: 'God is love.'

'And now the work of the day is over, and I must commit myself to God and retire to rest. I have been enabled, pleasantly to myself, acceptably to the people, and I trust with some faithfulness before God, to preach the Word. With my dear Master I now leave it. He only can give the increase. I rejoice that I may trust my work in such hands.'

The Bishop left Zanesville for Newark, November 26th, then to Mount Vernon on the 28th, preaching at both places; thence to Gambier. 'The following evening held a prayer meeting in the house of Mr. Fitch. Next night preached on Luke xiii. 3: *Repentance.* Sunday, December 2, preached in the College Chapel on Job ii. 4: 'All that a man hath will he give for his life.' Ordained the Rev. C. Fitch, Professor of Greek, to the order of Presbyter. In the afternoon rode to Mount Vernon and preached at night on Romans viii. 1: 'There is therefore now no condemnation,' etc. Monday night lectured at the monthly concert of the College. December 4th, left Gambier on horseback, rode thirty-one miles to Berkshire, and preached there that night. Passed the night in the house of Judge Prince—preached on the Philippian Jailer. Next day rode nine miles to Delaware, and preached at night on Luke xiii. 24: 'Strive to enter in at the strait gate.'"—And so the journal proceeds, the Bishop preaching daily.

January 17th, 1833.—Last Monday week I returned from a visit to my diocese, my first visit—a short and hurried one indeed—but sufficient to give me a good idea

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what my field of labour is, and what my work and my burden is hereafter to be. The field is immense—most promising. Great is the honour the Lord has laid on me in calling such a worm to such a sphere of spiritual labour. But enormous is my burden. I need help; alas, how insufficient is my wisdom and strength! In view of all that is before me, my soul is often cast down within me. I am tempted to complain that I was called to this office, so high above my qualifications; to envy the man who shall take my place in Brooklyn, and remain for life the pastor of that dear flock. But then, as soon as I can look to the Lord, I am lightened, I see that it is of His choice and will that I have been brought into the midst of these duties, and my poor feeble faith then begins to say, Will He forsake me? will not His grace be sufficient? will He not enable me to go forward prosperously in the work, giving me wisdom, courage, faith and consolation, according to my day? Is it more strength, and less duty and trial, that I want? Or only more willingness to endure hardness for Christ, and more faith to trust His grace? Oh yes! the Lord is gracious; a very present help in time of need. 'They that trust in Him shall be as Mount Zion that cannot be moved.' If Abraham could trust Him when he went out not knowing whither he went, and when he took the knife to slay his son; if Moses could trust Him when he stood at the Red Sea, and at the Rock of Horeb; if the martyrs of old could trust in Him for steadfastness, and the missionaries to the heathen for support and succour, why am I so faithless? I must trust the Lord. He will comfort me, guide me, strengthen me, prosper me. Through Him I can promote His kingdom in the wilderness. In His grace I can be mighty—I can endure—I can rejoice in darkness and remove mountains. Lord, increase my faith and devotedness. Help me to cast all care upon Thee: to live every day for that day

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and take no anxious thought for the morrow; *to look unto Jesus; to consider Him*, in His humiliation, sorrow, agony, death, intercession, His promises, His glory, lest I be wearied and faint in my mind. Thou art my good Shepherd! In this name I rejoice. I would follow Thee—feed at Thy hand—sleep at Thy feet—listen to Thy voice. *Thou gavest Thy life for the sheep.* And is the servant above his Master? Shall I repine that I am called to so much care and toil and sacrifice for Thee? Lord, I would give up all to Thee, and for Thee. I would be ready to take any shame or suffering or death for Thy sake. Lift up my heart to this. Cheerfully may I bear the cross, and despise the shame. Lord, I come—lead me—use me: only *fit me—support me—sanctify me!*

'My dangers in pursuing the work of my new and most holy office are many; but chiefly of falling into A SECULAR SPIRIT. I see where the snare is laid. It is all about me—and laid often with great cunning; and my heart, without the protection of the Lord, will be caught. *The secular duties* of my office, as President of the College and Head of the Churches, have a show of religion, because connected with it. I may pursue them zealously. I may build up the College, and Theological Seminary and churches, just as Herod rebuilt the Temple, and yet I may have no zeal for God or love to souls. I may increase in zeal such as this, and decline in spiritual life. Such duties are exciting and engrossing, and because they have the name and credit of pious deeds, are exceedingly dangerous to the spirit of a minister of Christ. Oh, may I take warning immediately, and have my eye fixed on this ambuscade of Satan! I pray my blessed Master and only help, who Himself was tempted of Satan to encourage a secular spirit at the outset of His work on earth as the Shepherd and Bishop of souls, yet without sin, that he would succour my weak, faithless heart, and keep me, *make me clean!*

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'Another danger is, that of falling into A SECTARIAN SPIRIT. I never knew so much of the temptation to this vice of the heart as since I was raised to the office of Bishop. It is difficult to separate the Church, as the fold of Christ, from one's own personal and earthly interest in its extension. It is difficult to seek the enlargement of Zion, and not be influenced by motives of a selfish and party character, which look for the enlargement, because I am connected with it as one of its rulers, and therefore specially identified with its honour. Be this odious self-seeking and partizan spirit far from me! I desire to prefer the advancement of our own Church merely because I believe it to be the best, and most Scriptural and profitable form in which to establish the Kingdom of God. I desire to seek no extension of the Episcopal Church, but by the extension of truth and righteousness. I desire to feel a most affectionate and prayerful interest in the success of the labours of all other denominations of Christians, in proportion as they labour in word and doctrine according to the mind of Christ. I desire always to have a heart that can fervently love all that love my blessed Lord, and can deeply sympathize in all their tribulations; mourn over their errors, and rejoice in their spiritual prosperity and usefulness. I desire to realize ever that I am not only a bishop but a sinner; that by grace I am saved; that as a Christian, I am not an Episcopalian, but a member of the family of the people of God of every name under heaven; united with them as members together in the body of Christ, and having nothing whereof to boast—nothing to rejoice in—except as I am sanctified and meet for my Master's use, and my Father's glory. My prayer is to Thee, O my Shepherd and Guardian and Guide, that such may be my joy! Give me the heart that becomes my office, a heart of universal love, of disinterested zeal; a heart for all Thy people and all Thy

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work ; a heart full of missionary love and an enlightened and undaunted zeal. From anything like a *sectarian* spirit, I pray Thee, good Lord deliver me !'

In the midst of the various and incessant calls of duty, the Bishop deeply felt how greatly the regularity of his seasons of private devotion and study were disturbed, which he thus notices :

'*March 8th*, 1833.—I am starving and dying for want of regularity and system in my secret work—my retired seasons, prayer, reading, meditation. I am so encompassed with cares from without, that the care within suffers grievously. How can my soul be in health, if its seasons of taking food are interrupted and hurried and broken up ? I need more decision to *shut the door*, as well of my mind and heart, as of my closet. I need more determined adherence to rule in *entering into* my *closet* at the right times, and there endeavouring to exclude everything but God and truth and meditation and prayer. That I may have more of the Spirit, I must have a deeper and more abiding sense of the infinite value of my soul, the unspeakable supremacy of its interests above every other, my dependence on daily grace for daily life, and the preciousness of the privilege of prayer. All this I must ask of God.'

Bishop McIlvaine had now to take leave of his beloved and attached flock at St. Ann's, and to deliver his parting address.

April 14th, 1833.—'This is the last Sabbath of my pastoral connection with this most beloved flock in Brooklyn. I have preached this morning on the *worth of the soul*, and shall preach to-night on the Gospel invitation. I have selected for this last day such subjects as I should wish to preach upon from my death-bed. I have endeavoured to preach in view of the judgment. It is a serious matter to seal up the accounts of a ministry of five and a half years. My time to work is

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finished here. Oh that I could say with my Lord, 'I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do.' Would that I could say with Paul, 'I am free from the blood of all men.' Alas! I have nothing to think of but unprofitableness. God has been wonderful in mercy. I have been loaded with benefits in this place, in my family, in my congregation, in my person, in the attachment of this dear people, in the usefulness which God has seen fit to put me to, in the precious increase He has mercifully given to my labours; wherever I turn I am met by unspeakable blessings. All has been good on the part of God—all unworthiness on mine. I have no temptation to boasting. Alas! I am surrounded and filled with the witnesses that I am a poor, vile sinner. As a poor sinner I began, and must end my ministry here. I go to Jesus to have it all pardoned. Whatever good has been done, God did it. All the rest was mine. But for an atonement in the blood of a divine Redeemer, I should sink under the condemnation of my ministry. If any have seen in it talent, if any have obtained under it good, it all appears to me so unspeakably short of what it should have been, it has been so wanting in singleness of aim, purity of heart, fervour of love, and vigour of faith; I have laboured so much in my own strength, felt so much of human purpose, and spirit, and temper; my zeal has been so much strange fire, my self has so much stood between my work and my Lord; I have so often been almost lifeless in my labours, I have realized so little of the worth of souls, the nearness of eternity, and the holiness of God, and the constraining love of Christ, that I can do nothing for consolation, but take refuge, *from* my ministry and *for it*, in the blood of Christ. Oh, may I be made pure from the blood of all men, by faith in the blood of Christ. Jesus, my Lord, I would come to Thee. Oh, pardon my sin, renew my heart, prepare me for a more arduous field, and give me

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the mind and heart that becomes the office of a Bishop in the Church.'

Bishop McIlvaine then went to live at Gambier, by urgent request of the College Trustees, because of the embarrassed state of Kenyon College—he had previously expected to live at Cleveland. He resided at Gambier until the autumn of 1846, when he removed to Clifton, near Cincinnati.

The following letter was addressed to Dr. Burr, the *first* clergyman who removed into the diocese of Ohio after Bishop McIlvaine's entrance there; and it will be observed, not without interest, that forty years afterwards he took part in the funeral service at Cincinnati, when the remains of Bishop McIlvaine were interred there.

Gambier, July 30th, 1833.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

On my arrival here last week I received your communication, containing a letter demissory from Tennessee, and a notification of your election as minister of St. John's, Worthington. Both are satisfactory; and you are recognized, with much pleasure, as a deacon of this diocese. Let me urge you to study, with all prayer and diligence, to show yourself approved unto God: give yourself wholly to these things—endeavour, in season and out of season, to exhibit plainly, pointedly, boldly, without respect of persons, the great doctrines of the Cross, that your work may be in wisdom, and with power. Be a man of much prayer—'instant in prayer.' My visitation will commence immediately after the Convention. The eastern section of the diocese will be taken first; Worthington will come into the second. You will have a more precise notice when dates can be fixed. This is sufficient to set you at work in preparation. . . . . .

'Yours affectionately in the Lord,

'CHARLES P. McILVAINE.'

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In the second year of his Episcopate Bishop McIlvaine had occasion to write the following letter to the members of a certain parish, which had never enjoyed the regular services of a pastor, but in which he had heard that a revival had commenced, accompanied with circumstances requiring affectionate counsel and admonition. It is full of the wisdom and faithfulness which ever characterised his treatment of great theological questions.

When Bishop McIlvaine was in Edinburgh in 1835, he met Dr. Chalmers, who gave him a copy of this letter, which had come into his hands, in the margin of which he had made many notes, and told him that, in his opinion, it was the wisest paper he had ever seen on the subject.

'*Gambier, February 5th*, 1834.

'DEARLY BELOVED,

'Two things I have heard of your state: one has occasioned much hope that you would be built up a spiritual house acceptable to God; the other has caused much fear that you would prove a house divided against itself, and fall from steadfastness in the truth.

'With regard to the first, it has been told me that a great increase of attention to the salvation of the soul was appearing among you; that many have taken a new interest in prayer, and some profess to have been recently led to Christ, and to have obtained peace through the blood of His Cross. If these things be so; if the careless have been awakened; if sèrious, sober, earnest inquiry into the way of salvation has been aroused; if those who were living as aliens from the commonwealth of Israel have been brought to feel their lost condition, and their need of an Almighty Saviour to reconcile them to God; if they have been brought to search the Scriptures, to take pleasure and to use diligence in secret prayer, to renounce all sin, to covet holiness, to love one another, and seek to dwell together in

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the unity of the spirit and the bond of peace; if professing Christians have been led to more prayer and love, more diligence in all duty, and a more circumspect walk and conversation; if those who entertain the hope that they have lately given themselves to Christ, and found reconciliation, are careful to maintain good works, and do manifest the genuine evidence of conversion in humility and meekness, in brotherly kindness and charity; if, having this hope, they are led to earnest endeavours to be pure as God is pure; then indeed I do rejoice. It is the work of the Spirit. May it have free course, that God may be glorified. May every soul among you become its subjects! The less delay the more acceptable. But remember that the time of revival, however genuine the work, is especially the time for watchfulness. The most prosperous season in a Church is one of dangerous exposure. The mount is the place to become giddy. Beware of all efforts to kindle excitement. Be animated, be diligent, be filled with the spirit of prayer; but be sober-minded. Sobriety of spirit and humility of mind are inseparable. Let all noise and all endeavours to promote mere animal feeling be shunned. You can no more advance the growth of religion in the soul by excitement, than you can promote health in the body by throwing it into fever. Religion is principle. It is the peaceful love of God, and can only be promoted by the *truth* and prayer, united with a diligent waiting upon all duty. I exhort you therefore, brethren, that all things be done decently and in order: let all quietness and soberness prevail in your assemblies; let them not be so frequent as to interfere with such times as should be given to other duties; take care that private prayer and reading of the Scriptures be not sacrificed to the more stimulating exercises of social meetings; let not any imagine that because they have felt a new interest in religion, the regular services of the Church should give

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way to others of a more exciting character. On the contrary, hold on to those holy and spiritual services as your anchor, to keep you steadfast under the irregular influences to which, in the excitement that will more or less attend upon a revival of religion, all are liable. Never does a Church need a liturgy, a service of prayer for public worship, more than in a revival of religion. It serves as a help to all that is of the Holy Ghost, and a check against that disposition to extravagance and novelty, by which so many revivals have been deformed, and so much promise of precious fruit been blasted. If any think they have advanced so far in religion that they cannot relish the Liturgy, they have been learning elsewhere than at the feet of Jesus, and have received some spirit besides that which is of God. In more retired meetings for social prayer, let all things be under the direction of the minister who is now going to you; let none take part in conducting them but those whose Christian character is established, and whom he shall call upon for that purpose. When he cannot be present, let the meeting be under the control of such as shall be chosen by him for that purpose. It is especially urged, that those who hope that they have recently embraced religion be not put forward to take a lead in meetings for social prayer. Like young plants, they require to be kept in the shade till they have grown in grace. Let them take care that the root of the matter be well fixed in their hearts, before they venture out to bear the burden and heat of the day. Like trees which seem to grow well and are full of leaves and blossoms, while their roots are without nourishment, and a worm is eating out the hidden life, the recent disciple may be all zeal, and, to the eye of man, abundant in the promise of fruitfulness, while hollowness of heart may have already begun, and spiritual declension may have seized the very vitals of his Christian character. He should be nursed instead of nursing.

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'Let professing Christians abound in all good works. I exhort them to see that their lives and prayers and efforts be diligently given to the promotion of whatever they have reason to believe are the fruits of the Spirit; at the same time discountenancing whatever is only of man's wisdom and the fruit of mere human workmanship.

'But, I say, one thing fills me with fear. What is it? It is that I hear there are divisions among you. I ask not what they are, whence they come, or who are concerned in them. But I say unto all, Love one another; let every root of bitterness be moved out of the way. Satan rejoices when he can rend asunder the Church. He gains a victory when he makes a breach. Whatever may have been the cause of division, as you are now to come under a new order of things in having the ministry of the Word, and one who is sent according to the laws of the Church, to take the oversight, I exhort that you forget the things that are behind, and come together in one mind, and henceforth walk as those that are agreed; all pressing toward the prize of our high calling in Christ. Be it remembered that to divide a Church is to inflict a wound in the cause of religion; and one should well consider his steps before he ventures upon anything that may have a tendency to produce such a result.

'Brethren, may the Lord grant that these observations may be profitable to you for doctrine, reproof, correction, and instruction in righteousness. I pray for you, that the true spirit of faith and love may be revived in you; that every good impression may be sealed unto the day of redemption; that all contention and every spiritual delusion may be far from you; that you may increase in love, rejoice in hope, and abound in every good work, to the glory and praise of God.

'Your affectionate brother and servant in the Gospel,

'CHARLES P. McILVAINE.'

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The heavy cares of various kinds, with respect both to the college and the diocese, began now to press very severely upon Bishop McIlvaine, and greatly tried him. Thus he writes:

'*Gambier, March 10th*, 1834.—Overwhelmed with shame and confusion of face by my sinfulness—my spiritual declension. Without are cares innumerable, and too heavy for me to bear. Within is sloth, coldness of heart, selfishness, pride, worldly mindedness—a host of corruptions that seem to threaten to destroy what little grace I ever had; to make me a mere lifeless formalist, a barren husk, dead while I live. Between the cares of the college and the diocese and those of my house, I seem to be fast losing all spirituality of mind. Who will show me any good? Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon me! I must begin again and go on with a new heart, or I am ruined. Oh, assemble around me and awaken all the motives and calls to diligence and zeal, and holiness and prayer. How can I live so sluggishly, and have so little prayer and love, when such responsibility is laid upon me, when such usefulness is offered me, when such immortal interests of my own soul and of thousands of others are at stake—where Jesus is my master, and *He* exhorts me? Holy Spirit, awaken me, receive me back, help me to return, raise me higher by Thy blessing, upon the experience of my weakness and sinfulness in thus declining from Thee. Create in me a steadfast mind for growth in grace. I need *a single steady aim*—resolution to pursue it—to shut myself up from intrusive cares, and be separate from things that have no right to divide my time. But how difficult with so much to do, to think of, to care for, so many letters to answer, so much sloth and vanity within, with all corruptions to contend with! Oh for faith—habitual faith—working by the continual exercise of love!'

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On receiving 'a rather unkind letter,' and his desire to profit by it, he writes:

June 1st, 1834.—I have received a letter of rather an unkind spirit from a presbyter of my diocese whom I love and value, but who mistakes me, mentioning rumours as prevailing in his vicinity that I am haughty and proud in my feelings towards the people of the diocese—that I desire to keep at a distance from the unrefined and untutored. . . . This communication was certainly unexpected, and not being in a right manner, was the more painful. But still I do hope and pray that it may be of great benefit to me in many ways: in humbling my pride, in showing me how I need continually wisdom as well as righteousness, in making me more watchful, in leading me to more examination of my motives and spirit, in discovering to me more of my infirmities and deficiencies, and corruptions and necessities; in animating me to a holy diligence to make my visitations more like the visits of the Saviour, or such as they would be were He to go where I go, having one object—the *glory of God and the saving of souls*—in one spirit, that of a *tender, overcoming, constraining love*, that beareth all things, endureth all things, hopeth all things, with cheerfulness, patience, kindness, and especially in regard to men of low estate, the ignorant, the uncouth, the rude, the vulgar. That I deserve the allegations that my brother has made, I do not believe; nothing, I think, is more opposite to my nature than haughtiness, and especially towards the poor, and ignorant, and unrefined. On the contrary, I think my heart opens almost instinctively to them. One thing I am sensible of; a cold, repulsive manner, as if a person were too proud to be polite, or very gentle and kind, does repel and freeze me, and often shuts me up, so that it is probable I seem to such persons reserved and distant. Again, when I perceive anything like vul-

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garity . . . the vulgarity that is not ignorant, but affects contempt of the civilities and proprieties and respectfulness of good society, it revolts me, and I turn away disgusted, and to persons of this character very likely seem to be supercilious and proud. Again, unhappily, I have a memory that retains the names and identifications of persons whom I meet most unfaithfully, so that I often meet those who expect me to know them and converse with them as acquaintances, and whose faces I remember to have seen, while their names and where I met them before have passed entirely away. I dare say such occurrences subject me to the charge of being haughty, and cold, and unsocial. For this I know no remedy, nor can I charge myself with blame. In regard to the two former, I acknowledge a want of my Master's Spirit, who with His quick abhorrence of all sin, and quick discernment of all impropriety, was always so kind, accessible, tender, and benevolent to the most vile and disagreeable of men. O may His mind be also in me! More love—more of the spirit that would lead me to see so much preciousness in the soul, as to think nothing of the clay and deformity in which the pearl of price unknown may be imbedded—would overcome my difficulties. But if I am not deserving of the evil things that are said of me, and certainly I do not think I am, there is so much that might be, and perhaps is, said against me with justice, that I will not complain, but be led more humbly to God for a right spirit and a clean heart. I know that I am sadly wanting in the love and zeal becoming my office. I feel that I am not only a most unworthy sinner, but in the sight of God a most miserable bishop. If I am thought by any to be lifted up with the conceit of talents, or eloquence, they are indeed mistaken; I am too much borne down with the consciousness of coming very far short in all things to have any room for such conceit. I am too much crushed to be

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swollen. I feel too much weight of responsibility to be puffed up. Still I have pride enough to be constantly repented of, and vanity to make me always ashamed. In my visitations especially I fail in that continual spirit of effort to do good, to make impressions, to lodge something for eternity in the minds of men, to write a word for my Lord on their hearts, by which so much is to be effected under His blessing. Oh for the renewal of the Holy Ghost to repentance, faith, love, spirituality of mind, prayer, and all diligence for God, for souls, for the Gospel, for Eternity!'

Towards the close of this year, 1834, on September 5th, at Chillicothe, Bishop McIlvaine delivered his first Charge to the clergy of Ohio, before the Seventeenth Annual Convention of the Diocese.

The subject was '*On the preaching of Christ Crucified.*' The charge is remarkable, not only as a luminous and discriminating exposition of the great Evangelical doctrines he ever faithfully preached, but as having been regarded by the Bishop himself of such importance, that in a Charge which he delivered twenty-nine years after, he thought it desirable to reproduce the whole of this argument, and often in the very same words. The Charge was immediately reprinted in England, where it was widely circulated and highly appreciated.*

After showing in how many ways a minister may 'approach the character of the preaching of Christ without reaching it,' and 'thus failing in the fruits of an Evangelical ministry without perceiving the cause,' the Bishop proceeds to inquire: 'What it is so to preach, that it may justly be said in regard to our habitual ministry, that we preach Christ crucified.'

* The Bishop found it still spoken of in England, March, 1862.

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'There is one Personage,' he observes, 'whom it was the immediate business of the Apostles to introduce to sinners, '*Jesus of Nazareth, the only begotten Son of God, full of grace and truth.*' There was one capital event in His history, which it was their immediate business to make known to every creature: *Jesus crucified as a propitiation for the sins of the whole world.* To these their ministry immediately leaped. Here they always broke ground first, and set up their tower of attack. Just at the point when their enemies, in malignant triumph, supposed the Gospel had died, with the cross of the entombed Founder for its only memorial, His disciples, in the triumph of faith, and lifting up that cross for a banner, made their beginning. Just that which laid the stumbling-block to the Jew, and seemed such foolishness to the Greek, they adopted as the head and front of their preaching; advancing boldly upon both Jew and Greek, like David with his single stone against the contemptuous giant of Gath, glorying in nothing and determined to use nothing, 'save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.' Thus saith St. Paul: 'I delivered unto you first of all that which I received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures.' As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so did they at once lift up Christ on the cross as an ensign to the people.

'Here then, my brethren, have we our lesson. Our first as well as last and habitual duty, everywhere, amid all prejudices, ignorance, and enmity, is to take ground with all confidence at the *centre* of the system, and at once set up the cross. We must exalt Christ in His death; establish its propitiatory character; publish its sufficiency for the whole world. Thus will you begin your message where the sinner begins his hopes and life. To open your negotiation anywhere else, is but to delay it. But having begun here, what remains? The sun is risen: now see that it remains unclouded always in full

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view from the remotest circle of your hearers, so that the weakest and lowest eye may see. Now you must keep up attention to this supreme object by telling your people all that the Scriptures tell you of Christ. Your business is that they may 'know Christ, and be found in Him.' Consequently there is nothing revealed, as pertaining to Him, that is not profitable to them, or that you have a right to keep back. You are to make Him known in the glory which he had with the Father before the world was. The love of the Father in sending His only-begotten Son, and of the Son in coming to be made a curse for us, can be preached only in view of the Son in the self-existence and infinite glory of the Godhead. You cannot separate the Cross *for which He came*, from the *Throne from whence He came*, without divesting His death of its atoning virtue, and His love of all its wonders. In the same vital connection is the incarnation of the Son of God. The mysteries of Bethlehem are closely allied to those of Calvary. To understand how He bore our sorrows, we must learn how He took our nature. You cannot teach His obedience unto the death, without His condescension to be born in the likeness of man. In setting forth the Lamb of God in His death as a sacrifice, you must also set Him forth in His life, as an example 'without blemish, and without spot.' There is too little preaching of the 'mind that was in Christ Jesus.' It was His preparation for the sacrifice: it must be ours, for all the bliss which that sacrifice has purchased. But the preaching of Christ too often terminates with the events of His crucifixion; as if, when the sacrifice was finished, the whole work of Redemption were finished; as if to preach Him in His resurrection, and ascension, and exaltation, were not as important as to preach Him in His humiliation and agony. To show the sinner that His atonement is accepted, you must show that it has been presented at the mercy-seat: you must exhibit our

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great High-Priest as having laid aside the garments of sacrifice for those of dignity and glory, and ascended into the holy place on high, 'now to appear in the presence of God for us.' Intercession must be preached as the crowning act in Redemption. But, intimately connected with this office of Christ as our interceding Priest, bearing our names upon His breastplate, is that of the great Prophet of His Church, 'in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge,' and of whom every disciple must learn 'the way, the truth, and the life.' Essential also to the right enforcement of His priestly and prophetic office is the exhibition of Christ 'exalted to be a Prince' as well as a Saviour, having 'all power in heaven and earth,' claiming supreme dominion in the hearts of His people, able to subdue all enemies under His feet, and make all things work together for good to them that love Him. It is Christ reigning as King, 'Head over all things to His Church,' that sets the seal to all that is precious in His teaching as our Prophet, and all that is availing in His mediation as our Priest; that clothes our message with authority as well as with mercy and wisdom, and makes the tender entreaties of the divine compassion the peremptory commands of infinite sovereignty. For no purpose is a heavenly skill in the preacher more needed, than to exhibit the tenderness of Christ as enforced by His authority, and His authority as commended by His tenderness; to preach Him as a Judge, and also as an advocate; to declare not only the love, but the 'wrath of the Lamb;' to exhibit His infinite freeness, fulness, and power to save the chief of sinners, and yet the rigid exclusiveness of His salvation to him 'that believeth,' so as always 'to speak a word in season to him that is weary,' and never a word of encouragement to him that persists in his sins. The Cross, like the pillar of cloud, is all light to the people of God—all darkness to such as neglect so great salvation.

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'By these imperfect hints, I have endeavoured to illustrate what I understand by preaching Christ in His person and office, as the effulgent centre of Christianity.

'But in Christ Jesus there are many cardinal truths, connected with Him by various relations and dependencies, and occupying, as it were, the remoter circle of the Christian system, which a preacher cannot keep out of sight without great unfaithfulness. Be it remembered, that while the Cross, with its immediate neighbourhood, is the metropolis of Christianity, 'the city of our God,' all the region round about is the Holy Land, flowing with milk and honey—'a land of brooks and fountains of water,' intersected in all directions with highways to the holy place, by which the tribes go up. It is the office of the preacher to map out that land, to display its treasures, to trace those converging roads, so that, whenever a sinner may desire to know how he may get to Zion, his eye may read—'*This is the way, walk ye in it.*' Then only is Christ preached in the fulness of the Gospel, when nothing is left untaught which enters into the plan of salvation, as a covenant of mercy and life established between God and sinners, in the hand of an infinitely meritorious Mediator.

'Christ is not preached in faithfulness unless the Holy Ghost, 'who proceedeth from the Father and the Son,' is distinctly and continually preached as of the same divine nature with both; alike to be honoured and worshipped; sent of Christ to be the Teacher, the Sanctifier, and the Comforter of sinners; the author and preserver of all spiritual life; by whom alone we are born again, and daily renewed in the spirit of our minds—the spirit of all prayer, wisdom, and holiness, without whom we are as little able to *will, as to do* of God's good pleasure. To be full of the Holy Ghost in one's sermons as well as one's soul—to keep up the attention of the sinner as continually to His influences for all the begin-

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ning of spiritual life and all growth in grace, as to the righteousness of Christ for all reconciliation to God—is not only the way to be blessed with increase in our work, but to preach Christ as He preached Himself. . . .

'It is evident that in a course of faithful preaching, one may have great variety. His ministry may be alway shining in the light of Christ, while receiving it sometimes directly from Himself, sometimes by reflection from a whole firmament of secondary objects, all declaring His glory as their 'all-and-in-all.' It may be always leading the sinner to behold the Lamb of God; and yet in aspects and relations as various as the innumerable positions from which his view is taken, and the diversified circumstances in which one can need the consolations of religion. More variety than this can only be obtained by a departure from duty and faithfulness; and should be as little tempting to a minister, as it is little profitable to his hearers.

'There be some who seem to hope for but little effect from the plain, faithful preaching of the Cross, except in proportion as it is mixed up with certain artificial expedients for arresting attention and exciting emotion. There is an appetite for excitement and novelty in the mode of awakening and converting sinners, which seems to be rapidly increasing in some quarters of the Church of Christ, as well as an insatiate thirst for more potent stimulants as in the number of its subjects. It is lamentably discarding the simplicity of the Gospel, and substituting a kind of preaching which, with a special pretence of faithfulness and much redundancy and painful irreverence in the use of divine names, is sadly wanting in divine things and spirit, laying almost exclusive stress upon a few disjointed members of Gospel truth, and producing most deformed examples of Gospel efficacy. There is something too tame and sober in the old paths of inspired preachers for the taste of some in

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these days. *To teach* as well as *preach*, to go the round of Christian truth, instead of being confined to one or two of its more striking parts, has become the 'strange work' of many. To excite the sensibilities by swollen representations, rather than to enlighten the conscience by sober and practical exposition of Scripture; to produce effect by drawing lines of visible separation among the people, by bringing the incipient anxieties of the heart into dangerous and unbecoming publicity, and by the hurrying forward of those, whose minds are yet unsettled and unexamined, to an open profession of religion, and perhaps a forward lead in devotional exercises, has become the mournful characteristic of much of the ministry that is called Evangelical. Be such reliances as I have described far from you, my brethren. Be jealous of any measure that would divide your faith in the efficacy of the simple preaching of Christ crucified, accompanied 'with all prayer and supplication in the spirit.' Seek your *power* directly, entirely, in the influences of the Holy Ghost, to awaken, convince, convert, and sanctify the sinner. Behold your *means* in whatever will contribute to the teaching and preaching of Jesus Christ. Use such means with importunate waiting upon God for His blessing; and your ministry shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; whose leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever it doeth shall prosper.'

The devout and faithful spirit in which Bishop McIlvaine commenced the duties of his high office characterized the whole of his Episcopate. In proof of this, Bishop Lee could well appeal to the whole body of the Church in the diocese.

'The clergy (he says) whom he faithfully and wisely counselled, and the congregations to whom he testified

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the Gospel of the grace of God, are his witnesses. I will not dwell upon the toils and trials and exposures of forty laborious years, and the difficulties of dealing with men of all opinions and dispositions, and the prejudices to be encountered, the perplexities to be solved. The great Apostle, after enumerating such a catalogue of hardships as might terrify many a bold spirit, makes this the climax: 'Besides those things which are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches.' The annals of those forty years will be prepared, I trust, and published in due time. The history of Bishop McIlvaine's Episcopate is not merely diocesan, it concerns the whole Church of which he was a member, and will form part of any complete historical work. The high office brought enhanced responsibilities, and Bishop McIlvaine was not the man to avoid them. The solemn promise and vow which he assumed—to 'be ready, with all faithful diligence, to banish and drive away from the Church all erroneous and strange doctrine contrary to God's Word, and both privately and openly to call upon and encourage others to do the same'—was no unmeaning declaration, but made before God with all sincerity. In his conviction, the occasion soon arrived; and when he witnessed the great truths, which had been vindicated at the Reformation, covertly, or openly assailed by men of distinguished learning and ability, he hesitated not to expose and denounce such attempts. His decided course brought down upon him no small measure of censure and obloquy, as was easily to be foreseen. It was obnoxious, not only to those who had imbibed these errors, but to many others who failed to appreciate the impending dangers, and to the large class who look upon all controversy as an evil, and who are willing to surrender truth itself for the sake of peace. But knowing that he was set for the defence of the Gospel, none of these things moved him, and results have fully

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vindicated the wisdom as well as faithfulness of his course. In this, as in other grave and trying emergencies, he conferred not with flesh and blood, and never shrank from what he considered to be his duty from any personal considerations. Gentle, kindly, and affectionate in his private intercourse—when truth and principle were concerned he was unyielding as a rock. Now, in the presence of that Master, who so approves and honours fidelity, does he not reap the rich fruits of steadfastness and obedience, and find inexpressible satisfaction in the memory of the sorest conflict, the most painful effort, the heaviest cross? As a theologian, Bishop McIlvaine sympathized fully with the leading minds of the English Reformation; and with such men as Simeon, Legh Richmond, Daniel Wilson, and the Venns, who exerted an influence so powerful and blessed in the Church of England at the close of the last century, and the beginning of the present. Their views and principles approved themselves to him as taught by Holy Scripture, and embodied in the doctrinal standards of his own Church. These principles he adopted at the outset of his ministry, and he never saw cause to change them. He preached them in the pulpit, defended them in published works, and commended them by his life. With advancing years they became more clear to his judgment, and more dear to his heart. They were the joy and nourishment of his own soul, as well as the food which he dispensed to his flock. He lived in their unwavering advocacy, and died in their affectionate profession. The centre of his doctrinal system, the strong foundation of his building, the sun of his firmament, the pole-star of his course, was, 'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' In a letter, describing the closing scene of a diocesan convention, he writes: 'I have chosen a sweet hymn ('*Just as I am*'), and have adopted it for all time to come, as long

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as I shall be here, as my hymn. This hymn contains my religion, my theology, my hope. It has been my ministry to preach just what it contains. In health, it expresses all my refuge. In death, I desire no other support and consolation. When I am gone, I wish to be remembered in association with that hymn.' From the circumstances and convictions which have been referred to, Bishop McIlvaine became prominent in the discussion of the agitating questions of his day. His works had wide circulation and influence on both sides of the Atlantic. While, as a controversial writer, he was very decided and unshrinking, he was superior to all disingenuous arts, or personal asperities. He never misrepresented an opponent, or sought to gain advantage by sacrifice or concealment of truth. His candour and fairness were recognized by those who differed from him in opinion, and his warm maintenance of his own principles never betrayed him into rancour or bitterness. If he sometimes seemed to those of different views unduly tenacious, or disposed to insist upon points of secondary importance, it is to be borne in mind, that to his penetrating and well-informed intellect, results and consequences were apparent, which by them were not discerned. He traced principles to their conclusions, saw doctrines developed in practice, and rites insinuating doctrines, and understood how much might be evolved from seemingly slight errors or innovations. The open apostasy of a number of leaders of the movement, originating at Oxford, was not required to enlighten him as to their real views. Newman and Manning, and their associates, were the same men to him, before they abjured their own Church and submitted to the Papacy, that they were afterwards, only vastly more dangerous, because within the fold. And the various adjuncts and fruits of this system were regarded by him not as isolated and immaterial fragments, but in their necessary connection as

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parts and outgrowths of the whole. Hence he stoutly resisted beginnings, as well as ripened developments. But those form an altogether erroneous estimate of Bishop McIlvaine, who, because he was so outspoken and uncompromising in rebuke and exposure of teachings and practices, which he judged to be contrary to the Word of God, think of him as unloving and harsh. It is almost unavoidable that, in times of earnest discussion, such imputations should be cast upon a man in high position, who holds clear, decided opinions, and has the courage to avow them. Who ever endured a larger share of opprobrium than the Apostle Paul? Those who knew Bishop McIlvaine intimately need not to be told, that he was in disposition eminently affectionate and sympathetic, the same all through his most trying and painful experiences, that he approved himself in his earliest ministry among his flock at Georgetown. Upon his character as a Christian man there never rested stain or shadow. His high-toned integrity, truth, and purity none ever presumed to question. In all that pertained to his private and public walk he was manifestly an epistle of Christ, known and read of all men.

While thoroughly and affectionately attached to his own Church—and few, indeed, of her children have ever done more to advance her reputation and influence—he delighted to recognize the fruits of the Holy Spirit, and the manifestations of the mind which was in Christ Jesus. To acknowledge those, who held the great foundation-truths of the Gospel, as his brethren in Christ, was to his mind no compromise of his own principles. His supreme loyalty was given to Jesus, the Master of the house, and he embraced in his fraternal sympathies all who bore the image of Christ. This well-known liberality greatly endeared him to multitudes of Christian people beyond his own household. The estimation in which he was held was shown by his election as President of the

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American Tract Society, and his appointment as delegate to represent in Europe the American Bible Society. No more kindly and appreciative tributes to his memory have been uttered, than have proceeded from brethren of other communions.

'While thus embracing in his large heart all who were one with him in the unity of the Spirit, and in the bond of Faith, Bishop McIlvaine was no half-hearted or lukewarm son of the Church in which he ministered. He held with clear conviction her principles of order, as well as of doctrine, and was ready on suitable occasions to state and defend them. His conscientious preference was given to his own communion, as in his judgment most closely conformed to the Apostolic model, holding fast the faith once delivered to the saints, clothed with raiment of wrought gold, and, while inheriting the memories and treasures of the past, eminently suited to meet the wants and urgencies of the present.

'In the characters of some distinguished men a particular feature is so marked and conspicuous as to dazzle the popular eye, and be, as it were, their badge and distinction. Others there are, not so remarkable for a peculiar excellence or brilliant idiosyncrasy, as for complete and harmonious development, no one faculty or endowment vastly preponderating over the rest, no exaggeration and no defect. To the latter type of manhood is to be assigned the palm. Such was Washington among our statesmen. In the latter class we rank Bishop McIlvaine. The whole man was fitly framed together and compacted by that which every joint supplied. It would be no easy thing to discriminate and specify the characteristic most deserving of admiration. Diverse and, in many instances, antagonistic tendencies were in him happily combined. His clear, comprehensive, powerful intellect was softened by deep tenderness. His constitutional warmth and vivacity were

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tempered and restrained by calm judgment and thorough self-control. His strong, earnest convictions were so regulated by charity, as not to run into bitterness or bigotry. His native nobility was united with entire sympathy and unaffected affability. He was strong without being overbearing, and gentle without being weak. He was a scholar without pedantry, and an orator without being declamatory. The intellectual and emotional, the meditative and the energetic, the intrepid and the considerate, were in beautiful combination. The fervour of his piety did not unfit him for the busy scenes of life, and lively interest in what transpired around him; and efficient discharge of various duties did not draw him away from his private duties, or damage the inner life of faith and communion with God. For more than fifty years he was an observed and prominent man, called out on great emergencies, and compelled to bear a part in occasions and events that aroused the intensest interests. He was so situated that a slight error of judgment might have worked remediless injury; and a fault, venial in another, would have been enough to bring down upon him vehement reproach. That he should be exempt from accusations and aspersions was simply impossible. That these should have been so few and light, and soon set aside, is a grand tribute to the prudence and blamelessness of his course, and may be ascribed to the truth that he was guided by a higher wisdom than his own. The strong arm upon which he leaned never failed him.

'If called upon to select that one, of the manifold offices which he fulfilled, in which he particularly excelled, I should name the preaching of the Word. Eminent and efficient in the various branches of his great charge, in this he was unsurpassed. None would question his right to be ranked among the foremost preachers of the day. None who had the privilege of hearing him in the culmination of his powers can

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ever forget him. The masterly grasp of his subject, the rich and faithful exposition of Scripture, the bringing out so clearly and emphatically the meaning of his text, the lucid arrangement, the choice diction, the close appeals to the conscience, the impressive warnings, the glowing representations of the privileges of the believer, the whole discourse illuminated with the majesty and mercy of a present Christ, all these invested his sermons with a wondrous power. While their effect was heightened by the appearance of the speaker and his manner of delivery, the man was soon forgotten in the message, and the hearer was constrained to hearken, as it were, to a pleading Saviour, and to feel his own deep personal stake in the truths to which he listened. Accustomed to speak often on the platform and the pulpit without notes, his unwritten addresses were no less remarkable for clearness, method and beauty of language, than those which were composed and fully written out in his study. No one, I conceive, in our day, has approached nearer to the ideal of the Christian pulpit.'

CHAPTER VI.

SECOND VISIT TO ENGLAND, NOVEMBER 1834—1835.

THE combined cares and duties of the diocese and college began to tell very seriously upon the Bishop's health, which had always been delicate, and made another voyage, with entire cessation from all work, absolutely necessary for his recovery. The following note touchingly describes his feelings in the prospect of another separation from his family and diocese:

'*November 20th*, 1834.—On board ship in the River Delaware. This morning I set sail for England, having left my beloved wife and those precious children, whom God has given me to bring up for Him, at Gambier.

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Beloved flock! how near to my heart—how sweet though exceedingly painful my thoughts when I set my mind to contemplate your faces! A separation of six months is hard to anticipate. And what may our heavenly Father ordain for us during those months? Death may take me away—I may be permitted to return and find a dear son removed to eternity—a sweet daughter gone, or hardest to support of all, my precious wife no more to be my companion and consolation in this vale of tears. I desire with humble faith to commit myself and all my dear little flock to His care and will, who has always been unspeakably good and merciful to us: to whom we have all been consecrated, and in whose sovereign grace in Christ Jesus, I not only place all my hope for acceptance to His kingdom, as well for my beloved children and wife, as for myself—but desire to feel that I have enough to sustain the most unreserved confidence and assurance. Should I not return, God, my Lord, will be the Shepherd who will not suffer my precious ones to want. May He enable dear Emily to rely on His care and faithfulness for herself and children, with implicit trust. Sweet will be the rest in which we shall meet again for eternity. My heart's desire and earnest prayer is for the conversion of my beloved children. Much rather would I that they should be paupers with the love of God in their hearts, than gain the world without it. Oh, my children whom we have dedicated to God in baptism and so often again in prayer, for whom our hearts have poured out so many supplications, and had so many cares and anxieties—my sweet children, blessed with such a precious mother, do seek God with all your hearts, follow Christ, seek no happiness in the service of the world—it is all vanity—never yield yourselves servants to sin, its wages are death; but come with your father and mother to be servants of Jesus, seek your happiness in holiness, make it your

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daily business to overcome sin, be faithful unto death. May I also be thus faithful, then shall we inherit an everlasting crown, and be without spot, without sorrow for ever and ever. Oh, sweet glorious Heaven, our rest, our joy, our glory!

'Now the Lord who ruleth the winds and stilleth the sea, when it rages, be with us while we spread our sails to the one, and meet the swelling of the other, enable me in all danger cheerfully to put my trust in His care, in all my solicitude to improve my time, to the culture of my mind in useful knowledge and my heart in grace, and embrace every opportunity of doing good to those about me; and finally may I be conducted in safety to the haven where I would be, or else to the rest of the people of God, through Jesus Christ. Amen.'

On reaching England, he writes:

'*Wrexham, Wales, December 21st*, 1834.—This is the first Sunday since my arrival from sea. And here would I record my thankful acknowledgment of the goodness of God, in preserving me from the dangers of the sea, from sickness and all the evils of a bodily kind, to which I was visibly and invisibly exposed, and bringing me to my desired haven. May the Angel of His presence be with me wherever I go in this land, to be my Guide and Guard, my Friend and Comforter! May I ever walk under a serious sense of His presence, and all-seeing eye! Oh, may! I much more carefully and diligently aspire and strive to live as having my treasure in heaven!

'Attended this morning at the parish church in this place—heard a plain good sermon on the goodness and severity of God. . . . May the blessed Spirit renew and increase in my heart all holy desires! My thoughts dwell very much upon my dear family—my beloved wife, my precious children. . . .

'I thank thee, O Lord, for my children; for their

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preservation through all the diseases and dangers around them, and all the sicknesses and accidents with which they have been visited; for the amiable and dutiful dispositions, and the promising minds they manifest; for any good impression already made upon their hearts. I would look upon and hold them always as Thine—Thine by creation; Thine by preservation; Thine as purchased with Thy blood; Thine as dedicated to Thy service in baptism, and again and again in the prayers of their parents. Enable us, O Lord, so to love them, that shouldst Thou call any of them from us, or us from them, we may feel that Thy will is dearer than their presence, and that Thou doest all things well, and for our best welfare. But, good Lord Jesus, my heart's desire and earnest prayer for those precious, immortal souls is, that *Thou* wouldst save them. Save them, save them, blessed Lord! Defend them against the snares of sin, the evil examples and influences, the covetousness, the vanity, and thousand corruptions of the world; make them conquerors over the flesh; teach them the deceitfulness and plague of their own hearts; draw them in childhood to seek their happiness in Thy love, and to delight in Thy law, more than in all things besides: pour upon them a spirit of grace and supplication: fill their hearts with a holy zeal to spread the Gospel, and promote all the good of mankind. Above all things, O Lord, I beseech Thee make my dear sons able and faithful ministers of Thy Gospel, and all my children instruments of great usefulness to the souls of their fellow-creatures. Thus, my children, prays your beloved father, who loves you more than you can conceive.'

The Editor will now give a narrative of the Bishop's visit to Cambridge—his address to the undergraduates there—and last interview with Mr. Simeon.

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The affectionate reception he met with on this occasion from the senior and junior members of the University, and especially from Mr. Simeon, made a deep impression on him, and in a great measure led to that warm regard he ever after cherished for them and their country's welfare. In his entire sympathy with Mr. Simeon and his teaching, he always desired to be remembered; and hence it would seem due to him to introduce in this chapter some of his important Memoranda respecting his venerated friend.

In the course of this second visit to England, Bishop McIlvaine attended the Clerical meeting at Islington, which was held annually in January, in the Library of the Rev. Daniel Wilson, the vicar. It was at this meeting, in 1835, that I had the privilege of making his acquaintance, and commencing a friendship of rare intimacy and affection which I was permitted to enjoy for thirty-eight years. I was then residing in the rooms over the great gateway of Trinity College, where, on Sunday evenings after my service at Great St. Mary's (the University Church), I used to receive a number of undergraduates for an hour, to whom I gave an address on some practical subject, concluding with a portion of Scripture and prayer. To this gathering I was anxious to introduce the Bishop, that we might enjoy the benefit of some words of wise and loving counsel from him. I consequently wrote to him, February 10th, 1835: 'There is a large number of pious young men here, anxiously waiting to welcome you. Dear Mr. Simeon deeply regretted that he lost the opportunity of meeting you at Mr. Wilson's. He said, 'Had I known that *he* would have been there, I would gladly have gone all the way to see and hear him; give him my most affectionate Christian regards, when you write.'

The Bishop was much pleased to have this opportunity of addressing so large a number of young men,

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more particularly as it was the first occasion of his thus meeting the undergraduates. There was also a special interest felt about this meeting, arising from the following circumstance. When the Bishop had kindly promised to visit us, I was anxious that he should preach at the evening service in Great St. Mary's, which was open to the whole town. It was earnestly hoped that he would be able to gratify the wishes of the many friends, who were looking forward to welcome him again to the University. But a difficulty presented itself, which caused him to decline a service he would so gladly have discharged, if it could have been done without violating the then existing law of our Church. Unhappily, at that time no minister of the sister church of America, not even a bishop, was allowed to preach in our pulpits;* and as the Bishop was most anxious to avoid doing anything which might be contrary to law, and wishing to set an example of order, he contentedly went to church as a hearer only, and not as the expected preacher; and thus we lost the benefit of his public teaching in that important church. When the Bishop returned with me from St. Mary's to my rooms in the college, where the young men were assembled; as we entered the crowded room, he said, with surprise: 'Why, this is quite a church.' 'Then,' I replied, 'you can *now preach here!*' And preach he did with a power, and dignity, and unction, and affection, which will never be forgotten. He was much touched with this meeting, and often spoke of it afterwards with deep interest.

On his leaving the University he was presented with an affectionate address, signed by these young friends.

'TO THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP McILVAINE.

'Trinity College,' May 25th, 1835.

'On your leaving England to return to your arduous

* An Act was soon after passed, removing this disability.

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duties in Ohio, there are many here who wish to express to you the deep interest they feel in your welfare, and in the prosperity of your college and diocese.

'We desire particularly to cherish the feeling of our entire oneness with those churches in the United States, which the Lord has entrusted to your oversight. We would assure them through you of our affectionate sympathy and regard; we are attached to them, not merely as Christians, who love and serve the same Lord and Saviour, but as brethren, descended from the same ancestors, who speak the same language, adopt the same articles and ritual, and acknowledge the same orders. . .

'Retaining as we do the most affectionate remembrance of your late visit to our University, and accompanying you with our best wishes in all your labours for the Lord, we cannot but request your prayers in return, that the Lord of the Harvest may bless the good seed which He permitted you to sow here, and that many labourers may be sent out from the midst of us into the wide harvest of the world.

'Thus may our respective countries be *one* in blessings, in labours, and in love; and animated henceforth with the only rivalry of holy zeal for the glory of our common Lord, may we provoke one another to love and to good works, and put forth our united energies to the spreading of the knowledge of the Redeemer's love.'

The next day we went together to call on our venerable friend Mr. Simeon, at his rooms in King's College. This was a memorable visit, and was so felt by the Bishop: indeed it was the last time that he conversed with Mr. Simeon.

It was with no ordinary interest I witnessed the meeting of these two eminent servants of God. The Bishop was then only thirty-six years of age, and Mr. Simeon nearly

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seventy-six. On our entering the well-remembered room, which overlooks the lawn between the Provost's Lodge and Clare College, Mr. Simeon rose to receive the Bishop with all that courtesy and animation which was so characteristic of him. The Bishop was much moved by the warm greeting of his venerable friend, and returned it cordially with affectionate respect and his accustomed grace. They soon entered on many topics of mutual interest respecting the Church in America and the great work of revival there; also on the status of ministers not of the Episcopal communion, and how their orders were recognized. On the various topics discussed there was entire harmony of opinion between them. The remarkable impression made upon the Bishop by this interview will best be related in his own words:

'It was not long before Mr. Simeon's death that I had the pleasure of renewing my acquaintance with him, which had been formed during a previous visit to England. Deep was the impression made on my mind by that intercourse. I enjoyed his society alone, as well as in one of those parties of pious men at his rooms, in which so much of his usefulness had been accomplished. I heard him in his own pulpit. I was exceedingly struck with the flow of devout joy in God, positive heavenly happiness, which seemed to be all the while possessing his soul, making his mouth, out of the abundance of the heart, always full of the precious things of the Gospel, and communicating to all his manner, to his every look and action, the most engaging expression of Christian love.

'The reader will allow me here to copy an extract from my journal, written at that time, as the best evidence I can give of what I then thought, when I had no idea of ever publishing anything concerning Mr. Simeon:

'*Cambridge, March*, 1835.—Went with Mr. Carus to pay my respects to Mr. Simeon. The old man was yet

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alive, indeed as vigorous and sprightly in spirit, as when I saw him five years since. He seemed as young and fresh in mind, as if the joys of religion were new every day, and every step towards the grave were revealing to his eyes some new beauty of the heavenly inheritance. His greeting was most affectionate and cordial; his conversation full of the love of Christ and His Word. He seemed constantly, and most happily to himself, to realize the presence, the loving parental presence of God, and to have continually in sight the nearness, the blessedness, the assurance of heaven. A Christian so bright in grace, so simple in spirit, so abounding in love, so full of joy and peace in believing, I know not that I ever saw before. His presence was a sermon. I could not but feel humbled, exhorted, and animated in his society.'

'I well remember the peculiar feelings I had during that visit. After a good deal of conversation, Mr. Carus having left us, Mr. Simeon went out of the room for something he wished to show me. While he was out, and I alone, I was sensible of an impression on my mind of a very unusual kind. It was one which I had never been conscious of before from the conversation of man. I asked myself what it was, and whence it came. It partook of the solemnity, which one would feel in the presence of a spirit come down from heaven; though I know that such a description will, to many, seem extravagant. But so it was, and I could then explain it only as arising out of the sense I had, when conversing with that holy man, that in a very unusual degree he *walked* with God, and belonged a great deal more to the heavenly world than to this.'

'The Friday night meetings at which Mr. Simeon was accustomed to receive at his rooms the young men of the University who were seriously disposed, hearing and answering questions on points of personal religion, were at that time, I forget for what reason, suspended.

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A meeting at the rooms of Mr. Carus, in Trinity College, seemed to be their substitute.* It was my privilege, one Sunday evening, to attend that meeting, and expound the Scriptures to about one hundred young men, assembled simply for the Word of God and prayer. A more simple-hearted, affectionate congregation, one that seemed to be more in the spirit of that which Peter found in the house of Cornelius, when they said, 'Now are we all here present before God, to hear all the things that are commanded thee of God,' I never beheld. That meeting (in the same rooms, by the way, which Sir Isaac Newton lived in, and over which had remained till recently the observatory in which he was accustomed to work) that meeting, cultivating a knowledge of the heavens by means of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ, seen through the glass of His own Word, was one of the fruits of Mr. Simeon's labours in the University.'

These meetings were afterwards held, on account of the increased number attending, in the new room on the north side of the College chapel.

The next year, on November 13th, our beloved Mr. Simeon entered into his rest in the most perfect peace.

On receiving the tidings of our great loss, Bishop McIlvaine wrote to me:

'Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio,
February 6th, 1837.

'MY REV. AND VERY DEAR BROTHER,

'Our dear Simeon, the blessed patriarch, then is gone! Only a few days have elapsed since I heard of his *translation*. I can hardly think of his death, but as a death abolished and transformed into a triumphal entrance into the city of our God. I long to hear of his last hours—how he joyed in God—what words he left.

* They had been begun some years previously.—ED.

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Oh, how his elastic soul, so long winged for its flight, so long hovering upon the start, must have mounted and sung and gloried, as he dropped his flesh and rose to God! I never could tell how I loved Simeon for the light that shone in him. When with him he seemed to be more or as much conscious of the divine presence as of mine. He seemed to speak as if in the solemnity of the Holy of Holies, and in sight of the Shechinah. It lifted up my soul to be near him. I have felt in his presence something of what it is to be changed into the image of our Lord, by looking upon His glory. A look upon Simeon's face when he was talking of Jesus was a sermon.

'We had just heard that he was making a visit to his friends in different parts of England, as a farewell visit, and I had been thinking I would write to him, to beg one little letter, and one prayer, and one blessing before his departure, when the news of his death arrived. I then sat down to write a little article for a Quarterly Magazine, by way of honouring his memory, in which I expressed the hope that my dear friend, the Dean of Trinity, would be his biographer. Scarcely had this been done, when I read that truly you were to prepare the memoir. Of this I am glad. The Christian community in America, as well as England, will anxiously look for its appearance. In this country he was much known, especially in his connection with Buchanan Martyn, and Thomason. A richer field for a biographer could scarcely be presented. May the Lord direct you to such a selection of materials and so enable you to set forth the shining graces of His dear saint, that He in whom he trusted, and whose grace he so glorified, may be honoured as Simeon honoured Him, and that the cause of God in the hearts of all readers may be strengthened.

'Permit me to suggest that whatever goes to illustrate the change, which God has graciously wrought in the

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state of religion in the Church, from the days when Simeon was an undergraduate to the present, and what sort of truth and preaching and measures have been mainly instrumental in the change, will enhance the interest and usefulness of the Memoir—so also whatever will show minutely how the dear old man used to look after, and counsel and train up the young men of the University. The more the Memoir shall show, that while Simeon was so evangelical, so fervent in spirit, he was *decidedly* and warmly attached to the peculiarities of the Church, as Episcopal and Liturgical—that he closely adhered to her order—and yet was unsectarian—*Catholic because Episcopal, and Episcopal because so Catholic*—the more useful it will be on this side the Atlantic, and I should think also in England. Pardon these hints, and now let me make a request. I am very desirous of editing an edition of the Memoir in this country, and either writing the review of it for our Episcopal Quarterly, or getting it done by a suitable hand: first, because I do not want a person of a non-Episcopal denomination to be the editor here, and exclude the *Episcopal* peculiarities, or put notes to them. Secondly, I want to make sure that a book of so much usefulness should get to our Episcopal communion, without any prejudice arising from the editorship of other hands. I should probably *preliminarize* a little. Now, to make sure of all this, I must, if possible, get the *sheets as they are printed*, instead of waiting for their publication. If, then, there is nothing to hinder, you would do me a great favour, if you would have two copies of each sheet as it is printed, sent—one copy by way of Liverpool, the other by way of London —as soon as received. Please, dear Carus, to write me immediately. If I have made a request which cannot be granted, deny it without hesitation. Let me know a little about the blessed one's departure, how soon you expect to publish—who will take Simeon's church—who

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his rooms. The Lord give you grace to take up his usefulness to the precious young men. Will you please give my truest love to Perry, to Professor Scholefield, Lords C. and A. Harvey, and whoever of those I met in the University, who may ever care to think of me? If you think well of it, will you remember my kind regards to Mr. Whewell and Professor Sedgwick? I hope you sometimes pray the Lord for poor me, cumbered with much serving, and compassed with infirmities—cast down sometimes, not destroyed. The Lord builds us up. My clergy in three and a half years have increased from eighteen to fifty. It is a time, however of religious depression through the land. The Lord be with you all.

Your brother,

C. P. McILVAINE.

It was a great gratification to me to comply with the Bishop's request; and to have the Memoir of Mr. Simeon introduced in America by such a distinguished friend. When the Memoir was published in 1847, the Bishop again describes his deep regard and respect for Mr. Simeon, in his preface to the American edition.

'The strong affection and reverence which I entertained for Mr. Simeon, while he was spared to the Church on earth to afford us so eminent an example of the man who, according to the prayer of St. Paul, is 'filled with the knowledge of God's will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding, fruitful in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God; strengthened with all might, according to His glorious power, unto all patience and long-suffering with joyfulness:' and my admiration of what the grace of God made him in his office —a most single-minded, unwearied, undaunted, patient, wise, successful minister of the Gospel—induce me fondly to embrace this opportunity of rendering a heart-tribute to his memory. . . .

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'I find it recorded of that excellent man (Bishop Burgess) that, when near his end, the account of the last illness and death of Mr. Simeon was read to him. He listened to it with marked interest, and desired to hear some parts of it a second time. Soon afterwards, while slowly pacing his room, he was heard repeating, in a low but emphatic voice, and as if applying the words to himself, some of the most striking expressions of humility, faith, and hope uttered on the occasion referred to by that eminent Christian.

'Let the reader of this Memoir direct his attention very particularly to Simeon's last hours. He will not wonder that the humility, faith, and hope, which shone so beautifully as the aged pilgrim and good soldier of Christ, having on the whole armour of God, was stepping down into the valley and shadow of death, fearing no evil, leaning on the staff, and guided by the rod of the Good Shepherd, should have seemed to Bishop Burgess 'profitable for instruction in righteousness,' when he himself was about descending the same road. There was something peculiarly edifying in the death of Simeon. Never have I read the narrative of a Christian minister's last hours with more disposition to say, '*Let my last end be like his.*' What childlike resting upon the Saviour! What composed, tranquil ready-waiting the will of God! What fear of self, and desire to have Christ all, and in all! What a sweet, quick, sure, full hope, fed directly upon the sincere milk of the word! and all the while what a solemn sense of death as being still awful, though its sting be lost, and its power upon the soul abolished! What an abiding appreciation of the ineffable seriousness of the hour in which a sinner, however perfect his hope, is going to meet his God! And when the places that knew the aged servant's familiar walk so long knew him no more, what a contrast there was in the affectionate and uni-

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versal homage paid by the town and University of Cambridge to his usefulness and excellence, as that long train of gownsmen and citizens followed his body to its grave in the noble chapel of his own college; what a contrast to the contempt and persecution with which, during many years of his ministry, he was treated in that same town and university; to such a degree that the passenger in the street who treated him respectfully, made himself singular! The change of feeling towards Mr. Simeon, as thus displayed, was no other than a change of feeling towards those evangelical views which he always unchangeably taught. It was but an example of the like change in regard to the same views, which Mr. Simeon lived to see extended widely over the Church of England, and numbering thousands of clergymen as their advocates, where he, in the beginning of his labours, could hardly find out ten.'

There was a remarkable similarity in the principles and whole religious life, and blessed end of Mr. Simeon and of Bishop McIlvaine, which may well be noticed in concluding this chapter.

Both were brought under strong religious convictions, issuing in true conversion, in their youth when at college, and independently of any human agency.

Both continued steadfast to those first convictions, and the consecration of themselves to the Lord, to the end of life.

Both were most diligent ministers for more than fifty years; Mr. Simeon for fifty-four, and Bishop McIlvaine for fifty-three years.

Both held, without variation, the same views of Gospel truth.

Both contributed largely as authors to the exposition and maintenance of those truths.

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Both attained to very remarkable and ever-increasing influence and honour in the Church.

Both were permitted to work in the fulness of their mental power to the end, and

Both enjoyed their Saviour's presence in no ordinary measure on their death-bed, and without a cloud or a doubt, both departed in the most PERFECT PEACE.

It was indeed a rare privilege, which I would here acknowledge with deep thankfulness, to minister to each of these servants of God during their last days; and to witness their constant enjoyment of the Lord's presence to the end; and it would seem to be a sacred duty devolving upon me, thus to record their united testimony to the power of those great truths, which they had so firmly held, and faithfully proclaimed through the whole course of their lengthened and consistent ministry.

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PART II.

CORRESPONDENCE, &c.

CHAPTER VII.

1839—1852.

A BRIEF narrative having now been given of the early life and ministry of Bishop McIlvaine, and of the first years of his episcopate, it is not intended to proceed with any regular history of his diocesan acts, the design of this work being merely to furnish *Memorials* of the Bishop, and not a biography. This second part, therefore, will consist principally of the Bishop's letters, with such extracts from his note-book as will illustrate traits of character, or record his thoughts on various religious topics, and on important incidents in his life. Some passages, also, will be introduced from his sermons and charges. The few selected letters to his family in this chapter will exhibit his ever-watchful concern for them, and the depth and tenderness of his affection.

TO HENRY MCILVAINE, ESQ.

September 15, 1833.

MY BELOVED BROTHER,

How fond my heart is of you; how I long over your happiness in my thoughts of you; how I should leap for joy to have the assurance of your having consecrated your heart and life to God, language cannot tell. God has blessed you with a precious wife—her heart is

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towards the Lord; I trust is centring, if it be not already fixed, upon His service and His cross. Go with her, my brother; come with her and me. Go before me; you will not have far to go to do so. I have advanced but little, my pace has been very slow. Come, let us go to the rest of the people of God. Let us not be separated for eternity, if we must be in this life. May God in His infinite mercy lead your soul to Christ, and bring you and your wife to spend the rest of your days as living sacrifices in His service. . . . My pleasure in Burlington for a long time has been in a great measure among the dead, in association with the thoughts of those who were, but are gone. I love to steal into the beloved garden, changed as it is, and meditate and pray and anticipate. It is a feast—I love that graveyard—it is all life, as well as death to my mind. Oh, my father, my brother, your dust is there, side by side! My heart bleeds yet at the name of that most precious, most affectionate father. To this day I cannot think of him without feeling, as if my heart would break with gratitude, for all he did and felt, and desired to do for us, and the thought that I can do nothing now for him. My best love to your dear wife—the blessing of the Lord abide on her and on you for ever. Farewell, dear brother.

Yours most affectionately,
C. P. McILVAINE.

TO JOSEPH McILVAINE, ESQ.

Gambier, December 22, 1837.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

. . . We have but a little while before we go hence. The time ahead seems very short. We are necessarily separated in our dwelling-places. I feel as if I could not afford to lose so much time, in regard to brotherly intercourse and pleasure, as to pass a whole year with so

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little of its sweetness. Emily wants to read a letter of yours sometimes. None, more than yours, gratify her feelings. Do write to us.

I suppose you have easy times in the Legislature this winter, as you have the majority on your side. But what a life you must lead there, first in *Harrisburgh* —then in a *tavern*. . . . But I look beyond the present. The time is short. We are far on the way. The end draws near, we have a great work to do—a work that ought to have been long ago begun, and should be now far advanced. I feel as if I could ill spare the time remaining to do it. Dear brother, how I want to see you about this work—obeying the clear light that is in you; following the strong convictions which God has wrought upon your mind and heart; looking ahead —beyond this little valley of life, and securing the glorious boundless life of a ransomed soul for ever. Oh, I would that your full heart were all engaged for God! that you would take refuge from the condemnation of sin in the arms of Christ! that prayer were the spirit of your daily habit of mind. How it would set you up in peace and prospect; how it would fill up many a void in the present, and banish many a cloud from the future, and raise your spirit, and make you feel what you are as an immortal being, just to have the faith in Christ that brings the hope of the inheritance, incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away. . . .

Your most affectionate brother,

CHARLES.

FROM HIS JOURNAL.

January 1st, 1839.—My beloved Brother Joe, most dear, most precious, most affectionate, was found lifeless in his bed, at Harrisburgh, on the morning of January 17th, 1838. There is precious reason to believe that he was a child of God. Always highly intelligent in the

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knowledge of Gospel doctrine, and deeply impressed with the truth, the solemn authority and excellence of the Gospel, his mind was observed, some time before he was supposed to be particularly unwell, to be deeply and singularly depressed. He was at home a short time before his death, and was observed to be under a depression unaccountable. On his return to Harrisburgh, he resolved to abandon the world and all political and worldly pursuits, to retire, to lead a new life, and prepare for the ministry of the Gospel. This he had communicated to his friends about him at Harrisburgh, and while he was not aware of any danger, had resolved that on his next appearance in his place, as a member of the Legislature, he would move, what he knew would excite the strongest opposition and lay a heavy cross on his shoulders, that the sittings of the House should be opened with prayer. The written resolution was found after his death, ready to be offered; and was offered in his name by one of his friends, but unsuccessfully.

My precious brother, nearly a year has passed since your silent, sudden departure. I cherish the fond hope that you are with Christ in glory—that I shall meet you there. Farewell till I die—it may be very soon. This is the first day of a new year, 1839. Before it is expended I may be in eternity—with Christ—with you—with my sweet children. Farewell again, most dear brother, my brother Joe, my companion in all my childhood. My precious brother, my heart aches to say again—*farewell.*

ON HIS VISITATION OF THE DIOCESE.

Waynesburgh, October 8th, 1839.

MY BELOVED MOTHER,

How often have I tried during the last many weeks to get an opportunity to write you. It is now nearly five weeks since I left home on a visitation, which

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commenced with my Convention at Steubenville, and will terminate with this week. Every day I have been so fatigued with travelling, and preaching, and talking, and other necessary work, that when I reached my room of retirement and quiet where I could write, the bed seemed so necessary that I soon fell on it and forgot even my dear mother. I think it would amuse you, mother, could you see me in all my varieties of posture and work during a visitation, especially if you think of me, as I can hardly help thinking of myself, even in the most dignified duties, as *a mere boy of some eighteen years*. I go from the most refined society of the State, perhaps next to the most uncultivated—now *charging* the clergy, *horse and foot*, next scolding some parish in the woods for abolition lectures in the Church, or *protracted meetings*, or even *perfectionism*, the last thing, one would suppose, to be scolded about. The good people sometimes wonder at the plain taste of the Bishop, when he takes nothing but a bowl of milk and a piece of apple-pie with it. You could explain the mystery. It is well that I have *the gift of tongue*, for I have to preach *for the times*, as I find them on arriving, and often to judge what *nail* to hit, between my little carriage and the pulpit. The course of a long visitation is very fatiguing and wearing, besides the pain of so much separation from my family. Often the sweetest thoughts I have amongst strangers, and so much that is cross to one's spirit, are upon my precious mother. No name comes with precisely the same savour. None away from wife and children brings such music as that of mother. I believe I never bring more tears from a congregation, than when I introduce *a good mother*, and speak of my veneration for that name, and the indebtedness of children to parents. The people always see that there is something peculiar in the feeling that excites me, and the associations that rise to my mind. The

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commandment, 'Honour thy father and thy mother,' etc., rises before me, and I seem to say to myself, *Yes, I will;* and then I go to work as if I were laying down thank-offerings at your feet. I speak of mothers in general, but the fire of my thoughts comes from recollections of *one* dear mother, whom I do indeed love to honour. When I hear of, or see anything that I do, in any publication for instance, much thought of, I have no personal gratification so sweet, as that of thinking that it pleases and honours my dear mother—and thus there was nothing that occurred, by way of testimony to my consecration sermon, so delightful to me as your letter about it.

As soon as I get home, I shall put to press a Charge to the Clergy, delivered at the late Convention, on Justification, with reference especially to the dangers of the Church resulting from the large importations from Oxford. It is about as long as three common sermons, and it is supposed will attract no little attention. The Convention ordered two thousand copies. I had to stop in its delivery and have a hymn sung to rest.

I caused certain matters at the college, which have given me trouble for three years, somewhat of the kind that drove Bishop Chase away (*jealous professors*), to be brought before the Convention, and had them well settled by the diocese, who have no idea of letting two or three men disturb the peace of their Bishop. This will sufficiently explain an account of the Convention—by an Ohio Churchman, in the last *Observer*. E—— has wanted me to bring it to a crisis long ago, for she is not quite so confiding in men's professions as I am, and a little more wise, perhaps, in being sometimes more belligerent. My too strong aversion to hurt feelings and break peace, sometimes too much restrain my *no-fear* disposition, when convinced that the time to war has come. I praise myself in this perhaps too much;

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but it is to my dear mother, so never mind. I become a boy when I write to you. . . . .

Farewell, dearest Mother,

Your most devoted Son,

CHARLES.

TO THE SAME.

Gambier, May 7th, 1841.

MY BELOVED MOTHER,

I hope you have not thought hard of my not having written to you for so long a time. My having to write so often to Henry on business has made me feel, as if I were in frequent communication with the whole family, while I have been so much more pressed with anxious and engrossing duties than usual, that each day when a bit of leisure came, I have felt as if, did you know how I was situated, you would say, 'My son, don't go to writing letters, but tumble on the floor with the children, or go out into the air, and exercise, or go to bed and rest!'

I have just returned from a visitation of a month's duration. While on these excursions, I get a sort of leisure between public services which I have not at home; books, and classes, and correspondence, and college finances, and the trials of my clergy, and the wants of poor parishes while away, abiding my return. At these intervals I escape into the woods, where no ear hears, or man's eye sees. There, besides other excursions of thoughts and feelings, I go home and think of dear mother and ALL. Recently I have had many such forest interludes. It is told of Dr. Chalmers, that in his earlier ministry, when in a village parish, being fond of botany, he would often get to the church before the people had come, and employ the time in collecting flowers in the adjacent fields. Once he got absorbed in this pursuit, and suddenly finding that he had overstayed his time,

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and the congregation had grown impatient, he put his hat on his head full of flowers, and hurried to the church. When his hat was doffed at the door, he forgot his flowers, which kept their place on his head-top. With this crown he ascended the pulpit. Now, I much query whether my mind and sermons do not sometimes indicate somewhat the like of Dr. Chalmers's head-gear. Much I trow whether the woods do not often go with me into the pulpit, and give a tinge to my thoughts, or a certain life to my feelings, in which thoughts of dear mother and times past, from youth up, have much share. . . . I receive from various quarters the strongest expressions of satisfaction as to my book on Oxfordism. The *Christian Observer* last March has a long review of it, though of the American edition. On my getting home the other day, I found a very agreeable letter from Judge Jay, of New York (William), son of the Chief Justice, and brother of Peter A. Jay, a pious man, and well read in divinity and the Church. In 1830, when the present occupant of the Episcopate of New York was elected, Mr. Jay was known to have *voted for me*, not that he thought of such a thing as my election, but that he could not vote for ——, and wished to indicate what sort of a person he wanted. It is to this he refers in the extract from his letter, which, for my dear mother's pleasure, I now make: 'I have purchased your book, and read it with an entire concurrence in its sentiments. You will be somewhat surprised to learn, that you are chargeable with exciting in me a feeling akin to vanity. The work flatters the discernment and knowledge of character, which I am fain to believe led me, in the New York Convention about twelve years since, to oppose the election of a diocesan, who has since officially proposed the erasure of the word *Protestant* from the style of our Church, and to cast a solitary vote for him who is now the prominent champion of the doctrines of

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the Reformation. Your volume is indeed a heavy piece of ordnance, which must prove irresistible where it can be *brought to bear;* but possibly, in the present state of the campaign, lighter artillery might do more extensive execution. It struck me that the eighth chapter, either entire or with slight alterations, would make a very effective tract.'

Your most affectionate
CHARLES.

TO THE REV. W. CARUS.

New York, November 3rd, 1841.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER,

. . . I hope that my book on Oxford Divinity has reached you, and may do a little good amid the world of mind at Cambridge. What an honour to promote truth *there!* If it please you I shall feel comforted. How I should like to have had dear old Simeon's approbation of my poor labours. But does his Lord and my Lord approve? I know in *what* I have believed, and am persuaded it will not make us 'ashamed in that day.' Tell me all about the Gospel in Cambridge. Bishop Meade was delighted with his visit to England, and speaks thankfully of what he saw and received in Cambridge. I hope you saw his true gold. He is of great simplicity and excellence. My love to Perry and other friends. I have come to New York to attend the General Convention of our Church, which is recently over. Next week again to Ohio.

Your very affectionate brother,
CHAS. P. MCILVAINE.

I had the great privilege of receiving Bishop Meade during his visit to Cambridge, when he preached for me in Trinity Church. The sermon was remarkable for its

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spirituality, and clear exhibition of the great truths of the Gospel, and for the quiet earnestness of its delivery, interspersed as it was with passages from noted hymns. An eminent agriculturist, who travelled from London to Cambridge with the Bishop, was so impressed with his Apostolic simplicity and piety, that he earnestly pressed him to come and see his farm, where he presented him with a costly specimen of some of his renowned flock to take to America.—ED.

TO BISHOP McILVAINE FROM HIS SON JOSEPH.

New York, February 21st, 1842.

. . . . Dr. Milnor requested me to tell you that he had received a letter from the Bishop of Calcutta (Daniel Wilson), who said that your book on Oxford Divinity was the best book that had appeared since the Reformation, and that it threw his book entirely into the shade. This must be very gratifying, coming from such a man as it does.

In the preface to this elaborate work, Bishop McIlvaine states it to be his desire, 'to revive the attention of the members of the Church, especially of her clergy and candidates for orders, to the works of the older Divines, of the seventeenth century, such as Usher, Hall, Hopkins, Andrewes, etc; as well as to those of the age preceding them, up to the period of the Reformation; so that the nervous and clear displays of divine truth, as therein abounding, and as distinguished from the feeble, confused, and mixed mode of representing the way of salvation, which characterizes the majority of the more modern Anglican Divines, should become more thoroughly studied and appreciated.'

This important and masterly work had a great circulation both in America and England; and in 1862 the Bishop published a 'Revised and Improved Edition' of

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it, under the title of 'Righteousness by Faith.' In the preface to this he writes: 'There is a demand, which has induced many zealous advocates of the great truths, which the book maintains, to desire its reprint, and which has prevailed with one of them to provide the means of perpetuating it in stereotype.'

Extracts from this valuable work will be given in the Appendix.

Soon after the publication of 'Oxford Divinity,' the Bishop preached October 12th, 1841, the sermon before the General Convention at St. Paul's Church, New York, on the consecration of his valued friend, Rev. Alfred Lee, D.D., to the Episcopate of Delaware, on 'Ministerial Faithfulness,' from 1 Tim. iv. 16.

The sermon is full of weighty remarks on—the great ordinance of preaching—'Holy Scriptures the only Divine Rule of Faith,'—no escape from errors by reference to tradition—and on teaching according to the proportion of faith. The discourse was highly esteemed, and immediately reprinted in England.

With increasing anxiety on the subject of 'Oxford Divinity,' the Bishop delivered a charge to his clergy at the twenty-sixth Annual Convention of the Diocese, in Rosse Chapel, Gambier, September 8th, 1843, on '*The chief Danger of the Church in these Times.*'

'Though pressed in mind almost above measure,' he says, 'there are circumstances which forbid me to keep silence under such a stewardship as mine, and with so large an assemblage of the watchmen and shepherds of Christ's flock before me. Four years ago, my subject was that 'cardinal doctrine of Christianity,' the plain preaching of which, in the sixteenth century, raised almost from the dead the whole testimony of the Gospel, after centuries of papal darkness had covered its light from the sight of men—*Justification before God, in the righteousness* of Christ alone, accounted unto us through

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faith only. There is no controversy in these times comparable with this. We have important controversies about the polity of the Church: *this* is about the very life of the Gospel. We have questions about the walls and courts of the temple: *this* is for the possession of the ark and the mercy-seat. In a word, the controversy is for Christianity.' The Bishop then proceeds to discuss *the Rule of Faith*, showing 'the *single authority* and *entire sufficiency* of Scripture as a rule in matters of faith.' 'Next to the Rule of Faith comes the *Substance of the Faith*.' 'The great Scripture doctrine of justification by faith only, through the imputed or accounted righteousness of Christ.' He concludes with words of earnest counsel, that, 'when you study this evil, you be especially careful to do it with the lamp of the Scriptures trimmed and burning. It is when the mind gets away from the bright shining of God's own light, that mystical imaginings put on their attractions. Never do clouds seem so beautiful as when the sun is just below the horizon. Keep your hearts imbued with the savour and unction of the Gospel. Where the affections are faithfully exercised with the simple truth as it is in Jesus, there is acquired a spiritual discernment which, like the apple of the eye, at once detects and resists such errors. Cultivate simplicity, and directness of faith in Christ. The strongest and most established state of the minister, as well as of every child of God, is when he is most sensible that every moment he is dependent upon Christ for wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption. Be exceedingly jealous lest anything get between your souls and Christ. Near, immediate, simple, affectionate, constant, childlike communion with Him in faith, is your life as Christians, your life as ministers. Keep your aim fixed upon the great work of saving sinners by the preaching of the Gospel. The material which will ever be found the readiest to receive the mould of this form

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of doctrine, is that of the mind which has a serious sense of the need of religion, and little knowledge of what religion is: which understands enough to know that religion must be spiritual and elevated, in its contemplations and desires, but has too little discrimination to perceive the difference, between the poetry of religion and its spirituality, between the mysticism of man's imaginings and the mysteries of God's revelation, between a zeal for the Church as a thing of eternal organization, and zeal for the Church's great Head and Life, as the Alpha and Omega of all saving religion. Make the seriousness of such minds more enlightened, more decidedly spiritual, more distinctly based upon the knowledge of the Scriptures, more specially the seriousness of a heart wholly fixed upon Christ, as all its righteousness and hope, and you will proportionably remove them from the reach of this snare. Oh, brethren, above all means for us to use, wherewith to protect our own hearts, and those of the people committed to our charge against these wiles, none can be compared to the faithful study and manifestation of the Word of God, especially in those connections, which are most efficacious in leading sinners to see their guilt and utter condemnation under the law of God, and to take refuge by faith in Christ, as their 'wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.'

Bishop McIlvaine sustained an irreparable loss this year in the death of his beloved friend Dr. Milnor, who had so long been his most wise, faithful, and affectionate counsellor. Very touching are his expressions about his departed brother in the following letter:

April 30, 1843.

MY DEAR MRS. PIERREPONT,

I am yet from home, and expect to be so more than a week yet. I am to-day on my return to Cincinnati, where I will spend to-morrow, and then take

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my sweet little girls, who are enjoying themselves there, in a steamboat up the Ohio, to Portsmouth, thence to Chillicothe and home. While at Cincinnati I was cheered by your welcome and kind, considerate letter. It spoke of your last visit to Dr. Milnor. The next day came the sad news of his death—sad to us, to *me*—sad to the Church in these times of sore trial—sad to many a work of benevolence; but news of what was most joyful and glorious to him, *his translation* from such a world to such a home. '*My Father, my Father, the chariots of Israel, and the horsemen thereof.*' Such was my heart's exclamation when I heard of his departure. Alas! my dear friend and father, whom I loved more than any minister, more than almost any man; whose heart was always a home and rest to mine; who never wavered as a friend and brother; whose affections were always the same; whose counsel was so wise, temper so sweet, principles so firm, life so exemplary, benevolence so unbounded—what a blank is left by your departure! To few persons will the death of that dear man be such a loss as to me. We were always one in views and modes and plans. When it was heard in Cincinnati that he was gone, I was requested to preach on the subject of his death in our largest church there, which I did on Sunday night, the 20th, to an immense congregation. It was a great pleasure to my heart to be allowed such an opportunity of honouring the memory of my dear, venerated friend, and the grace of God that was in him. May that death be sanctified to us all—make heaven seem nearer, Christ more precious, earth more empty. My dear Mrs. Pierrepont, may our blessed Lord be most sweetly near to you, when you are called to pass those waves! '*The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.*' Those are the words. I feel as if I had selected that Psalm for my death-song; I propose it to you. 'The Lord is a *very present* help in time of

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trouble.' 'Because he hath *set His love upon* me, therefore will I deliver him,' That passage has much struck me recently. '*I will set him up, because he hath known My name.*' Do we know that *only* name whereby we can be saved? have we set our love upon it? have we placed our whole trust in it? It is a name above every name. 'Thou shalt call His name *Jesus;* for He shall save His people from their sins.'

Your ever affectionate and obliged friend,

C. P. M.

TO HIS DAUGHTER M——, WHEN SHE WAS THIRTEEN YEARS OLD.

Steubenville, March 23, 1844.

SWEETEST M——, —What a forgetful man your father is! I had just written two letters, and dated them both *Gambier*, and then had to say, I was not at Gambier, but at Steubenville. Next I began this letter to you, and thought I would be right this time, and behold I found myself writing *Zanesville*, instead of Steubenville. Never mind, I do not forget my sweet children. I came up from Wheeling on Thursday night. I have been comparatively idle since Tuesday night. The roads are too bad to fulfil my appointments back to the country from this place, so that the days allotted to them have been very much unoccupied, except that I have preached on every one of them, but Thursday, somewhere; in Wheeling *twice.* I shall not have the happiness of hearing from home till Tuesday next, when I expect to be at Marietta. Tell your precious mother, that I want her to tell me *what sort of a house* I shall buy in or near Cincinnati; whether as big as Bexley Hall, or as Frog Hall*—also how large a farm, whether as large as the south section, or as big as the barn-yard—she must be *precise.*

Dear M——, I write in this queer way to make you

* A little log cabin near Kokosing Creek.

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smile a little and myself too, for this being so much away from home often depresses my spirits very much. When I get by myself, which I love to do, and think of all my precious family, I sometimes feel as if my life were a hard one; but it is for the service of God; it is in obedience to the will of our dear Lord and Saviour; and if, by it, I am made the instrument of calling and persuading poor sinners to seek salvation in Jesus, I shall have reward enough. You perhaps remember a sermon I preached some time ago on '*I shall be satisfied when I wake up in Thy likeness.*' How precious is the certainty of that! If we are now born again of the Spirit, as I fully and thankfully believe you are, my sweet child, then are we in the likeness of God; that is, our hearts and wills are conformed to His will. But oh, how *imperfectly!* And because the likeness is so imperfect, we are not satisfied, nor can be. We are not so near to God as is needful for entire satisfaction. We must be holy, without spot, if we would be satisfied without a sense of want. But, sweet M——, there is coming soon a day when all the children of God will be made perfect in His likeness. At death, perfect in spirit; at the resurrection, perfect in body also, according to the glory of our Saviour's glorious body. The Lord may come so soon as to find you alive on the earth. Then will you be made perfect in soul and body together, and will be taken unto Him, and see Him as He is. Then will you be *satisfied.* Then will your joy be full. You will be complete in Him. Oh, what a sweet hope! How should it lift up your heart! Be comforted with it, my precious lamb! God has begotten you again unto that living hope. He has written His name upon you. I see the witness of the Spirit distinctly in you, that you are Christ's. It will humble you the more to think that He has done such wonderful things for you. Let it draw your heart the nearer to Him, in

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love, in trust, in praise, in joyful hope. Write to me, my beloved child, and tell me anything about yourself.

YOUR MOST AFFECTIONATE FATHER.

TO THE SAME, ON HER CONFIRMATION.

New York, Christmas Day, 1844.

MY PRECIOUS M——,

I have just come from church, and suppose you and your dear mother have just done so also, so that we have been together in the presence and sight of our dear Lord and Saviour, at the same table, though hundreds of miles have divided us; for the table of the Lord is the same everywhere. I know you and your mother have remembered me at that table, as I, sweet darling, have not failed to remember you, and pray for both of you; beseeching our blessed Jesus, that all the saving mercies, which by His birth and death were obtained for sinners, may this day be granted unto you, my beloved child, and to your precious mother, and to your brothers and sisters. Blessed be God, who, I trust, has truly turned your heart to Him, and made you His child, and given you a sweet hope of His mercy through the righteousness of Christ. What a wonder it is, my darling, that He should have so looked upon you, and chosen you by His grace out of the world, and given you His Holy Spirit! What a blessing to have been born again! My darling, I hope you feel a strong, persevering, earnest desire to increase more and more in love to God, in the humble following of Christ, and in every virtue of the Christian character. Read over, when you have read this letter, the service of Confirmation. See how strong the prayers in that service are for growth in grace. When I laid my hands on your head inConfirmation, my prayer was, 'Defend, O Lord, this thy child, with thy heavenly grace, that she may continue Thine for ever, and *daily increase in Thy Holy Spirit, more and more*,

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until she come into Thy everlasting Kingdom.' I hope that prayer is, in substance, your constant prayer, the desire of your heart, your daily endeavour. How precious to increase daily in the Holy Spirit (that is, in all the influences of the Holy Spirit), and to go on thus, growing in grace more and more, until you reach the everlasting Kingdom, and are made perfect with Christ! How happy would such daily progress make you, and how would it glorify God; how many blessings would your prayers bring down upon us all! Well, my sweet lamb, try the daily reading and meditation on the Word of God; by the cultivation of a daily habit of earnest, secret prayer; by the study of your own heart; by watchfulness against sin—especially by looking unto Jesus as His child, to be all your strength and happiness and righteousness—you will obtain grace to enable you thus to grow in grace, and thus to glorify God. Be much with the Scriptures, my darling. Apply the Word of God to your heart. Endeavour to get strength to overcome all besetting sins. Find out what you are most prone to in your temper and spirit, and set yourself against it. Pray for your dear brothers and sisters.

TO THE SAME, A DAY OR TWO AFTER HER MARRIAGE.

Columbus, August 19th, 1848.

MY PRECIOUS M——,

I think by this time you must be feeling as if a letter from home would be sweet to you, as I feel that it is very comforting to write to my dear runaway daughter. I left home yesterday. Of course we had heard nothing of how you got on. The day was cloudy, and became cool towards evening, so that with Dr. Musgrave's hospitality, I hope you had a comfortable journey to Sandusky. Your dear mother and I began to realize *pretty hard*, that one sweet child was away, was married, was no longer named *McIlvaine*, was no more

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exclusively ours the day you went. The piano brought it very home; but it will come with more and more force for some time, till we get used to such a change. Sweetest darling, what shall we do without you—your father's *dear M——*, brought up for seventeen years, and then, when you had become our companion, to have you taken away!

Now, my precious child, let me say a word on higher topics. We have endeavoured to bring you up in the fear of God. The Lord, we feel sure, has turned your heart to Himself, and made you His adopted child. Oh, may the Lord our God never permit that work to decline in your heart, sweet child! Be ever on the watch against coldness, worldliness, '*cares* of this life.' Watch the spirit of prayer that it languish not. Especially now that all is so new to you—new scenes and friends, and new habits of time, the irregularities of travelling, all calculated so much to injure the spirituality of your mind. *Watch and pray.* Be *yourself*, my own simple M——, everywhere. Let nothing take away the simplicity of spirit, and taste, and manners, and heart which you have always had, and which I would not sell for any price. How your father's heart bursts and cries after his dear daughter, and prays for the care of God over her, against the contamination of this world!

FROM THE SAME, TO HER SISTER.

Reminiscences of their Father's Life at Gambier.

Fairbault, May 16th.

DEAREST A——,

I cannot recall, distinctly, any incidents of dearest father's life in Gambier which would be worth relating. When I was there, every spot seemed so familiar, and I could remember helping him here and there, and everywhere, with his favourite trees, transplanting flowers with him. I could fancy him spending

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some of his summer evenings on that long portico after the heat of the day. I can remember how impressively he conversed, often with regard to the second advent, and the signs of prophecy being near its fulfilment. I could hear his voice in old Rosse chapel, in '*O spirit of the living God*,' at our missionary meetings, and remember his beautiful sermon at my confirmation when I was twelve years of age: 'By faith, Moses when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter,' etc. It made a great impression on me. But all the rest seems like a lovely dream as regards him: his delight in having us with him, taking all three of us with him sometimes, on his short visitations in our large buggy, stopping at noon to water old Mike while we ate our dinner, walking up all the steep hills while we drove, talking to us all the while in such a sweet, winning, simple way—very playfully too—for he was with us, as you remember him with the younger children, full of fun; taking us all those little drives about the roads near Gambier by the old mill, bringing home roses, clematis, etc., to plant in our garden. I have nothing but love to remember. In dwelling upon his memory, I feel continually how painful the Providence was to me, which fixed my home so far away from him. Not one of you *could* have appreciated better than I did the happiness of being with him, and yet there are so many years during which I have nothing to remember except those beautiful letters; but they are indeed a treasure.

The mother, whom Bishop McIlvaine had ever regarded with such tender and reverent affection, was suddenly taken to her blessed rest when alone in her dressing-room, having apparently been seized in the attitude of prayer.

April 18th, 1849.—Died my precious mother, at the

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house of my brother Read, in New York, aged seventy-two and five months. How sweet to my heart that dear name, *mother!* It is associated with a faithful example indeed of what a good, tender, admirable mother is. I could not be with her, I was afar off in Cincinnati, when she died. She was found lifeless in her dressing-room, as if she had been seized in the attitude of prayer. She seemed to have risen from bed—to pray. It was night, she had not consented to have anyone sleep in her room. She was thought to be better the night before. In the morning she was at rest! My darling mother, how sweetly the Lord had taught and prepared you! How affliction had been blessed to you! That sudden death of my dear father, and brother Bloomfield—both at once—buried in the same grave; obliged to forsake the home of all your married life; then the sudden death of dear Joe, and many other deep tribulations: but how God strengthened and sweetened and sanctified all! How didst Thou bless my dearest mother, O Lord! She lived a long time before her death as if always ready. I feel so sweetly sure that she was in Christ, that He had taught her, that she rested wholly and lovingly and humbly on Him only, that she is safe, blood-washed, white-robed, full of blessedness before the throne and the Lamb. Dear, sweet mother, will you come and welcome me when I go likewise? Do you know my sweet children there?

On the need of the outpouring of the Spirit on the Church.

TO THE REV. W. CARUS.

Cincinnati, June 27th, 1847.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER,

. . . . I have long practised on a plan, which Simeon used so much and found of so much use, viz. to know as little as possible of what enemies are saying of

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me, or doing for my injury, and to take notice of what I must know, only when plain duty loudly calls. . . . What trials of any sort I have are but light afflictions when seen in comparison with my sinfulness, and most cheerfully would I have much more of them, to be allowed to do something for the Gospel and the Saviour. Oh, dear brother, how we need, how the Church needs, in these days the outpouring of the Spirit, to revive the zeal, the love, and faith, and whole-heartedness of the Apostles' days! how we need to be broken down that we may be raised up anew; to have our traditionary sort of religion, which at the best owes so much of its shape to the ages it has passed through, taken to pieces and reconstructed on the simple model of the Scriptures! Can we expect anything like the great victories of the Gospel which are promised, while the piety of the Church is, in many respects, what it is? Must there not, will there not, be a Pentecost upon those who are now in Christ Jesus, to make them as different from what they now are, as the Apostles were made by the Spirit from what they had been before? Oh, valley of bones that we are, who will prophesy for us to the wind, that it may blow upon us? Come, blessed Spirit, and *shed abroad* the love of God in our hearts. . . .

Your most affectionate friend and brother,

CHARLES P. McILVAINE.

TO ONE OF HIS DAUGHTERS AT SCHOOL.

House of Bishops, New York,
October 26th, 1847.

MY BELOVED N——,

I feel confident, my darling, that while at school, with many observers about you, you will feel how much your parents' honour, as Christian faithful parents, depends on you. You can, and I am sure will, do us honour. Remember, that because you are a bishop's

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daughter, you will be observed by your companions more narrowly, and if you should seem to be wrong in anything, it will be more noticed than if you were not *my* child. Be watchful then, sweet N——, honour thy father and mother in all things, in word and actions, in temper and spirit, so that all may see how you have been brought up. God's blessing will rest upon the child that honours her father and mother. Don't cultivate, dear N——, with any companion, that sort of *violent* friendship, which leads to a sort of *confidential* communication, which cannot be made known to your parents. Be very particular as to whom you allow to be very familiar with you, as your near companions and friends. First know well the person, before you allow a close intimacy; and the moment you see anything wrong in a companion, think what effect it should have on your intimacy. Learn to say *No*, decisively, to any request or proposal, which your judgment tells you is not right. It is a great thing in a child to be able to say *No*, when it is right to do so. Make it a rule to hear nothing from any girl, which you may not be allowed, and would not be willing, to tell your dear mother. Be careful to let nothing interfere with your regular private prayers, and reading of the Scriptures; and labour to give your whole heart and life to God. I want to see you, dear N——, at such an early age, feeling that you can make a hearty confession and profession of Christ in confirmation, and then join with us in the communion of the Lord's Supper. May the Lord pour the rich blessings of His saving grace upon your soul!

YOUR OWN DEAR FATHER.

TO THE SAME, ON CONSECRATION TO CHRIST.

Zanesville, Sunday afternoon,
June 20th, 1852.

MY PRECIOUS N——,

When you read this, my darling, go by yourself,

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for it is about your soul that I am going to write. My mind has been for some time much occupied with thoughts of your spiritual state and anxiety, lest you should let your present season of youth pass without giving yourself to God; and to-day especially, as I have thought of home and of my dear children, and of the eternity where we must all soon be, and of the home where I so earnestly desire we may all meet, I have thought of my sweet N——, and said, *Oh that she were a child of God!* oh that I could see her as I saw dear M——, when in her twelfth or thirteenth year she received confirmation, became a communicant of the Lord's Supper, and a true follower of Christ. My sweet N——, you have a privilege in your Bible-class, and I rejoice in the earnestness and faithfulness, with which you embrace it, and pursue the studies to which it leads. I pray for a blessing on those studies, that they may not terminate in mere *knowledge*, but may lead your heart to Christ. Then, I am glad of your attachment to your excellent minister, and your fondness for his preaching; and I pray that God will not suffer the word, which you love to hear, to return to Him void, and that it may lead you now, in this your present youth, to give all your being to Christ, and to seek a precious and eternal home and portion in Him. My darling, *this* is your 'day of salvation,' this '*your youth*:' God says to you '*Remember Me* NOW.' It is 'the accepted time.' I dread to see you expending these precious years, which are so especially the property of God, and claimed for His love and service, and still not given to Him. Think, dear N——, my own precious N——, think of the will and the love of God; think how far short of your obligations to Him you have come, and do continually come! Think then of your sinfulness and condemnation! Think of dying in such a state! Endeavour to feel your need of the Spirit of God to change your heart, and of the righteousness of Christ for peace

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with God. Carry your state in prayer to the throne of grace. Be not comforted, take no peace, till you are enabled to make a free consecration of yourself to God, and to have a sweet hope of His mercy and salvation through Jesus. As I meet young persons, on my visitations, at confirmations, how my thoughts run away to you; and my heart fills with the desire to see my precious child thus professing Christ, with an earnest, humble, and devoted heart. Dear N——, make it a rule to read a portion of the Scriptures in private and devotionally every day. Strive after a spirit of prayer, and watch against a dull formality in prayer. When you hear sermons, beg the Holy Spirit to bless the Word to your heart. Oh my N——, my N——, my sweet N——, your father's whole heart says to you, *go to Jesus, give Him your heart, make Him yours.*

YOUR OWN DEAR FATHER.

TO HIS GRAND-DAUGHTER, ON HER CONFIRMATION.

Cincinnati, January 20th, 1863.

MY DARLING, PRECIOUS E——,

You cannot imagine how delighted I was to learn from your father's and mother's letters, just received, that you have confessed the Lord Jesus in confirmation, and have thus openly professed before God and man to give your heart and life to Him. My darling, I should not be pleased at this, did I suppose you have come to confirmation out of any other desire, than to serve and follow Jesus and to do all His will. I feel confident that your earnest desire to be confirmed arose out of a simple earnestness of heart to get nearer to God, and be strengthened in the love of Him. It would have been a great gratification to me to be the Bishop to receive you to that ordinance. But it is all right as it is. The great thing, dear E——, is to be confirmed by that one great Bishop of souls who does,

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in the power of His grace, what such as I only do *in words*. He can confirm you unto the end. He confirms all the time that you are living unto Him. Every increase of grace is His confirmation. Every time you come to Him for strength, and for more of His Spirit, you come for more of His confirmation. In our hands it is only an *ordinance* administered but *once*. In His hands it is a communication of His sanctifying Spirit, more and more, as prayer seeks for it, until the soul is made perfect in heaven.

My precious E——, your grandfather's earnest prayer is, that you may constantly seek, and constantly receive, the increase of the Spirit of Christ. Nothing else can keep you from falling, or enable you to live the life of a true disciple of Jesus. I hope, my darling, that you want, above all things, to honour your Saviour by a faithful following of Him; that you feel your entire helplessness to do so without His constant help and defence; that you will carefully *watch* against whatever might lead your heart away from Him; that you will be much in secret prayer and the study of God's Word, in order that your heart may be right in His sight. Remember, darling, that Jesus is all love, all tenderness to those who seek Him. He invites your utmost trust when He says, 'Come unto Me.' He means 'Come *near;* come *just as you are;* come *with all your wants*, come even *with more freeness and hope and confidence than you go to your dear mother.* Come *always, anywhere;* you cannot weary Me, you cannot ask too much, or too earnestly.'

My precious E——, may the gracious Saviour bless you with the abundance of His grace; grant you to live a life of happy trust in Him, and obedience to all His will; make you a great joy to your father and mother and give us all to be for ever together in His presence and His kingdom. How I do long to see you all. It

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would be a precious refreshment to me could I see you every day.

CHAPTER VIII.

1853—1856.

IN consequence of an urgent request made to Bishop McIlvaine to attend, as a delegate from America, the Jubilee meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society in London, he willingly consented, and left New York for England April 2, accompanied by Mrs. McIlvaine. Immediately on their arrival, they had a very warm welcome from his attached friend Bishop Sumner, with the request that they would be his guests during the ordination at Farnham Castle in July, and also that the Bishop would preach the sermon in the chapel. This visit was a very gratifying one to both the Bishops, and especially so to Mrs. McIlvaine, as it was the occasion long desired of meeting her husband's affectionate and honoured friend. Bishop Sumner, when inviting his friend and chaplain, the Rev. A. R. C. Dallas, rector of Wonston, to come with his family to meet Bishop and Mrs. McIlvaine, writes: 'Bishop McIlvaine is a man of a thousand; he unites a force and unction which are rarely found together. And she is worthy of him—as decided as gentle. She is very like Mrs. Francis Cunningham, and it is difficult to believe that she has not Gurney blood in her veins.' The sermon which Bishop McIlvaine preached on this occasion was delivered under rather trying circumstances to him. It was the custom of Bishop Sumner, on the Saturday afternoon previous to the ordination next day, to give an address to the candidates in the chapel of the castle. This was always a service of special interest and solemnity. Bishop McIlvaine was present of course, but to

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his dismay found that the very passage, on which he had intended to preach, was the one which Bishop Sumner had selected for his own most touching and powerful address. What was to be done? The sermon he had so carefully prepared could not now be used. Having, however, with him part of a sermon which he had begun for his own clergy, he took this for a commencement. When he came to the end of his manuscript, he went on in a strain of tenderness and affectionate earnestness which touched every heart, and drew forth many tears.

Previous to their going to Farnham, the Bishop and Mrs. McIlvaine took a short tour on the Continent, and during the journey he had the pleasant surprise of an invitation to Oxford, to receive, in company with some other distinguished persons, the honour of the degree of D.C.L., on the occasion of the installation of the Earl of Derby as Chancellor of the University. This was a very gratifying mark of approbation, considering how strongly he had, only a few years previously, written on the subject of Oxford Divinity.

In the following letter to his children the Bishop playfully describes the ceremonies of this great Academical Festival. The narrative will be interesting to those who are unacquainted with these University proceedings.

Lille, Belgium, June 10, 1853.

MY PRECIOUS CHILDREN,

. . . . I must now give you my Oxford visit, which deserves a letter to itself. Last Monday, after preaching the day before in Brussels, I left your mother there, in the care of some English friends, and started for London and Oxford. How strange it seemed to be in Brussels at breakfast, pass through a large part of Belgium, and of France, the towns of Tourney, Lille, St. Omers, Calais, besides many others, and

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be in London to supper that night. I spent that night at the Bishop of Winchester's (Sumner), and by nine next morning was at Oxford.

And now I must describe that singular, magnificent, and most interesting Oxford fête. The commemoration, which is the *Commencement* at Oxford, and always unique in its character, was now, in consequence of the installation of the Earl of Derby (late Lord Stanley) as Chancellor, rendered altogether more attractive than usual. Usually it occupies but one day. Now it occupied three. It drew together about eighteen Bishops, a great many noblemen and their ladies, a great constellation of celebrated literary and scientific men, besides a vast assembly of clergy and laity, gentlemen and ladies in general. Oxford was a great throng—there was a horticultural exhibition, and splendid fireworks and all that. But I must be more particular.

I got there just in time to *robe* for the procession. My room was ready at the house of the Principal of Magdalen Hall—and my *robes* also. Because of the crowds of gownsmen and ladies and gentlemen to be gratified, the degrees were divided between two days, Tuesday and Thursday; and tickets of admission to the 'Theatre' of the University distributed, so that the crowds assembled the two days in the Theatre, except the doctors and dignitaries and distinguished folk, were entirely of different persons. The first day was given to men of highest *rank* chiefly, who were to receive the degree of D.C.L., with a few of special *literary* merit. The second, of men of rank indeed also, but chiefly distinguished for literary or scientific merit. In the second came Mr. Ingersoll and myself. Mr. Ingersoll had requested, for his convenience, to be put in that class, as he feared he could not be present the first day, though he was. Otherwise, his rank as Ambassador, would have placed him first of all. Mr. Van Buren was expected,

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and a degree was to have been given him, but he did not appear. I was habited in a scarlet gown and hood and Oxford cap for the procession, but not in full dress, because I was not on that day to be *doctorated.* We met in the hall of Worcester College, where, at half-past ten, a splendid procession was formed of Bishops and noblemen in full dress, and doctors in full robe, and all the various degrees of the University, except the undergraduates and masters, who, with the ladies, had already filled the Theatre. We walked through the great street of the city, nearly its whole length, through immense throngs of people to the Theatre. I could hardly keep my gravity, as I thought, what if you could see me paraded in my scarlet gown and hood and cap, through that crowd and in that procession! Many a laugh had I, *inwardly.* Before we reached the Theatre we could hear the hurrahs of the young Oxonians in the galleries, as they cheered their favourites. As we entered, what a spectacle! The floor, or what would be called the *pit* in a common theatre, was one dense *cram* of Clergy and Masters and Fellows. The first range of galleries, surrounding the great amphitheatre on all sides, was filled with elegantly-dressed ladies, among whom were the Duchess of Cambridge, some foreign Princesses, the Countess of Derby, etc. The other galleries surrounding the hall were packed with undergraduates, tier above tier, as a great cloud. In front of the ladies' gallery, on one side, was the platform for the dignitaries, nobility, doctors, etc., surrounding the seat of the Chancellor, Lord Derby. Such a sight can nowhere else in the world be seen, and is only seen at Oxford once in many years. As we walked up to our seats on the platform, headed by the Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor, there was a continued roar from the galleries and floor, as one name after another was called and cheered. After a while we got seated. And then began by the Chancellor

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the proposition of the names of those whom the Senate of the University had recommended for the degree, but who had to be voted for by the Fellows and Masters. Thus each name was separately proposed and voted for, of those who were that day to be admitted. They were not yet present, but waiting in the Divinity School till this ordeal was passed. All, of course, were voted without opposition, but some received the most thundering applause from the young men, while all were cheered. It was a most amusing spectacle. It was a day of *democracy;* for while the *undergraduates* had no votes, they said a great many funny things, and made even the Chancellor laugh in his chair of state. On the platform was the Duke of Cambridge, cousin to the Queen, in full costume; the hereditary Prince of Mecklenburg, who married the Duke's sister; the Bishops of London, Oxford, Salisbury, St. Asaph, Chichester, etc., etc.; the Marquis of Salisbury, Sir Robert Inglis, and others, besides those who that day and on Thursday were to be *invested.* The list that day of those who received the degree was —the Marquises of Blandford and Chandos; the Earls of Eglinton, Hardwicke and Malmesbury; Lords Stanley (son of Earl Derby), Redesdale, Colchester, St. Leonard's; the Right Honourable T. B. Macaulay, Lord Justice Turner, Sir John Packington, Horatio Walpole, Benjamin D'Israeli, S. W. Henley, M.P., Sir Joseph Napier, M.P., and the Rev. J. Pulling, Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge. After the voting on each name, they walked in, headed by the Professor of Civil Law, who made a little Latin speech about each, and presented him to the Chancellor, who then conferred on him the degree, and the honoured individual ascended the platform, shook hands with the Chancellor, and took his seat with the dignitaries already there. At each name the young men and others expressed their minds with cheers more or less, sometimes long-continued and tremendous. After the degrees the public

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orator of the University, Dr. Mitchell, delivered from a rostrum, like a pulpit, a Latin oration, which, as it was long, drew sometimes from the galleries funny remarks, illustrative of the queer democracy of the occasion. For instance, one young man said, so that he could be heard very distinctly, '*Mitchell, they ought to pay well.*' And when he said he would be brief, they laughed outright. It was well delivered, and good; but how he could go on under the shower from the galleries, right over his head, of queer and sometimes a little rude and exceeding free remarks, I could not understand. Then came Latin and Greek and English prize essays and poems by the young men —the poems, most of them dwelling much on the honours of the late Chancellor (Wellington) and the present. Thus ended that matter. As we walked out in procession, the thunders of the galleries came down again. I went home and rested awhile—went to the horticultural show in the gardens of Worcester College, and then to dine, by invitation of the Vice-Chancellor, with the Chancellor, etc., in the hall of Worcester College. The hall was filled with the literary and the scientific, and the men of rank. Besides the Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor, there sat on one side the Duke of Cambridge, and on the other the Prince of Mecklenburg and the Prussian Minister. Mr. Ingersoll was between the two latter (who, I should say, by the way, has been as attentive to me as I could expect or desire). All the guests were in full robes—scarlet on every side, for whether it be of divinity or law, or even music, the doctor's robe is scarlet, with black or other colour, according to its kind. Divers toasts were proposed by the Vice-Chancellor and spoken to, but not *drank*—for the last is little done on such occasions here. To the toast of the Royal Family, the Duke of Cambridge spoke. The Lord Derby made a capital speech in answer to a toast. Alison the historian, Sir Robert

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Inglis, and Mr. Ingersoll spoke. The next day was a day of entertainment chiefly. I took lunch with a select party at the Vice-Chancellor's. The Earl and Countess of Derby and Lord Stanley being the chief personages. At six o'clock went to dine with the Dean and Chapter of the great College of Oxford, *Christ Church* College—*the* College of the Chancellor, because there he was educated. The hall is immense, very lofty and ancient and grand, hung round with portraits of the great and learned. Four great tables were occupied by guests, the rest by the College: there were 280 undergraduates, and truly they made themselves heard. Then Lord Derby spoke again twice—first, when toasted; and secondly, after his political opponent, Mr. Gladstone, had spoken, and had said handsome things of him. Both spoke very well. You can form no conception of the thunder made by the young men as they cheered one after another. I laughed incessantly at their fun. Description of the scene by letter is impossible. The next day (Thursday) came. At half-past ten we all met in the Radcliffe Library before going to the Theatre. Now I was habited in my usual Episcopal robes, borrowed of the Bishop of St. Asaph, and over the black part of them a scarlet cloth robe, covering all but the sleeves and scarf, and a scarlet hood hanging over the back. Now it was our turn to stay in the Divinity School and be voted for. At length we marched in. The list was as follows—I give it in the order in which we entered and received the degree:

Mr. Ingersoll; the Bishops of Quebec and Ohio; the Bishop of St. Andrews (Dr. Wordsworth); Sir John Yard Buller, M.P.; Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, M.P.; Sir Thomas Gladstone; Sir Roderick Murchison, F.R.S. (a great geologist); Sir Archibald Alison (historian); Sir Charles Eastlake, President of the Royal Academy; Philip Pusey, Esq., brother of Dr. Pusey; George Alexander Hamilton, M.P.; Colonel Mure, M.P.; Charles

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Newdegate. M.P.; Lieut.-General Reeve; Samuel Warren, Esq., Q.C. (author of 'Ten Thousand a-Year'); Richard Bright, Esq., and Forbes Winslow (eminent physicians); George Grote, Esq. (Greek historian); Joseph H. Greene, Esq. (eminent physiologist), and William T. Brande, Esq., F.R.S. (a great chemist). . . . . After the public ceremonial, I went to a collation, at two o'clock, in the hall of University College (the oldest College), given by the Master and Fellows, at which were as many ladies as gentlemen. There again the Chancellor spoke, and I was toasted, and managed to escape a speech. I was urged to stay to an entertainment by the Warden and Fellows of Pembroke College that evening in their hall, but I took the train at 5.30 for London; stayed at the Bishop of Winchester's—left London at 8.30, and am now here at Lille, near Belgium. And it is now near twelve at night, and I must stop.

Brussels, June 11th.

I have just got here from Lille, and as we set off in a little while for Aix la Chapelle, I must get this ready for the mail, and another which your mother has written. When you have read this send it to dear M——, to whom I send her father's and mother's best love, as also to Mr. D—— and the sweet little ones. . . . .

In great haste,

YOUR DEAR FATHER.

On his return to his diocese the Bishop delivered his annual address to the clergy and laity, in which he paid an affectionate tribute to the character and labours of his predecessor, the first Bishop of Ohio—Bishop Chase.

BRETHREN OF THE CLERGY AND LAITY OF THE DIOCESE OF OHIO, IN CONVENTION ASSEMBLED;

It was with emotions of thankfulness and joy that I returned, after four months' absence in Europe, to the

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duties of my diocese. . . . . At the last Convention it was my painful duty to speak of the death of two of our Bishops, men beloved and venerated, Bishops Gadsden and Henshaw. Since then there has gone to his rest a venerable father, whom, for his eminent services to this diocese in particular, as well as for the position he held for so many years, as a most faithful and laborious minister of Christ and Bishop in his Church, it is our special duty and happiness to remember and honour. The name of Bishop Chase can never be forgotten in Ohio, nor cease to be regarded with affection and respect, so long as there remains among us a just appreciation of those many and vigorous attributes of personal character, which so signally marked his whole official life. His monument among us is Kenyon College, with all the history around it, of the enterprise and sacrifices, and toils and trials, and difficulties, with which its founder commenced and carried forward that institution. It will not be long before the last of those, who were personal witnesses of what he did and overcame in that enterprise, will have passed away; nor before the aspect of Ohio will have become so changed, by progressive and rapid improvement, that it will be very difficult for a new generation to form a just conception of what Bishop Chase undertook, when he set himself to the establishment of Kenyon College in the locality selected, and what he accomplished, so long as he remained in Ohio, to carry forward that enterprise. Difference of opinion as to the wisdom of some details of his plans is no detraction from his merited praise for great purity of motive—a single desire in all things to build up the Church of Christ, a large heart to devise and a most unconquerable energy to execute schemes for the glory of God and the salvation of man. He has left more monuments than one. We speak particularly of Ohio. His memory lives in the hearts of many in this diocese, who

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personally knew him when he was their Bishop, or who shared the benefits of his ministrations. Their number is fast decreasing; but they will always love to remember and tell of the simple manners, the tender affectionate spirit so peculiarly his attribute, the unwearied diligence with which, amidst the hardships and toils of his visitations, he went in and out among them, and from house to house. . . . .

The resignation of Bishop Chase was everywhere a matter of great pain and sorrow, among nearly all of those from whom he thus withdrew, and who continued ever after to regard him with great affection and respect, as an eminently devoted servant of Christ. There was one man who certainly did not rejoice in his resignation, and who, in exchanging the charge of a beloved flock to be his successor, and in the contrast between the whole work and position and relation of a bishop, and those of a parish presbyter, surrounded with the near sympathies of an attached congregation, especially considering the peculiar burdens and cares and anxieties, connected with the charge which Bishop Chase resigned, has often been strongly tempted to wish the venerable man had remained to carry on what he had begun. To the last of his long life, his uncommon strength of character, all consecrated to good works, remained undiminished. Holding with a strong grasp the great distinguishing doctrines of our Protestant faith, the tendencies to Romish corruptions, which of later years have so marvellously taken root, and grown up here and there in some members and ministers of our Church, only made him hold the more distinctly and positively and openly what they were led to renounce. He died on the field—at his work, his harness on—not unwilling to remain and labour more, but glad that his Master was pleased to call him home to Himself and to his rest. Would that his mantle might remain with us, so

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that our ministry everywhere might be clothed in his unwearied, ever-labouring zeal for the increase of the Gospel. . . . .

During the winter I made as many visitations to parishes as the season allowed, fully expecting to make up all that was behind, as soon as the opening spring should appear. But then came an application for my time, which, under the advice of friends, I considered of such importance that I ought not to decline it. That great and glorious institution, the British and Foreign Bible Society, was about celebrating its Jubilee, and had applied to the American Bible Society for a delegation. The latter appointed me as one of that delegation, and requested me to go. It seemed so important an opportunity of testifying the interest felt in our Church in the great work of Scripture circulation, especially in these days when the wrath of Rome is warring with such revived determination against the reading of the Scriptures, and when so many influences are elsewhere at work, from the side of the Rationalists as well as of the Romanising Protestants, to dethrone the Bible from its rightful position as the only rule of faith and life, that I could not decline the appointment. I might have returned in two months instead of four, but the health of one of my family demanded a longer absence; and I felt justified in making that consideration paramount.

On the 2nd of April we sailed from New York, and we arrived in London about ten days before the anniversary meeting of the Bible Society. Besides my appointment as a delegate of that body, I was made by the Foreign Committee of our General Missionary Society its representative, to confer with the Archbishop of Canterbury and the other Bishops of the Church of England, with a view to the settlement of certain questions of relative jurisdiction, which had arisen between our foreign Bishop in China and the Bishop of

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Victoria, one of the colonial Bishops of the Church of England—questions of no mere local importance, but which must arise wherever the duties of our foreign Bishops and those of the Bishops of the Church of England abroad shall meet together. I was also appointed by the Foreign Committee its representative at the committee-meetings and at the anniversary of the Church Missionary Society, one of the great institutions of our Mother Church. Under these appointments, it was my happiness and privilege not only to be received with great Christian kindness by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and many others of the English Episcopate, but to take part in the great meetings of many noble benevolent institutions. I addressed the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Church Missionary Society at its anniversary, and the meetings of two of its auxiliaries, and preached on its behalf in one of the London churches. I also addressed the Irish Church Missionary Society, and the Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews. In testimony of the fellowship between the Church of England and our own, and for the furtherance of Christian love from one to the other, I was invited by the Archbishop of Canterbury to take part in the consecration of the Rev. Dr. Jackson to the Bishopric of Lincoln, which I had great pleasure in doing. On the same day I had the privilege of meeting at Lambeth no less than twenty-eight Bishops of the Church of England and Ireland, some of them colonial Bishops, who, by the mouth of the Archbishop of Canterbury, took that opportunity to express their affection for, and fellowship with the American Episcopal Church. One of my last acts in England, and one of those in which I had the greatest pleasure as an American Bishop, was that of participating, at the request of the Bishop of Winchester (Sumner), in the ordination of twenty-eight candidates for Orders, and uniting with him in the laying

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on of hands, as well as in preaching the ordination sermon.

I cannot conclude this brief notice of my visit to England without a most grateful and affectionate testimony to the unvaried Christian kindness, which I received from clergy and laity in all places, and the earnest desire manifested that between our country and Great Britain, and especially between our Church and that of England, the bonds of love and fellowship may be drawn closer and closer, more especially in view of the great struggle for Gospel truth and liberty, which is evidently drawing nigh—if we be not already in the midst of it—a struggle in which the Protestantism of England and America must take so great a share. To such feelings and desires I certainly did not fail to take every opportunity of responding, with the most cordial acquiescence.

Rough Journeyings in His Diocese.

To Rev. W. Carus, *Warren, Ohio, May 23rd*, 1854.

. . . I left home three weeks ago, but here, at a distant point of my diocese, after preaching twenty-five times in twenty-three days, besides the confirmations and addresses and talking and travelling, I felt weary this morning in body and mind, and not a little *tired* of the worldliness of the world, and athirst for some such refreshment as I should know, were I just to drop in upon you at Romsey—or where I suppose you now are, at Winchester, and take a drive to Farnham, where I suppose our dear Bishop and his daughter E——, and perhaps his sons are. So I said I will indulge myself in a letter, though I have to preach twice to-day, confirm once, and drive twenty-five miles over a not very *English* road. It struck me a few weeks ago, what a spectacle I should have seemed in the eyes of some, who know

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a bishop only as a man of lawn sleeves and official dignity, especially in England, had they seen me on one of my journeys. A railroad train set me down in a rather wild part of Ohio, seven miles from a little Welsh parish where I had an appointment. I had expected to meet there some conveyance sent to take me from the station. But, as afterwards appeared, my communication had been misunderstood, and there was nothing there. I tried in vain to hire a horse—nothing could be got. The few people knew nothing of me, or the parish. They had nothing to be hired. So I shouldered my baggage, which was not light, and overcoat (the day was hot and the road very rough and hilly) and trudged on the *seven miles*, occasionally sitting on a log, and taking a book to read, till I had rested my arms from their load, and thus I entered the little Welsh village, to the consternation of the Welsh pastor and his wife. The only ill effect was that I took a severe cold and cough, which have not quite passed away. Such is our dignity *sometimes* in Ohio! How often wandered my thoughts, during that walk, to the sweet walks of Farnham, and the ordination, and the young men, and to the idea that soon again another such scene, as that ordination, will take place in that venerable chapel, and many of those same young men will be receiving Priests' Orders. The Lord anoint them anew! My affectionate remembrances to the archdeacon and the examining chaplain, and Mr. Woodrooffe, and others. I need not say to the Bishop and Miss Sumner.

To Alexander Haldane, Esq., London.

Cincinnati, February 26th, 1855.

My dear Friend and Christian Brother,

Will you not be surprised to receive a letter from me, whom you last met at Mr. Niven's Church, St. Saviour's, Chelsea, and to whom you kindly sent a copy of the Memoirs of those admirable servants of God, your

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honoured father and uncle, James and Robert Haldane? Ever since I read that book, I have intended to express my thanks to you for it—for the copy to me—for the book to the Church. What a father was yours! I had no acquaintance previously with his work and life. With that of your uncle I had only a very general acquaintance. I knew something of his Geneva work; but of his simplicity, faith, boldness, love, power, and the fulness of its fruits, I knew very little. I read to admire and adore God for His grace in the ripeness, beauty and greatness of His work, in and by each of those beloved names. Independently of all questions about congregationalism and such like, taking those two labourers in their *lay* characters and their self-appointed work, and laying aside their peculiar adaptedness, *that* is the *spirit*, the *work*, the *labourer* that is needed now, more *ordained* faithful men certainly, but more unordained faithful men to go about as their talents qualify them. I do not say to *preach*, but to teach, to leaven, to testify, to operate, to tell of Christ. Here, in this country (America), we need it very much—not that we have not many men who do it in various degrees—but we need to break up the prevalent idea, that to make known, to testify of Christ, is *ordained work* exclusively. Once more, my dear friend, I thank you for that Memoir, which did my heart great good. . . .

Ever affectionately your brother in Christ,

CHAS. P. MCILVAINE.

ON THE DECREE AT ROME OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.—ACCOUNT OF THE PERILOUS CROSSING OF THE OHIO RIVER.

Cincinnati, February 22nd, 1855.

TO REV. W. CARUS,

How you must all be pained in mind on account of the sufferings of the brave soldiers in the Crimea!

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And it seems so specially painful, that when so many loads of all needed stores are sent out by the benevolence of the people at home, and so much is accumulated at Balaklava, nothing gets over those few miles between the harbour and the camp. I do not know how the war now looks in England, but as probably the opening of the great war—to close with the great battle, it looks very awful to me. But I do not know a more evident sign than the audacious insanity of Rome in the late decree of the Virgin's high dignity. It is a revolution in Babylon, but from bad to worse. The old rule of faith is abandoned for development. The old Conciliar claim in regard to the *deposition* of infidelity is abandoned for the Pope's single possession. The old claims to unity, Catholicity, Apostolicity, and unchangeableness are all abandoned in this farce . . .

You will read with deep interest the account in the enclosed extract from the *Western Episcopalian* of Ohio. You will see what I have to be thankful for. I remember Mr. Simeon, after he escaped from a fall from his horse, stretching out one limb after another, and redevoting it to God. I trust it is in that spirit, that I look back to what God has done, and I know you will join me in thankfulness. I have especially to be thankful for the great peace, and the quiet trust with which God did help me during all that scene.

FROM THE 'WESTERN EPISCOPALIAN.'

Cincinnati, February 5th, 1855.

The recent wonderful and merciful escape of our beloved Bishop, from seemingly inevitable death, calls for devout acknowledgment and praise to God, from his clergy and diocese and the Church at large. As the circumstances of this escape have been related to me by one, who was a witness of the facts, I hasten to lay them before your readers.

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On Thursday morning, January 30th, Bishop McIlvaine started for Cincinnati, on his return from a visit to Louisville. He took the steam ferry-boat at Louisville for the purpose of crossing the river, and taking his seat in the Jeffersonville train. The day was bitterly cold, and the Ohio was full of running ice going down in large fields to the falls, which lie below Louisville. The boat became fixed in the middle of the river in a large mass of solid ice, and could neither advance nor recede. Instantly she was at the mercy of the current, and began to move towards the falls. The imminence of the danger became at once apparent. There were about two hundred passengers on board—men, women, and children—besides omnibuses, waggons, horses, and their attendants. It now seemed almost certain that all must be lost. Under Bishop McIlvaine's care was a daughter of Bishop Smith. The Rev. Mr. Sehon, a Methodist minister of Louisville, was also on board. It seemed impossible that a soul should survive if the boat was wrecked on the falls. The current, the cold, the breakers, the eddies, the ice breaking over the falls, would have rendered escape, even for the strongest and hardiest swimmer, impossible. Help from either shore could not be extended so long as the drifting continued. Nothing could reach the boat in time to rescue a single person. Inevitable and speedy death was all that the most fearless could see before them. The boat and passengers were given up on shore. Where was help to come from? Some there were on board who did know where to look—and did look there, where all true help is found in time of need. The Bishop then said to Mr. Sehon that he would go into the room where the women were, and draw their minds to prayer. They went together: but though the utmost caution was used to prevent alarm, the word prayer was no sooner uttered, than the lamentations and cries ren-

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dered it impossible for prayer to be heard. After endeavouring in vain to calm these poor people, some of the quieter ones, with Mr. and Mrs. Sehon and Miss Smith, gathered close around the Bishop, as he offered a brief and appropriate prayer. After this there was more composure. And now the hand of the Lord appeared. Man could do nothing. The boat was drifting on to its apparent inevitable wreck. But—was it not God's guiding in answer to prayer?—*she struck the hidden reef* at the commencement of the rapids! That was the salvation, though it was then not known and recognised as such. How long the boat could hold that place against the pressure of current, and the prodigious momentum of the acres of ice, which constantly struck and ground against it—how soon she would be pressed over, or lifted up and turned over, or crushed under the accumulating mass, of ice, where no help could reach her, no one could say. Each new onset of ice was watched with intense anxiety. But that which was terror to those on board proved to be one of God's instruments for their safety. As the ice struck against the boat, it formed such a mass, that it rested on the rock beneath, and formed a breakwater; and the more violent was the onset of the ice, the more strong and massive did it become. The boat lay, as it were, under the lee of this mass of ice, though some of her length was still unprotected. In this passive resistance to the assaults of the current and the ice, the boat lay about two hours before help came. Meanwhile, the passengers could not see that any movements for rescue were being made on shore. They were too far off to see what was doing. From the Louisville shore they were distant half-a-mile, and on the Indiana shore there were no inhabitants. During this time high rewards were offered, on the Louisville side, to anyone who would attempt a rescue. The clerk of the *Jacob Strader* had a son in

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the stranded boat, and offered a large price for his deliverance. The lifeboat of the *Strader* was launched, and three men came out in her, and took out the youth and two young women connected with the officers of the *Strader*. It took the boat an hour to get back. In the course of another hour some four or five boats, capable of containing each from four to five persons, came out from either shore. Meanwhile, the women had become quite composed. Many of them behaved in a very exemplary way throughout the whole period. As soon as these skiffs came near to the boat, the determination seemed unanimous that the women should go first, and this determination was carried out. The coloured women were as kindly cared for as the white. Whoever came first entered the boats first. The last woman that came was a white woman. Such as had husbands were allowed to have them with them. The Rev. Mr. Sehon went, as was proper, with his wife in the second boat, and to him Bishop McIlvaine consigned the care of Miss Smith, and bade them farewell. Our good Bishop was strongly urged by those in the skiff and in the boat to go with the lady in his charge; but he resolutely refused to avail himself of the privilege, which all seemed anxious to accord to his age and character. One or two coloured men were allowed to go in the skiff with their wives. Not a word of interference or remonstrance with this arrangement was uttered. '*Remember the Arctic!*' was heard as the women were put in. All the while the ice was crushing against the boat, and none knew how soon she would be driven where no boats could reach her At length the last woman, as was supposed, had been put in, and the boat was not full. At the urgency of those who were most active, Bishop McIlvaine consented to get into the skiff. But before it was pushed off another woman was found, and he at once called to her to come and take his place. The next relief was a flat-boat, given

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by Messrs. Gill, Smith, and Co., of Louisville, to whoever would take it. It was manned by a gallant crew, who knew that such a craft *must take the falls*. Two falls pilots came in her: one steered and the other commanded. Captain Hamilton, a cool and intrepid man, took the command. On her flush deck, which was even with the sides and covered with straw, about fifty men, of whom Bishop McIlvaine was one, were placed. As there was not room to stand, because of the oars, nor room to sit, they were compelled to kneel. By this time the boats which had put off had been carried down, and were just able to reach the island at the head of the falls, where there was much suffering from cold, and whence the women were with difficulty got to the Kentucky shore. As the crew of the flat-boat started for their fearful trial of the falls, Captain Hamilton ordered silence. 'Let no man speak to me,' said he. He ordered the draught of the boat to be measured. The answer was, 'It is fifteen inches.' He answered, 'It is a poor chance,' and evidently thought the case very desperate. He had not expected that the boat would be so heavily loaded. His effort was to reach a particular *chute* of the falls, as that which alone afforded any hope of a passage. All this had occupied but a minute or two. The powerful current had brought the flat almost to the spot where, in another instant, she was to be wrecked, and all lost in the breakers and ice, or they were to be safe. There was perfect silence. What a solemn moment! How appropriate was the kneeling position which was maintained! The Lord saw those hearts that were before Him in a corresponding attitude of prayer and faith. Our beloved Bishop sheltered a poor shivering coloured boy under his cloak, and commended himself and his fellow-voyagers, with composure and confidence, to his covenant Lord and Saviour. In the crisis of passing down the *chute* the boat struck! It seemed that all was

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lost! The silence was unbroken. Grating over the rock, she was a moment free, and then struck again. Again she was free, and again struck. Her bottom grated on the reef. Not a word was spoken. The boat floated on. The captain cried out, 'Try the pump!' 'No water!' was the answer. God had delivered them! The gentleman who kneeled next to the Bishop heard him solemnly murmur, 'The Lord be praised for His mercies!' Now the fearful eddies and breakers were a danger not to be thought of, after what had been passed. Three miles below Louisville, at Portland, the passengers were landed safely, with a great sense of gratitude to the intrepid pilots and their brave crew, and most deeply indebted to the mercy of God. They had been about four hours on the water. After this successful passage, a larger boat, capable of holding more freight, and without too much draught, took off the remaining passengers, and passed the falls safely. The ferry-boat, with the omnibuses, horses, and waggons, remains on the rock; and the last news speaks of her as being, for the present at least, in a position of safety.

The Bishop writes further particulars in his Journal:

Cincinnati, Jan. 30*th,* 1856.

This is the anniversary of God's merciful deliverance of me from an awful form of death on the 30th Jannary last year, on the Ohio river. I keep it as a day of thankful remembrance of the mercy of God, and intend so to keep it all my life. As I wish to preserve for my future reading, in this view, the account of it which was published soon after, written by the Rev. Dr. Butler, I will here place it, that it may help my recollection hereafter.

The foregoing account is quite correct as far as it

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goes, except in the single particular of the little coloured boy. It was not before we passed the falls, that I took care of him, for then I had not seen him. We were so crowded that it was difficult in our postures to see any but those next to us. Besides, in a few moments after we started, I kept my eyes closed, that I might keep my thoughts on God. I do not remember that I saw anything from the time of getting into the rapids, till we struck the first time in the midst of the fall. I remember well my closed eyes and *quiet* prayer. When we struck, I believe I stood up immediately, expecting instant death, but said only, '*We have struck.*' It was after we had passed the falls the little coloured boy was found almost frozen. He had no overcoat. The omnibus-man was moving him about to get his blood circulated. I took him under my cloak, which was long and warm, and held him to my body to get its heat; in that situation he became quite comfortable.

The order of the people in the ferry-boat, while the small boats were taking off the women, was remarkable. A great many of the men were very profane and wicked river-men, but they did not interfere, or offer once to disturb the proceeding. After I had prayed with the women, their shrieks brought in a rush of such men, who spoke very harshly of the folly of frightening the women. One of them, a steamboat-captain, was foremost. He said the worst thing we could have done was to pray with the women: it was the very thing to frighten them. I turned calmly and kindly, and said: 'My friend, there are two ways of looking at that matter. As for me, I believe that God is our only help, and that in such danger nothing is so calculated to soothe as prayer.' He made no answer. Afterwards, when we had got fastened on the reef, I was standing at the bow of the boat, looking at the ice as it came down with such violence, and in such fields upon us; and that man came to

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me and apologized for what he had said, and hoped I would forget it. He was my next neighbour in the flat-boat when we passed the falls, and seemed very serious. I afterwards heard from Mr. Sehon, that that man said to him, some time after the deliverance, that he believed prayer did a great deal for them that day.

When Mr. and Mrs. Sehon and Miss Smith got into the second skiff, the latter with tears besought me to get in with them. The old man at the helm, an old captain of a steamer, also urged, and remonstrated with me. A gentleman, seeing Miss S. was under my charge, said I ought to go with her. I refused. Once, under the urgency around me, I gave way for a moment, and advanced a few steps towards the boat. But the sense of the duty of an example on my part, and the determination that none should have an apology for saying, I was not what a bishop ought to be on such an occasion, stopped me, and I went back. The boat pushed off, but was hailed to put back under the lea of the ferry-boat, on account of a mass of ice coming. The old helmsman brought his helm purposely near to me, and in an undertone said, 'Old man, get in; it is your only chance.' He did not know who I was. Again he urged and remonstrated; but I am thankful that I had resolution to refuse. Among the three or four gentlemen, to whom was left the handing of the women to the boats, was one whose name I wish I knew. He was probably from the east—a quiet, composed man, who seemed to think little of himself, and to know what ought to be done, and to be resolved it should be done. He was to be trusted, if there had been contention for the boat. I should here have said that, except the agents of the omnibuses, we saw almost nothing all the time of anybody connected with the boat. The proper captain was hardly known. The gentleman above alluded to said to me, when the third boat was coming, 'I shall insist on your getting

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into that boat.' Soon it had arrived. 'Now,' said he, 'you must get in.' 'No,' I said, 'not yet; when it shall seem decidedly right, I will go. But I know how I am situated here, and am determined nobody shall have any reason to say, I went before the time.' He answered, 'I perfectly understand your position, but must insist on your going in the next, if not in this.' The fifth boat, I think, had now come. When it was supposed the last female had been put in, there was one vacant seat. I was told I must take it. I did so; and an old French lady, who could speak no English, was put under my care. We pushed off; but before we had gone from under the lea of the large boat into the current, we were hailed to put back on account of ice. Meanwhile, as we were pushing off, the captain, a rude and low man, called to me and bid me good-bye, in such a way as produced the impression that he wanted to intimate, that I had consulted my own safety too much in taking that seat. I thought I discerned in his manner an oblique insinuation, which I could not allow. It made me very uncomfortable. I wished I were out of the skiff. I rejoiced when we were hailed to put back. And when, while we were lying under the large boat the word was heard, that there was one female left, it was a great comfort. It gave me a good reason to return. I called immediately to her, and gave her my seat. My mind was thus at ease. I can truly say, that I forgot the danger to which I returned in the pleasure of escaping the apprehension, that my previous act might have been evil spoken of.

As soon as I got into the large flat boat, which by great skill and at great hazard was brought out from Louisville, I saw that she could save us only by taking the fearful risk of the falls. Our escape was most narrow. When we struck, probably had we drawn an inch more water, we should have been lost; for had we remained

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there, and not been overturned or knocked to pieces or otherwise wrecked, no help could have come to us, and we should have been frozen to death. Once in the water, we must have perished instantly by cold, or drowning, or the beating of the plunging ice.

How remarkable was the hand of God in causing the ferry-boat to strike the reef just where she did; a little further, and however long we might have stayed there, no help could have come to us on account of the current. The Lord be praised for His unspeakable mercy.

And now I desire to record my immeasurable indebtedness to the grace of God for the quiet, peaceful, hoping and trusting mind, He gave me all the while. In the large boat I realized all the peril. I was often very cold and shivered, but I was in a state of peace. I then rejoiced that I had left a last testimony to the Gospel in my 'Truth and Life,' then recently published. Oh, if I had not had a hope in Christ, what a season of awfulness that would have been! If I was enabled to exhibit in any degree an example by which God was glorified, O Lord, Thou didst it—not I, by Thy grace, not my courage, or anything else. I desire to remember, with great thankfulness, what I must ever look back on with wonder and praise—the perfect quiet and calmness of mind, which I had when we drew near the fearful crisis of the passage of the falls. I have no other account of it than the promise, 'As thy day, so shall thy strength be.' I enjoyed simple, short, silent prayer with my eyes shut. It seemed as if I was very near the arm of strength, and the bosom of refuge. I seemed to myself to have in a great degree lost the fear of death, that seemed probably at hand, in its horrible circumstances. O Lord, I do trust it was not any mere strength of human courage in me, nor anything else of mine; but that it was, that Thou didst draw near—Thou didst minister to me. And wilt Thou not grant me that sweet

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presence, that sustaining grace, that precious peace, that help as my day shall be, when I shall be really in the shadow of death?

But I must humble myself that I have not much more profited in my soul by that deliverance. Oh, what a heart I have—so unthankful, so unfaithful! Then it seemed as if I should ever afterwards see written all over me, in every hour of time, in every power of being, '*Not your own, bought with a price*,' and as if such a mercy could not but leave its deep mark of greatly increased devotedness on my heart and life. Alas! O Lord, what hast Thou seen? I do not glorify Thee as I ought. How cold is my heart—how unaspiring my frame of mind! Shall I be willing to live a life so fruitless? Have mercy upon me, O God—create my heart anew. Write me all over with *laws* of thankfulness and praise. Shall I ever see another anniversary of that deliverance. How likely is it that I shall depart before next thirtieth of January? O Lord Jesus Christ, my hope and salvation, prepare me to meet Thee! Amen.

CHAPTER IX.

1857—1859.

ROUGH TRAVELLING IN THE DIOCESE.

TO MRS. McILVAINE, *April 24th*, 1857.

I HAVE had nothing but the most terrible weather all the time since I left home till the last two days. On Tuesday I left Medina at half-past six a.m. Rode twelve miles in an open buggy through awful roads—was almost frozen. Reached Strongville just in time to get a little thawed before I had to go into the church. Preached and confirmed, had only time to get some

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dinner; then rode seven miles in a driving snowstorm, right in the face, to Columbia. Had five minutes to get warm; preached and confirmed; got tea, rode three miles to the station and got to Cleveland at ten at night. But I have had no cold, and my throat is *well.* I have been often very tired, but feel now very fresh. But what hard work it is. I sometimes ask myself what is my self-denial and self-sacrifice? I answer, *in all this;* for whatever it might be to some others who have not such love of home, and quiet, and order, and retirement, and all that they bring with them, it is to me a very great sacrifice. I feel thankful to be permitted so widely to preach Christ; and that—enabled as I am—unwearied in spirit, with a measure of *freshness and elasticity* of mind that surprises me often, considering where I go, and the circumstances I often preach in—the truth seems always fresh and sweet.

ON THE INDIAN MUTINY.

TO REV. W. CARUS, *Cincinnati, November 26th,* 1857.

. . . I don't wonder your thoughts are far away from us, when such awful events have been transpiring among your countrymen and women in India. Indeed, it seem to us here, as if all England must be in mourning—such deaths, such horrors for imagination to be always dwelling on, such exhibitions of our fallen nature, and of the desperate efforts of the 'Old Serpent' to keep his dominion against the Gospel of Christ! I have deeply entered into all the sorrows of the people, and the missions, and have constantly prayed for all. It seems to be the judgment of God on the government of the East India Company, for its awful patronage of idolatry; its fear, and practical denial of the Gospel; its exclusion of the Bible; its jealousy of missionaries; its sole dependence on an arm, not only without God, but

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lifted up against God. We now rejoice with you all in the capture of Delhi, and the relief of Lucknow. Some noble missionaries of this country, with their admirable wives, have perished in the massacres. But God will not forget such deaths. Such seed never withers or fails. Plants of righteousness, and harvests of light will grow up, where such desolations have been made. A new era will open upon India, and new conquests will attend the Gospel. The Government will be wiser—learning to trust less in the sword, and more on His Word. What bright spots at home are those appointments, within the last year, to high places in the Church! How the dear Archbishop, and our dear Bishop of Winchester, must be encouraged by them! Multiply such men, and dissent will have no strength. Our Brother Perry, of Melbourne, seems to work admirably in his diocese. . . . If you can get a copy of my Charge on Preaching Christ, which was reprinted at Cambridge (I believe), I will thank you to put it in the mail for me. I want to prepare it for re-publication here, and can get no copy but my own, which is bound up in a volume with other things. . . . My dear Carus, how we are getting on towards our eternal home. Sometimes it seems so sweet to feel so near. May our dear Lord meet us with His rod and staff, when we shall step down into the shadow of death. . . .

Yours most affectionately,
C. P. McILVAINE.

ON THE DEATHS OF BISHOP D. WILSON AND GENERAL HAVELOCK.

TO REV. W. CARUS. *Cincinnati, Feb.* 28, 1858.

So dear Bishop Wilson is gone to his rest and his Lord, and now sees eye to eye. In his last letter to me, some three years ago, he said he could form no conception of what we shall be, meaning, I suppose, what John

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says, 'It doth not yet appear,' etc., and he now knows. Blessed saint of God, and faithful soldier of Christ. He fought a good fight. He kept the faith. Where falls his mantle?—And that noble soldier, Havelock, gone too! What a sensation his death made here! His Christian character made the soldier so honoured. All the shipping in the great harbour of New York, with its forests of masts, had their flags at half-mast for two days on account of his death. Such a tribute to a foreigner was never paid here before. But the sympathy here with England in her Indian troubles is very strong.

. . . .

I am thankful to say that the College is more prosperous than ever before. There are about fifty young men there, in different stages of progress towards the ministry, as undergraduates and graduates, and of very hopeful Christian character, besides those intended for other pursuits. We need more room. You will remember Bexley Hall—the Theological Hall, for which I solicited means to build in England in 1835, and for which you and others in Cambridge gave so kindly. It was erected on a plan of great beauty and simplicity, furnished by Mr. Henry Roberts, architect, of London. The donations in England enabled us to get up the whole *exterior*. We have finished the interior as we have obtained the means.

I send with this a copy of the American edition of my sermons, 'The Truth and the Life,' because it contains *all* of the volume under that name, and in the sermon form; the London edition having omitted some sermons, lest the book should be too large, and taken the *sermon* form from all, besides having made a great many misprints. This copy contains the sermon preached at Farnham (the last), the one next before that, '*The final satisfaction of the believer in Jesus*,' is not in the London edition. Mrs. McIlvaine's favourites are *that* and No. 13.

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On the Prospect of Death.

To His Daughter. *Gambier, Jan. 21st*, 1858.

Dearest N——, . . I feel about as well as when I left home. I did nothing yesterday but address those confirmed. I am in the Lord's hands, my darling, and I do not feel concerned about the result. I am well aware that my health is in a critical state, and that in a moment I may pass away. But I trust I shall be found 'in Christ Jesus' whenever the call comes. As for this life, for *myself* I have no wish to stay in it, except to be more prepared to leave it for a better.

It seems so like going *home*, to go to the presence of Jesus, and the assembly of His departed ones. I feel a sense of lively pleasure often in thinking of it, just as one does in prospect of a delightful journey to some beloved place. *Death* I do not realize. It seems abolished. I *overlook* it. It seems like a stream to be crossed, down in a valley of the road; but I look so much at the hills of blessedness beyond, that it scarcely comes in sight. The Lord grant that I may not deceive myself with any pleasures of hope, that have not all their springs in Him. It is of the 'comfort of the Scriptures,' as they lead us to Christ, that I desire to have hope. *He is all.* He is *my* all—It is infinite riches. How sweet that my dear children love that blessed One! Good-bye, darling.

Your dearest Father.

On Re-Visiting England.

To Rev. W. Carus, *Cincinnati, July 2nd*, 1858.

My beloved Friend and Brother,

Wise is the providence of our Heavenly Father. You will be surprised to know that, probably in two weeks after you get this, the Lord not forbidding, I shall be in England. My health is such that my diocese have

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urged me to break off entirely from all diocesan, and other exacting cares, and take some months of *absolute* rest. The case is one of an over-worked brain, threatening cerebral disease—apoplexy, or the like. It is my constitutional weakness—that is, a tendency to too much excitement of brain from such duties as mine, and I have long wondered that my very susceptible organization has not yielded before. To rest as *much* as I need, (within call from Ohio,) and as *long* as I need, and as *contentedly* and *cheerfully*, without aching and being depressed, is, with my temperament, out of the question. So, with Divine permission, I will go abroad, and take my eldest unmarried daughter with me for companion; and I shall seek Switzerland, stopping in England, at first, only for some arrangements—expecting to be there again at the latter part of my absence.

P.S.—I sent you and the Bishop (Sumner), the other day, a copy of an address to my Diocesan Convention on the 'Revival of Religion,' of which you have doubtless read, as being so remarkable here. You will see what I think of it. I wrote it partly with a view to giving the endorsement of a *Bishop* in this Church, and of one known in England, so that my brethren in England might have a right and profitable impression of the work.

Recollections of Bishop McIlvaine during his Visit to Italy, by Colonel F. W. Smith.

October, 1858.

I had not the privilege of a personal acquaintance with Bishop McIlvaine until the year 1858. Educated as I had been at the Military Academy at West Point, I had long known the extent of the happy influence, which he exerted there during his ministry as its chaplain, and this only added to the desire to see

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and know him, and hear from his own lips some account of his wonderful work there. It was on a raw and cold evening in October, 1858, after a week of fatiguing journeyings through the *Piedmont* of Italy, that I reached Camerlata station, near the town of Como, at eight p.m. on Saturday, on my way to Milan. The train was a little behindhand, and while in the reception-room of the railway-station waiting for its departure, my attention was arrested by the presence of a tall, elderly, clerical gentleman, whose appearance carried with it a strong impression that he was a dignitary in the Church. So deep were my convictions, that I took the liberty of asking the courier of the party, whether that aged gentleman was not a Bishop? 'Yes,' he immediately replied; 'that is Bishop McIlvaine.' I immediately introduced myself to the Bishop, and was gratified to receive a warm salutation as of an old friend. His party comprised, besides his daughter and her friend, the Rev. Mr. Gadsden, of Charleston, his wife and niece. Our destination was the same, viz. Milan, where all had arranged to spend the next day—Sunday; and it was agreed that with so large an American party, we should endeavour to make arrangements for public services in that city, assured that many English travellers would gladly unite with us. We found no difficulty in securing the *salle à manger* in the Hotel Royal for our services. It was indeed a rare thing for an American Protestant Bishop to preach in Milan, and the notice which was sent to the other hotels soon gathered a respectable congregation of English and Americans. How shall I convey the impressions left upon my mind and heart by the exercises of this rare meeting? As the Bishop's tender and subdued voice led the hearts of his little congregation through the petitions of our beloved Liturgy, I thought I had never realized so fully the richness and preciousness of this form of prayer.

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The service being ended and a hymn sung, the Bishop rose to preach. Without a written sermon, or even notes, in the utmost simplicity, he said he would endeavour to improve the occasion by a brief reference to the words of the Psalmist, recorded in the 116th verse of the 119th Psalm: 'Let me not be ashamed of my hope.' Comparing the received version with the Psalter, 'Let me not be disappointed in my hope,' he showed how these versions illustrated and explained each other, and the peculiar fitness of this prayer for poor pilgrims who must soon exchange the scenes of time for those of eternity. Every eye was riveted upon his tall majestic form, as, with a tone I can never forget, he added, 'Let me not, poor dying sinner as I am, be resting my hope of heaven upon anything that will make me ashamed, that will disappoint me—that will not stand the test of God's eye and of God's judgment. Let me not be deceiving myself by a false hope. Rather let me try and examine myself, and more and more closely scrutinize my relations to heaven, and my hope of reaching heaven, that I may not be brought to confusion. It must be a hope that stands upon the sure warrant of God's own Word—as David says in a preceding verse, 'I hope in Thy Word.' It will not do, that our hope be sustained by the opinions of mere man, or of any assembly of men, or of councils, or of fathers. The soul wants the authority of God Himself as the warrant of its hope; and when this authority is given, and the soul is directed to the Lord Jesus Christ as the ground of its hope, then comes the voice which speaks directly to the heart: and in the salvation, which Jesus has purchased with His own blood, the soul finds hope, which satisfies it and sustains it through its darkest trial, until the inheritance which He promised is received, and hope is exchanged for endless fruition.'

Kindly invited by the Bishop to join his party, it was

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my privilege to visit Turin, Geneva, Florence, and Rome with him, and our pleasant intercourse terminated in Paris, a few days before my return to the United States. Closely associated as I was with him during these two or three months of foreign travel, the impressions left upon me cannot be effaced; and now that the grave has closed upon him, they are revived with all the freshness of early recollections. It chanced to be on Sunday when we reached Civita Vecchia, on our way to Rome. We tarried there in all the discomforts of a most filthy Italian inn. In the afternoon we took a walk on the sea-shore and along the old Via Aurelia. Our conversation turned to the period in the history of Rome when apostles and martyrs trod that very road. As a more and more serious direction was given to our thoughts, he at last touched upon the interesting circumstances, connected with the revival of religion among the cadets at West Point. Scepticism in its varied forms was prevalent among officers and cadets, and his labours for some time seemed to be in vain. He finally concluded that he would combine with his pulpit ministrations the distribution of religious books and tracts among the cadets, leaving them in their rooms while they were on drill. They would be 'bread upon the waters,' and a return was promised 'after many days.' The answer came sooner than was expected. First one and then another cadet sought counsel with him as to the salvation of the soul. The case of Cadet Leonidas Polk was of special interest. Intelligent, high-toned, commanding in person, holding a high position in the corps, and justly popular —he was one, who had only to be assured on the point of duty, and he was ready to brave all public opinion, and meet the claims which Christianity imposed. His conviction was complete, and in the spirit of the missionary he laboured among his fellows with a zeal which showed the earnestness of his character. The awaken-

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ing begun—it spread from room to room, from heart to heart, until the interest became so intense, that the Bishop added: 'Had I gone on with a sermon which I was preaching to them, I verily believe I should not have been able to moderate or control their feelings. I had to stop, and I did stop.'

It was with much pleasure I listened to the details which he gave of the special cases among officers and cadets, involving more than ordinary interest; and as he proceeded with his narrative, his eye lighted with its wonted fire when he added: 'The office of a bishop does not give the happiness which that of the pastor affords. I long to see some fruits of my ministry, and that my labours are bringing souls to Christ.'

The next Sabbath we spent in Rome—ever memorable day to the little company assembled in a private room on the Pincian Hill. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was to be administered in Rome by an American Protestant Bishop. Bishop McIlvaine was to preach. We could not be sure that our services would not be interrupted by the interdiction of the Papal police. Still, it was in our hearts to have this service, and it was held. In fine view of our little temple rose the massive dome of St. Peter, with the stately palace of the Vatican by its side. Below, in the Piazza de Spagna, was the monument erected by Pope Pius IX. to commemorate the dogma of the Immaculate Conception; and it was in the midst of associations like these that these solemn services were held.

The Bishop manifested deep emotion when he arose to preach; the preliminary services having been conducted by Mr. Gadsden. He referred to the feelings which must ever attend him when addressing a congregation, the faces of many of whom he had never seen before, and whom he should probably never see again. He spoke of the place in which they were assembled.

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It was here that martyrs had suffered, and died for the testimony of the Gospel, which they believed and proclaimed. Here, century after century of darkness and corruption had passed over an apostate Church. How could he then, under such circumstances, dwell upon minor points of doctrine? He felt it was a solemn opportunity for the minister of God, and as nothing should intervene between the delivery of his message and the account to be rendered at the great day, it became him to preach the simple Gospel of Jesus Christ. Perhaps some poor soul might have a message of peace, therefore he would take as the theme of his discourse the thirty-seventh verse of the seventh chapter of St. John: 'If any man thirst let him come unto Me, and drink.'

It was impossible for anyone in that little company to suppress the emotion, which this sermon awakened. Tender and affectionate, and at the same time earnest and solemn, it touched a chord in every heart, which never can be forgotten by those who were privileged to enjoy the feast of love then spread before them. Well do I remember the language he employed, in exhibiting the character and position of the ministry and ordinances of the Church.

'The ministry of the Gospel and all its ordinances are designed exclusively to show forth the Lord Jesus as the Saviour of sinners—not to be shown, but to show; not to be seen, but seen *through;* and only in proportion as they stand behind their object, and direct the sinner away from himself, and facilitate his knowledge of Christ, are they in their right place, and doing their proper work, unperverted and unperverting. Just as these glasses' (holding up his spectacles) 'are not to be looked at, but looked through—means of keeping sight, not objects of sight. The moment they arrest my eye, or it rests in any degree on *them*, when I try to see by them, it is the evidence to me that something is wrong there.

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I must cleanse or change them. Transparency the most perfect we must have in the medium of spiritual as well as corporeal discernment.'

The Bishop describes this service:

Rome, Oct. 30th, 1858.

TO MRS. MCILVAINE.

. . . . Mr. M——, who is an artist here, opened and prepared his salon for me to preach in. I knew it would not task me, and could not deny myself the exceeding pleasure of preaching the Gospel in the city in which Paul preached, and where reigns 'the man of sin.' The room held about sixty, and was entirely filled—about half English. I preached on, '*If any man thirst*,' etc., not a written sermon of course. My soul was stirred within me. I preached the Gospel just as plainly, and simply, and earnestly as I knew how. The awful sin of Popery, and keeping sinners from Christ, and filling their eyes with refuges of lies, I could not spare. We had nice singing. I administered the communion to about thirty. It was a devout congregation, and I shall always remember with thankfulness and great pleasure that opportunity of preaching Christ in Rome.

. . . . Next we drove to the Colosseum. It was a soul-thrilling thought that we stood on the very arena where, for 400 years, gladiators had fought, and where Ignatius died for Christ in the mouth of the lions, and hundreds of our dear brethren in Christ, now in glory, had been steadfast unto death. The ground seemed to cry out with their blood. All around the ranges of arches, where 80,000 people could sit at once, and where the cloud of witnesses—'great cloud'—beheld the dying testimony of the faithful disciples of Christ, I walked, and thought, and prayed, and praised. We have reserved that place for more visiting. Before leaving the neighbourhood of the capitol, we entered the Mamertine

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Prison at its foot, where the Romish tradition is that Peter and Paul were imprisoned. It is not certain that Peter ever was in Rome, but Paul was, and was martyred here; and it is most probable, that he was imprisoned and beheaded in that very prison—at least, that he was confined there. It is certainly true, that the prison was built in a very early period of Rome, in the massive Etruscan style—that it is the place where Jugurtha was confined and starved to death, and the Catiline conspirators were strangled by the order of Cicero. It consists of two chambers, one under the other, and the highest under ground. A circular aperture in the upper arch of each was the way, by which prisoners were let down. In the lower is the miraculous spring (so called), and a stone pillar to which prisoners were chained. It was the very place for a prayer meeting. Two ecclesiastics, with torches, were our guides. We were eight Protestants, and all, I trust, Christians. I would sing a verse of 'Come, Holy Spirit,' etc., and *did*, and I prayed aloud for the revival of the doctrine of the Gospel as Paul preached it in Rome. I have a solemn sense of where I am, when seeing these things. . . . .

Visiting the Vatican he writes: . . . . Next, the immense gallery of monumental inscriptions from tombs and catacombs. On one side, heathen inscriptions in Greek and Latin, of various nations; on the other, Christian inscriptions of the ancient Roman Christians, innumerable. How unspeakably interesting! Not one had any Popish aspect or word. Almost the universal termination was, '*in pace.*' Sometimes, '*felicissima in pace.*' The symbol of Christ at the top, and 'in pace' at the bottom, exhibited their Christian faith. The whole testimony is powerfully against Romanism—first, *negatively*, because none of them show any sign of it; secondly, *positively*, because Purgatory, had it been then believed as Rome teaches it, would not have

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allowed them to write '*in pace.*' He who believes he goes to *Purgatory* to real pains, when he dies, cannot die '*in pace.*' The walls of the Vatican are thus covered for a hundred yards with evidences against its own thunders.

VISIT TO CAMBRIDGE. — PREACHES IN TRINITY CHURCH.—VISIT TO THE ARCHBISHOP.—RETURNS TO CAMBRIDGE, AND RECEIVES THE DEGREE OF D.C.L.

Addington, Dec. 8th, 1858.

TO MRS. MCILVAINE:

I write now from the dear Archbishop's, at his beautiful country-seat near Croydon. N—— and M—— are here also. We came yesterday, in consequence of two special letters from the Archbishop, requesting us to stay two days. How kind! But before I come to our visit here, I must go back to last Friday, when our last letters were finished. . . . .

Saturday, we took the train to Cambridge (from London) to spend Sunday and Monday. When we got there, we found Mr. Clayton, who succeeded Mr. Carus in Trinity Church (Simeon's), at the station to receive us. The first thing we saw were notes on our table from the Master of Trinity, Dr. Whewell, and Lady Affleck, his wife, inviting us to the 'Lodge.'

Clayton asked me to preach twice. I consented to preach once, on Sunday morning, where Carus and dear old Simeon used to preach; you will think me pretty bold. I had not thought of such a thing when I left London, and thus had no sermon; and to preach extempore in Cambridge was alarming. I *was* a little alarmed at the prospect. But I prayed for quietness of mind and simplicity; and to be enabled to realize so much the Lord's presence that I should forget myself and everybody else, and think only of the Lord's work and care nothing for man. This I prayed for *much;*

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and before I went to church, my mind was quite calm and easy, and I was thankful. There was a full church, and I preached with entire ease to myself, and as little disturbed as if I were in the little chapel at Clifton; and my head stood it well. But Clayton had got me to consent to speak on the Revival at home, on Monday night in his church; and I supposed it would be a private affair; when, lo! it was given out in church, and advertized in handbills all over Cambridge. Now I began to be a little troubled, especially lest I should try my head too much. After our morning service, we were taken by the Master of Caius College (Dr. Guest), who was most remarkably kind and attentive to us all through our visit, to his Lodge in the College to lunch. Then we were to go to St. Mary's, the University church, to hear the select preacher. Lady Affleck met the girls at the door, and then Dr. Whewell took them to the best seats for ladies. I was then taken by him to the room, where the heads of houses wait for the Vice-Chancellor, and whence they then go to their seats. I found them assembled; and presently the Vice-Chancellor entered, preceded by the (Esquire) Bedells. He requested me to walk with him; and in the gallery, where the heads of houses sit opposite the pulpit, to take the seat assigned for noblemen when present, on his right; so we entered. It was a wonderful sight. Nowhere else in the world can such a congregation be seen: the nave below occupied by the Fellows of Colleges, and citizens, etc. The two great side-galleries, and one at the back of the pulpit,* holding a vast assembly, filled with undergraduates in gowns: all seemed attentive to the sermon. Oh, what a field for a bold, searching, striving, earnest preaching of Christ! . . . . After that we went to King's College (Simeon's), and attended evening prayers in their glorious Gothic chapel, the pride of Cambridge.

* The pulpit then stood in the centre of the nave facing the East.

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The music was exceedingly good, choral, but unlike that of S. Chapel, as only the heart-singing of a great congregation can be. Then we went to the Master's Lodge in Trinity College; and Dr. Whewell and his wife took us to the service in that chapel—Carus's Chapel. Trinity was his college, and Sir Isaac Newton's, etc. The girls were taken by Lady Affleck to a private gallery, just over the Master's seat, whence they had a perfect sight. The Master put me in the noblemen's seats next to him. Think of this large and venerable chapel *filled*, literally filled with about five hundred undergraduates, besides fellows and choristers, all in surplices. What a spectacle! Apart from all other considerations, it was most striking; they had the whole Evening-Prayer, with magnificent choral music and an anthem. After that, we spent an hour or two at the Master's Lodge. Next day, Monday, began by breakfast at Mr. Clayton's rooms in Caius College; lunched at Dr. Guest's, then Carus arrived at one to be with us. We all dined at Dr. Guest's; and then came my sermon about the Revival, in Trinity Church. I was quite tranquil and at my ease, and delivered my testimony with confidence. There were many of the University present, undergraduates and fellows, clergy, tutors, etc. I am glad I did it: they were much impressed. The Regius-Professor of Divinity, Dr. Jeremie, spoke to me next day about it in a good deal of feeling, saying—'I wish you could come here often.' Next morning we breakfasted with the Regius-Professor of Divinity in Trinity College: he had invited the two other Professors of Divinity, Selwyn and Browne,* to meet us, but the former could not come. He sent a good note of excuse, which I keep. Then we took train, and returned to London. What a happy visit to Cambridge! N—— and M—— were

* The present Bishop of Winchester.

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delighted beyond measure; and certainly they did receive all sorts of kind attention. . . . . After being at our lodgings in London awhile, we went to make a visit to the Archbishop of Canterbury, at Addington, where this letter was begun. We arrived at Croydon about 5 P.M., and found there the kind Archbishop's carriage waiting for us to take us three miles to Addington Park. There we met the ladies of the family whom you saw. That evening, Mr. Goode,* Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers of Beckenham, and others, came to dine, and some stayed all night. The Archbishop expounded that evening, and next morning at prayers in the chapel. Next day we spent the morning as we pleased, writing or walking. The Archbishop took us a walk all about the beautiful grounds. After lunch, we went in his carriage to see the dear people, at Beckenham, for a short visit, about half-an-hour's drive. I saw my old friend Dr. Marsh, as bright as ever. Dear Miss Marsh is required to keep her room for a long time, overworked, as I have been; but she said she *must* see us, so we all went into her room; she makes a great impression on me. We rode back to Addington, dined, and returned to London that night. I never before had so much and such delightful conversation with the venerable and beloved Archbishop upon religious subjects. He is so clear and positive and simple in his Gospel views. I have seen no one in England who more entirely appreciates the Revival at home, understands it, confides in it, and sees the hand of God in it. This morning, December 10, I came to Cambridge again, leaving the girls at our rooms in London, where Mr. Carus was to join them to-day; and here I am now, writing from Cambridge at the end of the day this part of my letter. When here on Monday, I was requested to come up to-day, when certain persons, as the new

* Afterwards Dean of Ripon.

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Bishop of Nelson, New Zealand, the new Bishop of Ely, etc., etc., were to receive degrees; and let them confer on me the same degree as they had given me at Oxford —an *ad eundem* degree of D.C.L. I got here this morning at twelve. I went to the Senate House in a black gown. There I found an assemblage of gowns-men, of all degrees, besides ladies; the Vice-Chancellor presiding. Presently I was requested to put on the Doctor's robe. They cheered me as I entered, and when I advanced in the robe, and whatever I did. I am now a member of Cambridge as well as Oxford. At the end of the day I dined in the common hall of Caius College with thirty-five fellows and tutors, etc., besides the undergraduates, my place being on the right of the Master. And now that I have brought my narrative down to this moment, here I am staying in the Lodge of the Master of Caius, who has been, with many others, so kind and assiduously attentive that I feel it most deeply.

THE ANNUAL CLERICAL MEETING AT ISLINGTON.

Saturday, January 15th, 1859.

TO REV. W. CARUS:

. . . . We had a delightful and, I think, a very profitable clerical meeting at Islington. The room was very full—200 present. Bishop Carr presided in place of John Cunningham, prevented by a bad cold from coming. There were very many friends and brethren whom I had known years ago, and whom it was such a pleasure to see again—and to my daughter it was a great gratification to see so many of whom she had heard, and to converse with them; as Mr. Ryle, the Elliotts, Mr. Venn, Mr. Bridges, Mr. F. Cunningham, Dr. Wilson, Dr. Miller, Mr. Marsden, Mr. Wilks, and dear Dallas and Clayton were there. The spirit of the meeting seemed very devotional, and the character of

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those present, judging from their looks, highly intellectual. It looked like a meeting of much weight of character. Dallas made a most interesting and instructive address on Ireland. Dr. Miller (afterwards Canon of Rochester), Mr. Magee (afterwards Bishop of Peterborough), Mr. Ryle (afterwards Bishop of Liverpool), did well also. Mr. Venn, Mr. Clayton, Mr. Lumsden, and Mr. Freemantle (afterwards Dean of Ripon), took part in the prayers. I was particularly pleased with Mr. Clayton's prayer. All were highly spiritual, devotional, and edifying. Though I spoke twice, and the room was so filled as to be very close, I do not think I took any injury. The earnestness for a revival of God's work seemed very great. The Lord hear and send the Holy Spirit to the churches. We stayed three nights at Mr. Wilson's. In his study is the couch the dear Bishop, his father, died on. Oh, may I have grace to meet death as he did, strong in faith! I told Mr. Dallas I should not have time to go to Wonston again. He seemed much disappointed. I love him exceedingly. On Monday night we expect to get to Mr. Eden's, and that will be our last visit away from London, till we leave it for the ship. . . . . The time draws near for *our* departure. I leave England to see its beloved scenes no more; to part with beloved brethren till we meet in our Saviour's kingdom. It is a sad thought to me, much as I enjoy the thought of home. How deeply I feel the great kindness and affection we have received! My daughter will carry home a deep impression of all.

On board Ship, Feb. 20th, 1859.

TO REV. W. CARUS.

. . . . This morning, at twelve o'clock, we had a full service. I preached on parts of Isaiah 55th. All the passengers of the two cabins, except one who is called an Italian priest, and another his companion, who

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is said to be a Jesuit (both of them second-class passengers) attended; even the French players, most of whom understood no English. They behaved very well—probably the first Protestant worship they ever saw. The Lord bless England this day—all its congregations—all its clergy and teachers—all the efforts of her people to do good to souls—Winchester, and especially our beloved *home* there, and Farnham and that dear household there. The Lord hear the prayers of His people in England for a great outpouring of His Spirit on her churches, her Universities, her favoured population of every class. The Lord revive His work in my own land—confirm, establish, quicken, and convert—till Satan is cast out, and his kingdom cast down and trampled under foot. It is now nearly 4 P.M. here, and almost 7 at your house. I can see you all, almost *hear* you. 'He will *abundantly* pardon.' That was part of my subject to-day. O dear ones of my heart, what grace shall we have to praise, who hope we have shared in that *abundant* pardon. Let us *abound* in hope, when God thus abounds in grace.

ON THE REVIVAL IN AMERICA.—PRAYER AMONG THE STUDENTS AT GAMBIER FOR ENGLAND.

Cincinnati, March 18, 1859.

TO REV. W. CARUS.

. . . . It is a precious comfort to me that you think my visit to England did good. I know I got good by it: not only in bodily health, but in the heart and spirit. Such sweet fellowship with God's people! How could I help it? I thank my dear Bishop (Sumner) for saying what you tell me he said about his feelings when he thinks of not seeing me again. If *he* feels this, what must I? Tender and warm, indeed, is my love for him, joined with the greatest respect. He and I could never be other than of one mind; and sad it is, indeed, to think I have, probably, seen him for the last time *on earth*. Oh, these are heart-aches.

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I found the revival not materially different in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Baltimore, etc., from what it was when I left home. The great meetings attended in the same degree, and conversions frequent in the churches. I hear of it as much the same in other places. In Cincinnati the chief daily meeting between eight and nine is well attended; but the *extent* of the feeling has decreased, while I have no reason to believe that the conversions have not been genuine. I hear nothing to diminish my confidence in the simplicity of the work of grace; apparently feeble means, much prayer, and remarkable blessings are still characteristics. At Gambier I addressed the students, officers, and people, on my way home, about dear England: told them what lovingkindness we had received; what a kind spirit there is among our English brethren towards this land; what a spirit of prayer for a revival of God's work in England—how I thought there was now an important revival begun—told them about *your* meeting for and with your poor people in Winchester—the ordination at Fareham—the clerical meeting at Islington, etc.: and said in the end, '*Pray for England and England's Church.*' And then we did all pray for *dear England* and her Church. One of the students has since written to me, that *three* years ago a little meeting of a few was set up to pray for the Church of England. The other day I received a very affecting anonymous letter from Clapham (London), written by one who describes herself as a lady of seventy-two years, with a *cold, dead heart*, asking me to obtain the prayers of one of our meetings for herself and a brother of near seventy—who, she says, is not even a moral man. How affecting! I will perform her request, and may God hear! What a prayer that very note asking me for prayer is! . . . . When you write to the Bishop (Sumner) give him my whole heart of love. I remember him and his, and you and yours,

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constantly in prayer, and have a sweet pleasure in it. Farewell, my beloved brother, and dear Mrs. Carus.

Yours, most affectionately,

CHAS. P. MCILVAINE.

THE BISHOP'S PRAYER FOR ENGLAND AND HIS FRIENDS THERE.

Cincinnati, April 23, 1859.

TO REV. W. CARUS.

. . . I wrote recently to our dear Bishop. To-morrow (Easter Sunday) I intend to wear dear Mr. Simeon's cassock, as I officiate in Christ Church, Cincinnati.* Oh for the garment of the Spirit that anointed and invested him! I shall think of his words: '*Now, Simeon, don't trifle.*'† I did not find myself as strong in my head to bear such preaching work, as I have been accustomed to do on my visitations of the churches. My head felt badly, I cannot preach more than about twice a week, besides confirmations, addresses at confirmations, and all the other duty—especially *the care*. What pleasure we take in praying for you all; and as in our family worship we speak of those in England, how thought speeds to you and those in Farnham, and then flies over all England and points to this, and that one for a blessing; and settles upon the universities and churches and the prayer meetings, upon Wonston and Southampton, etc., and then compasses the whole land, and begs the Spirit upon all. I never prayed for the descent of the Holy Ghost as now. We hear encouraging things from the Old Country. I *feel* that a great blessing is coming on you. But *war* seems, alas, too certain! What desolations must attend it! The Lord cover England with His shield.

* This cassock was the last worn by Mr. Simeon, and given after his death to the Bishop.

† Alluding to Mr. Simeon's remarks on looking at Henry Martyn's picture, which was ever before him in his sitting-room, and which seemed to say to him: '*Don't trifle—don't trifle.*'

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CHAPTER X.

CONSECRATION OF BISHOP BEDELL.

1859—1860.

ELECTION OF DR. GREGORY THURSTON BEDELL AS ASSISTANT-BISHOP.

Cincinnati, June 14th, 1859.

TO REV. W. CARUS.

. . . . My active work is ended for the present; and I know not for how long. I have visited and confirmed in, and addressed thirty-three parishes since I returned, and travelled a great deal. Towards the last, though I was careful, I stopped preaching entirely; my head became troubled; and now I can only write a short time without feeling wrong there. My physician says that I must not do anything at all of a mental kind that can be avoided; and moreover, that, had I stayed abroad six months longer, I probably should have been well. But the Lord has ordered all right. During my visitations, I had the pleasure of seeing many encouraging evidences of the work of God. You know that in my diocese the number *confirmed* is the number admitted to the communion; and that, therefore, the preparation for Confirmation is the spiritual preparation for the Lord's Supper—in other words, candidates are received only on a personal profession to the pastor of a hope that they have truly given themselves to the Lord in repentance and faith, etc. I do not know of more than some five or six of my clergy who admit on lower terms. They being inclined to the sacramental views, lean to another platform. Well, in the thirty-three parishes, of which was only one of that sort, the number so received was considerably more than double the previous Confirmation, or any other in the same parishes. The average interval between the former visitation and the

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last to the same parishes is about eighteen months. The Lord be praised for this.

In consequence of the state of my health, and the necessity of relieving me of a great deal of my burden at the Convention of the Diocese, about ten days since, an Assistant-Bishop was elected, under circumstances very gratifying to me, and calling for a great deal of thankfulness to God. The Convention was exceedingly orderly and prompt. On the first day, after my address, in which I spoke briefly of my health, a committee was moved for and appointed to consider and report on that part of the address. They soon reported the necessity of electing an Assistant-Bishop. It was approved by a strong vote, some six or seven only out of one hundred and seventy-three, clergy and laity, voted against it. The next day, at 10 A.M., was fixed on for the election. At that hour, nominations were made. Then a space of silent prayer, all kneeling where they sat in the church; then the clergy proceeded to vote for a person to be thus nominated to the laity. As each name on the roll was called by the secretary, the clergyman came forward to where the tellers stood, before my seat (presiding), and deposited his ballot: clerical vote finished and counted. The laity voted and confirmed the nomination by eighty-six to twenty-four. Of the latter probably one-half would have been for Dr. B. on a second ballot. After the laity had balloted, the minority expressed a cordial assent, and moved that the election be recorded *unanimous*. The whole business was as quietly done as if we had been doing the least exciting of all work. The great gratification is that, in the largest Convention ever held in Ohio, there was such decision and determination in choosing for my assistant and my successor, if he survive me, one who is so entirely of my mind, and who will enter so cordially into all the views and policy that I have endea-

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voured to sustain. It is universally considered a most decided, as it is an almost unanimous, declaration of the diocese, that the flag which I have nailed to the mast is to be kept there.

NOTE ON THE ELECTION OF DR. BEDELL. BISHOP McILVAINE'S PEACEFUL ANTICIPATION OF SOON DYING.

Last Friday, June 3rd, the Convention elected an Assistant-Bishop, the Rev. G. T. Bedell. The choice was gratifying to me, because of the good man elected, and because he was elected by such strength of vote as showed the determination of the diocese to sustain the policy, the doctrine, etc, which have marked my Episcopate. The Lord be praised for this. In the prospect of being soon removed from hence, it relieves my mind to think that my office will fall to one in whose piety, knowledge of the truth, wisdom, and faithfulness I have so much confidence. Now, gracious Master, order all influences bearing on the mind of that brother, so that he may see what his duty is, and come to us heartily and devotedly, if Thou dost approve the choice. But all this, how it speaks to me of my nearness to my last week on earth and my departure hence! I expect to die suddenly—most likely it will be by sudden stroke of insensibility. Blessed Lord, I have no request to make in that regard, but whatever the mode, and whenever the time, *Thou* wilt be with me. I trust Thy grace to be sufficient for me, to be my help, my need, *a very present help.* I earnestly desire to glorify Thee by a lively hope at the last. But if it please Thee that I go too suddenly to do that, Thy will be done. I am amazed at the little dread and feeling of sadness that I have in surveying, as so near, my end, and in realizing, as I do, how very uncertain is each day. I can think

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and speak of going as if it were a pleasing journey home; the darkness of the valley is overlooked in the bright vision of the blessedness beyond. The prospect seems familiar. All here seems as it is but for a day or two. Eternity — the home of the people of God — stands always in sight. I feel that I have a home and treasure there. And why? Simply, dear blessed Jesus, because Thou art there—my life, my refuge, my righteousness, all my hope; and I trust I am Thine, in Thee, a true believer, a living branch of Thee, the Vine. Whenever I think of eternity, instantly all my thoughts and hopes and affections run to Thee. O Lord, give me more of Thy Spirit of life, that I may have more of this witnessing that I am Thine. Be indeed my inheritance. 'Let me not be ashamed of my hope.' Jesus, hold me up when I go down to death, and fill me with the joy of Thy presence.

ON THE HARMONY AMONGST HIS CLERGY.—EARLY PRAYER MEETING OF BISHOPS, CLERGY, AND LAITY.

Cincinnati, December 2nd, 1859.

TO REV. W. CARUS.

. . . Your letter supplied me with materials for a speech at a meeting of a similar sort — on what the Church of England is doing for missions, etc. Much obliged to you for the digest. It was a meeting of about forty of the clergy of the diocese to meet and greet my Assistant-Bishop at his first entrance on his work, composed of the clergy residing in the part he was then going to visit. There was besides a large congregation of laity, and we spent three days together in different devotional and other religious exercises. God has greatly blessed me in my assistant. He was consecrated at the General Convention in October, which met at Richmond, Virginia. Four other Bishops were then made—two for new fields—men all of whom are pre-

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pared to rejoice in the best success of any good and faithful preacher of the Gospel. Some of them go to very large, hard, and untamed fields, on the outside of our civilization, where new countries are being populated, and their institutions are yet to be founded—fields which, I think, are more trying—where the heart of affectionate refinement sickens more for want of its own element —than in China or India. In the latter, if the institutions are evil, they have formed the people to a sort of order and respectfulness and civilization. Our General Convocation was very pleasant. I have never attended one so harmonious, or evincing so much religious spirit. There was at no time, on any subject, a drawing of party lines . . . *Moderate* High Churchmanship (united with a manifest growth of religious spirit and missionary zeal and of disposition to affiliate with those, whom men of extreme Church views are wont to repudiate as Churchmen), was the feature of that part of the Convention, which one would not call, and which does not desire, the name of Evangelical, but prefers to be called by a name more *Churchy*. It was a good sign of the state of things, that at 7 A.M. every day for two weeks and a half, (the session of the Convention) there was kept up a prayer-meeting in one of the largest of the churches, attended by Bishops and Presbyters, and a full congregation of laity, at which the prominent topics of prayer were the Lord's blessing on the Convention, on the Bishops to be consecrated, and the outpouring of the Spirit on all our churches. Often clergymen not in the habit of attending such meetings were there. There was a strong manifestation of interest in, and prayer for the work of God in England, Ireland, and Scotland, and God's blessing especially on the Church of England. . . .

I am now enjoined not to preach, but I *feel* so well when the attacks are not present, that I find it very difficult to realize that I should not. But my head has

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not since last August been affected by writing, as it was before. All, however, teaches me that I walk on the edge of the grave, and near, very near eternity. Literally and peculiarly do I not know what a day may bring forth. All the while I think of the nearness of the time when I shall lay aside this tabernacle. And what effect has it? It makes me feel the exceeding preciousness of our dear Lord and Saviour, as my refuge, righteousness, strength, peace, joy. I cannot realize *dying*, because *living* is in all my thoughts—living more than ever, in a better country—living *at home*, where the death of the present life is all passed away. 'As thy day, so shall thy strength be;' 'My grace is sufficient for thee'—these are the assurances I lean on when the time of dissolution comes in view. Oh, dear Carus, how precious the Lord is, when such a trial is near; and how sweet it will be to feel that *we do not want*, and that *He is* with us, and His rod and staff do comfort us, when we go through the shadow of death! I had a nice letter from dear Mr. Milford recently, saying that *our* Bishop (Sumner)—blessings upon him! had been in Ireland inspecting the Irish Church missions, and the revival in Ireland (Dallas and Jacob with him; how I should like to have been there also!), and that he was convinced, not only that there had been no exaggeration of the excellence of the work of the missions, but that the revival is genuine as a work of God's Spirit. I am rejoiced at that testimony. The Bishop of Down writes me in the same confidence. McNeile, I see, has also been, and gives the same opinion. As to the extravagances and bodily manifestations, though certainly much to be deplored, yet how can we wonder? What is a community of many thousands massed together, but just a *mass* of individuals; and if we do not reject, as a work of delusion, a religious impression on the mind of an individual, because in its conflict with the

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old man there appears much that is flesh and not Spirit, why shall we not understand, that a mass of such individuals shall exhibit much, that is decidedly of *the flesh*, and peculiar to the circumstances of thousands, being thus massed together and kindling each other's sympathies, without feeling that we must deny that there is among them the Spirit of God? I hear that meetings for prayer and their attendants are much increased in London. 'The Lord reigneth;' and the promise is yet to come for the Spirit *poured out on all flesh.*

ON HIS BIRTHDAY AND THE CLERICAL MEETING AT WYMONDHAM.

TO REV. W. CARUS. *Cincinnati, January 18th*, 1860.

I write to you on my 61st birthday. I have given the day to its associations, and who should be thought of, if not you—associated with so many of 'the days of the years of my life': so nearly, so dearly joined. My text to-day is, '*By the grace of God, I am what I am*'—not that *I am much*, for I think nobody knows how little I think I am *truly*. But whatever I am, except as a sinner, the grace of God is the whole of it. Paul brought all *he* was, and laid it there. A very great way, indeed, behind him, and multitudes of others who followed him as he followed Christ; may I be permitted to do likewise! That grace I trust for all the future. It *has been* sufficient for me—it *will be* sufficient. It has abounded unto me. I trust in Christ that He will make it still more abound; and especially that as my day is, it shall also be: and that when the day is the *dying* day, the grace will be the very *fulness* of Christ. In your letter of Dec. 2, you speak of your visit to that blessed old man, Mr. Tacy, and tell me how he remembered me, and how he prays for my dear son. How I love that dear, venerable servant of God—his bright, buoyant, glad, vigorous, loving spirit—his heart like the song of

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the skylark flying towards the heavens. To-day, that meeting held at Mr. Eden's in Wymondham, of thirty clergy (this day last January to meet me—and when we spent all the day together in conference and prayer), is to meet again, and I have written a letter to be read to them. I suppose my letter has been read to-day, and I love to think of those dear brethren assembled together. I can see their faces—I meet them at the throne of grace. I think of Mr. Tacy, and dear old blind Mr. Sharp, and good, kind, affectionate Mr. Eden, and all the others.

. . . . I rejoice that our dear Bishop (Sumner) has taken that decided and vigorous step. It will give the Bishop much pain. All such duties are great trials. But the example is of great value—independently of the vindication of the Church and the truth. I trust it will be successful in the issue. At any rate the Bishop will clear his conscience. I honour him for it, and pray he may be guided, sustained, blessed in it . . . . Last week was one, I trust, of a great union of prayer for the outpouring of the Spirit in America, Great Britain, France, and all the missionary stations of the world. I am rejoiced to read of the great increase of a spirit of prayer, for the work of grace to come to England. There is a great expectation of great things in store for that wonderful isle of the sea. Certainly the marvellous Providence, that saved her India rule, indicates some great design of God. The revival in Ireland, Scotland, Wales, is a mark of an era. I cannot but think these are only the beginning of harvest. There are indications here of a renewal of the revival of last year. The great prophetic period—at least that, which interpreters of prophecy have so concurred in anticipating as a period of great moment, 1866—is so near. Do not these revivals stand in interesting connection with that event? Then the state of the power of the Beast, and that of the

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Turkish power, and, I may add, the threatening aspect of this American Republic; for though I believe the Union will weather the storm, yet I believe it was never so in danger since the attempt of Brown to raise a servile war.

On Simeon's Patience under Opposition.

Clifton, alias Home, March 2nd, 1860.

To Rev. W. Carus.

What a remarkable period in dear Mr. Simeon's life was that, in which he endured so patiently the closing of his church against him for a second service, and the locking of the pews during all services, for so many years; and his favourite verse that so often checked him, when he thought of using the law to open the doors—'The servant of the Lord must not strive.' I think that part of his history was one of the strongest exhibitions of his Master's spirit, because it was so contrary to the peculiar impulsiveness, and *uppishness* of his natural temperament. You see I am *at* Mr. Simeon again. Yes, I am again reading your Memoir of that dear and very remarkable character and minister. I admire him more than ever. Oh for a great revival of just such religion—such devotedness to the simple Word of God—such faithful adherence to great Gospel doctrine—such a heart for Christ! I am reading the English edition which you gave me, and all the while I am *with you.* So I have a double pleasure. I found that Mr. S—— encountered just what I do, in similar circumstances, when he was called to abstain from work on account of health. Each one said, 'begin, after you have just preached here,' 'to-morrow rest,' 'but for us you may venture.' I know Cambridge now so well, that I the more enjoy the book. But I take it only in short portions, as a sort of morning *stimulant.* The life of Bishop

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Wilson is in the press in this country, but has not yet appeared. I want very much to see it. I had a two-sheet letter from Lord Shaftesbury, speaking strongly of the blessing on the prayer-meetings in London—of the effects of opening the theatres for religious services—of his fear of rationalism in the Church—and of the Italian aspect of affairs. We have some hope he may visit us this spring. The American Bible Society have invited him to be present at the anniversary in May, but have not heard from him in answer. How glad should I be to receive him.

THE HYMN 'JUST AS I AM' CHOSEN FOR THE CLOSE OF THE CONVENTION.

At the Convention of my Diocese this year (1860), I was requested in writing, by a large number of clergy, to reinstate the practice of calling the clergy, at the close of Convention, around the chancel, and making a parting address to them. This I had been accustomed to do on the Sunday night, at the end of the services, uniting it with a hymn and extempore prayer. At the request above-mentioned, I concluded to renew it this year, at an evening service near the close of the Convention. And now I intend to continue it as long as God shall enable me. It is a good opportunity of leaving a solemn, devotional, affectionate impression on the clergy, and of cementing bonds of spiritual union.

I had chosen a sweet hymn to be sung, and had it printed on cards; and I have adopted it for all time to come, as long as I shall be here, as *my hymn*, always to be sung on such occasions, and always to the same tune. It is that precious hymn by Miss Elliott, '*Just as I am without one plea*,' etc., which so beautifully expresses the very essence of the Gospel.

That hymn contains my religion, my theology, my

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hope. It has been my ministry to preach just what it contains. In health it expresses all my refuge: in death I desire that I may know nothing else, for support and consolation, but what it contains. When I am gone, I wish to be remembered in association with that hymn. I wish that all my ministry may be so associated—'*Just as I am—without one plea—but that Thy blood was shed for me—and that Thou bid'st me come to Thee—O Lamb of God, I come.*' I have no other plea: I can come in no other way. O Lord, help me so to come, in more simplicity and strength of trust; in more of that love which true faith always works by, in more of that '*peace in believing*' which strong faith imparts; in more ability to mount, above the sense of my deep unworthiness, to a full embracing of Thy promises; not feeling the less unworthy, but resting more in Thy merits; not the less realizing how all my righteousness is but filthy rags, but more entirely putting on by faith Thine own—Thee, blessed Lord, who Thyself art my righteousness.

[This beautiful hymn is here inserted entire, though so well known, in case any readers of this work should not be acquainted with it.]

Just as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee—
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot—
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears, within, without—
O Lamb of God, I come.

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Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind:
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find—
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe—
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down:
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone—
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—of that free love,
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove:
Here for a season, then above—
O Lamb of God, I come.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND HIS SUITE ON LEAVING CANADA AND ENTERING THE UNITED STATES, COME TO CINCINNATI.

TO REV. W. CARUS. *Cincinnati*, 1860.

. . . But I must tell you about the Prince of Wales. Think of his having spent about a half-hour with his suite last Saturday *in my house.* They got here on Saturday morning last. I had appointed to see the Duke of Newcastle early for arrangements about church next day. So I went; and during our conversation I expressed the pleasure I should have, in the party during their expected drive into the country, alighting at

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my humble house. He immediately said it should be done. I knew none of the suite but Sir Henry Holland, who had been to my house a week before, while in separation from the party. . . . . The carriage with four greys, an open barouche, containing the Prince, the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Lyons (ambassador at Washington), and Earl St. Germains appeared. The next contained Major-General Bruce, etc. There were four or five carriages, containing all the party. . . . The Prince shook hands with us all. They remained some twenty or thirty minutes. . . . . From my house they drove, and I with them, to that of one of my neighbours, a very handsome mansion in very handsome grounds, where they partook of a splendid repast. . . . . While the party strolled in the grounds, I walked alone with the Prince, and at the table sat between him and the Duke of Newcastle ; so that I was altogether at my house, and there, quite a half-hour with the Prince nearly alone. Next day, Sunday, all attended at St. John's, Cincinnati, where pews were set apart for them ; and I preached on Rev. vii. 9, 10. My pew, in which all my family were, was the next behind theirs. No notice was taken in any way of the presence of the visitors (which was my taste and the particular desire of the Duke), except that in the prayer for the President of the United States and all others in authority, which is nearly word for word that of yours for the Queen, I had the words '*the Queen of Great Britain*' placed after the President. It was the first service of any kind, except that little matter on the Prairie, which they had attended in the United States ; the first time any of them, perhaps, but Sir H. Holland had witnessed the service of our American Episcopal Church. I was glad that, for the first, they had so favourable a specimen; for the church is good, and the congregation was most orderly, and everything went on well. I was

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thankful for the opportunity of preaching the simple plain Gospel on such an occasion. The impression everywhere is most favourable. The people of all grades, except the foreign population, in which there is simply no American feeling, are delighted with the opportunity of showing him, and through him, his honoured mother in England, the utmost respect. Everybody thinks the visit will do great good, drawing the two countries together—making America and England realize how much they are one. From Cincinnati they went to Washington, receiving exhibitions of respect and attention all the way, just as if it was the Queen going through England. The Prince was domiciled with the President. To-day they are in Richmond, Virginia; next, they go to New York, where there will be a great reception; then to Boston; and then sail for home.

Now I must come to other matters. You would wonder to see how, by God's mercy and goodness, my health has improved. Since last June the change is remarkable. My head-troubles seem to have departed. My strength has much increased. I preach now, and write, without any unpleasant effects. I have got back to full work. So that I have been getting up a little book. I have taken my discourse on the Holy Catholic Church, which was reprinted in England several years ago—taken away its sermon form—re-written it—greatly enlarged it—divided it into chapters, and made a book of about 150 pages, called '*The true Temple;* or, *The Holy Catholic Church and Communion of Saints.*' It is now just coming out. . . . .

Yours, most lovingly,

C. P. McILVAINE.

Since the above I have a letter from Sir Henry Holland, who sails to-day, in which, to my great gratifi-

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cation as an American, he says as follows: 'It is impossible that anything should have been better than the Prince's reception at Washington. Speaking generally, indeed, of his progress since he entered the United States, not an incident has occurred which we should have wished otherwise.' *Thanks for that.*

In a subsequent letter (Nov. 10th) the Bishop writes: 'Of the *real feeling* here on the reception of the Prince, it has been a most happy visit in the wonderfully good feeling it has called out, and in the good it will do.'

And again: 'I was so glad you understood our pleasure in the Prince's visit to our house. Yesterday came a long and interesting letter from dear Lord Shaftesbury all about England, Europe, etc. He gratified me by the information that my letter to him, giving an account of the reception of the Prince in this country—the feeling—the excellent demeanour of the Prince, pretty much like what I wrote to the Bishop of Winchester, was sent to the Prince Consort, and that he directed Colonel Phipps to express to Lord Shaftesbury the gratification its contents had given him.'

ON RE-VISITING WEST POINT, AND MEETING THERE THE PRINCE OF WALES.

TO REV. G. W. DUBOIS. *Cincinnati, Oct. 31st,* 1860.

DEAR W——,

I returned from the east on Monday, having been absent three weeks and three days. I enjoyed much my visit to your brother while at the Board of Missions in New Haven. The following Sunday I spent at West Point, and enjoyed exceedingly preaching to the cadets again, the first time since I left there thirty-three years ago. It seemed the same congregation. At night I attended, in one of the barrack-rooms, a prayer-meeting at which were thirty or thirty-five cadets. It is under Lieutenant Howard—dear fellow! how I enjoyed it. I

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found traditions of my ministry very fresh there. One cadet said on Monday, 'If the Bishop should preach to us, the whole corps would be converted in six weeks'—dear fellow, he little knew. At the end of the meeting one of the cadets asked me, if I remembered a cadet named Field, when I was there. I said no, and asked his year—it was 1826. I said he could have been there only in my last year. He said he wanted to thank me for my ministry—for it was his father, and he was converted then. On Monday the Prince of Wales was received. I was at Colonel Delafield's when he entered; and when the officers and several others were to be presented, I was in the passage; the first person he saw after coming inside the front door was myself. He immediately came to shake hands, as did all the chief persons of the suite. I had a good deal of conversation at the reception with him and also with the Duke and Lord Lyons.

During the Prince's residence in America (and, indeed, ever afterwards) the Bishop had the honour of receiving, on more than one occasion, proofs of his regard. At West Point the Prince invited him to come to his hotel, though the hour was late, and there received him with marked kindness. And when driving in his open carriage, on recognizing the Bishop walking at some distance, he at once drove up to him—stopped the carriage, and graciously alighted to converse with him. When the Bishop subsequently visited England, from time to time, he was honoured with several special marks of the Prince's esteem, who took occasion to express his pleasant remembrance of their first meeting in America.

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Recollections of West Point.—To Colonel Thayer.

West Point, October 15th, 1860.

My very dear Colonel,

How often have I desired, and almost begun to write to you, to revive the manifestation of the affectionate remembrances of our relations, and joint existences when we lived here, and the expression of my undiminished respect and attachment! And now that I am here, in the scene of your great wisdom and effectiveness as regards this institution, and of my youthful ministry, which God so graciously honoured and blessed, I cannot but obey my strong impulse *now and here* to write you. Nothing is more unchanged here than where you lived. Almost all else is changed. But everywhere as I stroll about, I see the marks of your hand, and remembrances of your superintendence. Alas! all things, however improved in outward extension and convenience and appliance, are not in real internal *quality*, and fitness as they were. Like the government of the country, and for the same causes, there is a running down, a decline, an unpinning of the machine. Bartlett, at whose house I stay, says, what is here of good yet, is the continuance of the impulse you communicated. An old West Pointer as I am, loves thus to trace it. Yesterday I preached in chapel, the first time since I left the chaplaincy; indeed, the first time that I have been here on Sunday. But it was not in our old chapel, with you right before me at the other end, looking all *right*, as when I preached to General Macomb '*on the Sabbath day*'—which he had just split to pieces by a review in *his* honour. But I greatly enjoyed the opportunity, and at night I met about thirty-five cadets in a prayer-meeting. To-day the Prince of Wales comes here. He honoured my humble house,

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where you were so kind as to come and see us, with a visit—he and his suite—the first, and nearly only private house he has thus visited. He stayed about a half-hour.

My dear colonel, I hear your health is not good. You and I are drawing *near*. Oh, may all the precious hopes laid up in our Lord and Saviour for poor sinners, that flee to Him, fill your heart, illuminate your descent to the grave, make your last days your brightest, and prepare you for the rest, which remaineth for the people of God!

Your old and most affectionate friend,
CHARLES P. MCILVAINE.

I shall be at Cincinnati in about two weeks. Yesterday, at the end of my sermon I gave the cadets some remembrances of when I was here, greatly to Bartlett's pleasure. I said it was in the time of one, '*whose name I so much love and revere, Thayer;*' and then I mentioned, how you wrote out blank permits for cadets to come and see me, when they wished to converse with me. I do not know how Colonel Delafield took it; but I had no thought of treading on anybody's toes.

TO THE SAME.

West Point, November 21st, 1861.

MY VERY DEAR COLONEL,

Here I am writing in *your* house—in the room you used to dine in—and how can I help thinking of you all the while! So I must write a few lines of remembrance. I am expecting to sail on Saturday for England, hoping I may be of some use to our afflicted country, in the high social circles in which I usually associate there. I take two daughters with me; and as we had two or three days in New York, I have brought them here to see where I once lived and laboured. Colonel Bowman insisted that we should be his guests for the short time

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we are here. Thus I am in your house, and it is a great pleasure. I wish I could hear how you are, and how your mind bears the griefs of these terrible times. The more we love the dear land and the Union, the more must we suffer in heart till the great cause is triumphant.

Mrs. McIlvaine would be glad to send her love if she were here. I often think of you, dear Colonel, in reference to the last home to which you and I are drawing so near. I trust your heart has long found its sure resting-place in the Saviour's love and grace, in His atoning sacrifice and all-sufficient intercession, and that your present days are illumined and cheered and blessed by a sweet hope of acceptance *in Him* and *through Him.* To 'win Christ, and be found in Him,' was that, for which Paul counted all things but loss—*worthless.* So may you and I. There may we be found—safe in that Ark, when death comes—so I pray for you as for myself. Nothing could give me more delight, than to receive from you expressions of that hope and consolation—*thus founded.* My very dear friend, as I go away from the country, writing amidst these associations, I bid you farewell, and ask God's saving blessings upon you, remembering with great pleasure and affection our past relations, and hoping we shall be related as brethren in the kingdom of God to all eternity. . . . Good-bye.

Yours most affectionately,

CHARLES P. McILVAINE.

HIS LAST LETTER TO COLONEL (NOW GENERAL) THAYER, ON SENDING HIM A COPY OF 'THE TRUTH AND THE LIFE'—THE BAPTISM OF POLK.

Cincinnati, March 12th, 1872.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

It is not with the expectation of inducing you to make the effort, so difficult to you of writing to me again,

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that *I* write again, but to thank you with all my heart, for having written me that affectionate letter, showing how, at your great age, the spirit masters the infirmities of the body, and especially how delightfully your mind preserves its freshness and life-likeness (more than liveliness), and your affections their unstiffened attachments. Mrs. McIlvaine was delighted to read it, and talked about you for days after it came. I really think, that if either is the '*boy*,' in point of remnant of youth, it is not I; for while in the preservation of limbs *unmaimed*, many as have been my accidents and hurts, I have the advantage, it seems to be on your side as to mental soundness. The nature of my life—so much excitement of brain, and all the nervous organizations as centring there, during a ministry, of a great deal of work and care, of fifty-two years (forty of them in the office of a Bishop, next October)—has caused an excitableness in the head, which has often caused me to lie by, and now seems to have nearly terminated my ability for anything, beyond entire *quietness*. I had not heard of how you had been hurt and crippled; but how you could write so well with such a hand is a marvel. Some years ago I published a volume of sermons called '*The Truth and Life*,' and I want to have the pleasure of thinking that now, in your present years, you will read something of *mine*, some continuance of the *young chaplain* at West Point, and some improvement I hope. Perhaps some chords of association may be touched, that will call up times and seasons of my ministry in the old chapel—perhaps of that *Sunday when General Macomb was present*. By the way, do you remember the scene of the baptism of Cadet Polk in the chapel, and my having made a short address to him, and the other with him? and how, in response to some charge to be faithful, he broke out with a deep '*Amen*,' as if it came from *de profundis?* Well, after he was killed, I had a letter from

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a gentleman of Pennsylvania, a stranger, saying that on a certain Sunday he was stopping at West Point, and went to church when I baptized two cadets; and he remembered still my address almost in its words, and he recollected how he was impressed with the *Amen* of one of the baptized; that he had never lost the impression; that on hearing of Polk's death, it struck him that such was the name of the cadet, and he wrote me to inquire if it was so.

Well, but I have wandered. I was going to say about my sermons, that I am going to do myself the pleasure of sending you a copy by mail, either by the mail that will carry this, or one soon after. Please look at the note on page 439. And now, my good General, good-bye again. May the grace of God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, unite us for ever in the blessedness of His Kingdom.

Yours most affectionately,
CHAS. P. McILVAINE.

CHAPTER XI.

1860—1861.

ON THE PROSPECT OF THE CIVIL WAR.

TO REV. W. CARUS. *Cincinnati, Christmas Eve*, 1860.

I forget when I wrote last; but it *seems* a long time ago, whether it be or not. Christmas at any rate is the time to write again, in remembrance of Christmas two years ago—a rainy day, but so fragrant the memories of it—in your dear home and at the Cathedral; all so fresh, so sweet. Ah, my dear friend, we shall probably not meet again in this life, or this side the second advent of our Lord! But what, you will say, brings me so directly to *that?* I answer, the sad prospect of the cup of

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tribulation being soon passed to this country; in other words, '*the distress of nations with perplexity, the sea and waves roaring, men's hearts failing them for fear;*' is to all appearance now being fulfilled *here*, where we have supposed it least likely to come. When the Lord came first, the last experiment to *know without God* had been made and failed; then Christ came, *the Light* to shine. Now the last experiment of man to *govern without God* has been made, and we have proudly vaunted our self-government and felt very independent, etc., and we seem to be learning that we have failed; and now it is just about time, looking at the guidances, to expect our Lord to come again to *reign*. 'He cometh to judge' (to rule) 'the world in righteousness.' You have probably seen, from the English papers, the prospect of secession by some of the Southern States from the Union. Congress is now sitting; and scarcely anybody seems to hope that the Union will be preserved, without some new confederation; and meanwhile there is the prospect this winter of great suffering. The uncertainty destroys confidence in business; hence great numbers everywhere are thrown out of employment. The States are so bound together by trade, intercourse, family relationship, that the prospect of separation is most painful. All affects the interests of religion most deeply. The means of religious societies, such as Missionary, Tract, etc., already show the consequences painfully. It is much the darkest time we have ever had. We have pretty much abandoned hope in the wisdom of man for a remedy. All devices for conciliation seem to fail. Christian people are turning to God for help. I send you a Sermon I have lately preached, see the last two pages; also a Pastoral Letter to my diocese, and a Prayer for the Churches. The President of the United States has recommended the 4th of January to be observed as a day of fasting

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and prayer on account of these troubles. I send a copy of the form of prayer, which I have put out accordingly. Other Bishops have done the same. I hope our English brethren will pray for us. How impressively such troubles come up to the mind, as connected with the state of things elsewhere. . . . .

The gracious Lord preserve your dear old land in peace, and give us peace.

Yours most affectionately,
C. P. McILVAINE.

ON THE CONSECRATION OF CHRIST CHURCH, WINCHESTER. POLITICAL STATE OF AMERICA.

TO REV. W. CARUS, *January 1st*, 1861.

On this day, my dear friend Carus begins his first service in his new church. Yesterday it was consecrated. The dear Bishop (Sumner) preached as well as consecrated. We prayed for the church, and the Bishop, and all, at our family worship. How delightful to have been there! I see them all gathered together, and so many friends whom I would rejoice to meet again. Above all, there is One there who, where two or three are gathered together *unto* His name, is sure to be present in the fulness of His love and grace. His consecration is *the* blessing. May He take possession for Himself of the visible house, and those temples not made with hands, and make them all His abiding-place; fill each heart, as His house, with His glory, and give to the ministry in that church a spirit of faithfulness and of power, that always the precious truth may be faithfully preached therein, and always the power of God may rest upon it, to make it mighty to the conversion of sinners.

This New Year's Day, alas! with what clouds of darkness it dawned upon the land! What confusion, division, strife, conflict, intestine war, suffering, tempests of evil

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passions may mark its progress! There is no light yet upon the prospect. We are a sinful nation. We deserve to be cast down. This morning our family portion was Isaiah xxvi. How precious the first four verses, and the 20th! We see no prospect of help in man. . . . May this be a happy new year for my dear friends in England. The Lord especially bless those in Winchester and Farnham Castle. . . .

Now I go on with my letter this 24th of January. At present there is a lull. Time is being gained. On both sides leading men are begging, that all collision of arms may be most carefully avoided, till peaceful efforts have opportunity. . . . The day of fasting and prayer called out much earnest prayer, and consequently God sees hearts all over the land calling on His merciful interposition. . . . Perhaps it is part of the *great tribulation.* At any rate, I feel that we must get into the ark, and abide there. 'We have a strong city.' Our anchor is within the veil—good anchorage-ground *there.* A very short time will show, what is to be the fate of the country. . . . You must pray for us. God, our God, rules *for His people* in all things. The *ark is here*, and we, I trust, are shut in.

On the Religious Feeling during the War.

To Rev. W. Carus. *Cincinnati, May 3rd*, 1861.

. . . I am earnest, and all my family connections, for the Union; but I deeply realize the awfulness of the cause. My spirit grieves over the thought of what separations are to be made. Alas! our dear Christian brethren at the South! Dear Bishop Meade, my most intimate brother Bishop, the near friend of so many years, is now the Bishop of a seceded state (Virginia), and thus, when the war shall commence, his beloved Theological Seminary at Alexandria may be taken for

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barracks of Virginia troops, and the first battle may be just there . . . Oh, may God give us a just and righteous peace! It is curious to see how people's hearts are turned to God. The other day the Major-General in command of all the forces of Ohio—a fine officer of large attainments, a West Point man—went to his pastor to converse about his soul; and after a most interesting conversation, they prayed together—first the pastor, then *he*—keeping together on their knees. He arose and said: 'I give myself to be a soldier of the Cross, and live and die for Christ.' A clergyman writes me that there is unusual religious interest in his flock. Another the same. What wonderful times! What is God working!

Visit to the Army and Prayer-meetings there. Deep Piety amongst Officers and Men.

To Rev. W. Carus. *New York, July* 11, 1861.

I write often in these days, because I think you will desire to hear often from me in regard to them . . . . When I last wrote, I said I was going to Washington; I was there about ten days. My old friend, General Scott, gave me every facility to visit the outposts in Virginia, where two Ohio regiments are. I made them two visits, spent a night with them, preached to them, visited their wounded and sick, as well as other regiments near them. An affair had just taken place, about six miles from their camp, in which they had had several killed and wounded. They are where their pickets are often fired on, and the scouts often cross each others lines. I preached at night; the day (Wednesday) was very hot; the men were very tired with guard, picket, and scout duty. After dark, a file of men marched to the General's tent, stacked arms, and thus made four chandeliers in which candles were fixed: the trees of a wood were over us; the men

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came by hundreds and hundreds, and sat on the ground in the light, and afar off in the dark (a voluntary attendance). They sang like a trained choir; a soldier held a candle to my book, while I read a part of our service. I never preached to a more eagerly attentive congregation. Many of the men and officers were professors of religion. How I did enjoy it! That night a cavalry scouting force had just reported three thousand men but a short distance off. I lay down in a colonel's tent and in his cot, he taking the earth. Before the day broke, I heard the pickets fire twice, but nothing more occurred. In the morning I rode in an ambulance two miles and a half further, to see one of the old Virginia churches, built of bricks brought from England in early colonial times; a devout officer of the regular army of West Point went with me. A picket-guard had its station near it; some of them entered the church with us. As we looked round, the officer said, 'Bishop, suppose you pray with us here.' 'Gladly indeed.' So I went into the desk; and as I began to read a chapter, each of the men of the picket got a Bible from the pews and followed me, and, when I had expounded and prayed, each came and asked me to write in his memorandum-book my name, the place, the date, and the text. It was a speck of brightness in the dark cloud of war. The Sunday I spent at Washington; after preaching in the morning at one of the churches, I went out to the suburbs, where many regiments were encamped, to see what I could find to do among the men. I entered among two fine bodies of men from Maine. I wanted to find Colonel Howard of one of them, a zealous Christian man of West Point. As soon as I crossed the lines, I heard hymn-singing, and saw at some distance, in the skirt of the camp, a squad of men sitting on a bank and singing hymns, *with the notes before them*, all privates. I went and seated myself on the

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bank with them, and sang with them, they not having the least idea who I was. When the hymn was done, I took out my little pocket Testament (that same that I showed you at St. Giles's, given me by Lord Shaftesbury when he was Lord Ashley), and read and expounded; then another hymn. All of us sitting on the bank, except a reinforcement that had been drawn around, and a sentry who stopped to listen, and a gentleman who had come up, and who proved to be the chaplain of the regiment (a Baptist minister, and good). Then I prayed with them there, and took my leave; none but the chaplain, who found me out and wondered and was delighted, knowing who I was. Then I went to the next regiment to find Colonel H. Seeing a large tent and hearing hymns sung in it, I concluded it was his, and that he was holding a prayer-meeting. As I entered, I found it was the hospital-tent, and the chaplain was having worship with a few sick men. He was delighted too; he was a Methodist minister, and he must have me pray with his charge; so I expounded and prayed, and we all sang together. Then I found my friend Colonel H. *He* has a prayer-meeting once a week with his regiment, the chaplain and he conducting it with others, and prayer every morning for the whole regiment. These little facts will give you some idea of the sort of men to be found in remarkable numbers among our troops. I believe such connections of intelligence, education, habits of reading, religious character and spirit, capacity of every sort, in mechanics, and almost every line of social life, all united with habits of toil and endurance, and the deep sense of the cause they have engaged in, was never seen before in an equal body of men.

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CHAPTER XII.

1861—1862.

THE TRENT CONTROVERSY.

DURING the Civil War, the friendly relations between England and America were seriously imperilled by the action of Captain Wilkes, commander of the United States sloop-of-war *San Jacinto*. He was cruising about in quest of the Confederate privateer *Sumter*, and while at Havanna he learned that the Confederate envoys, Messrs. Mason and Slidell, were on their way to Europe in the English mail steamer *Trent*. He determined to intercept them, and waited for them in the Bahama Channel. 'The *Trent* approached—he summoned her to heave to, and his summons being disregarded, fired a shot across her bows. An armed party was then sent on board, and the Confederate envoys were seized, with their secretaries, and carried as prisoners on board the *San Jacinto*, despite the protest of the captain of the English steamer, and from under the protection of the English flag. The prisoners were first carried to New York, and then confined in one of the forts in Boston Harbour.' The situation was imminently critical, and Mr. Lincoln 'deemed it important for the public interest, that citizens of known high standing should visit Europe, for the purpose of assisting to counteract erroneous impressions.' The high estimation, in which Bishop McIlvaine was held by influential persons both in England and America, led to a request from the President and Secretary of the United States, that he would give them the benefit of his good offices in England at this crisis. It was stated by one of the chief ministers that Bishop McIlvaine, having 'the entire confidence both of the President and Secre-

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tary, was entrusted with this mission.' It was not intended that he should take part in, or interfere with any official proceedings; but it was felt, that 'his unofficial character, as well as his great knowledge and experience in public affairs, would enable him to be useful in a way, and to a degree, which could not reasonably be expected from one in office.'

Bishop McIlvaine willingly undertook the important service, to which he had been so honourably invited, and had soon the happiness to find, that his labour of love for both countries, in conjunction with others in the cause of peace, had not been in vain.

TO BOWES REED McILVAINE, ESQ.

MY DEAR BROTHER, *London, Dec. 10th*, 1861.

We arrived on Saturday morning at Liverpool, and in London that night. The terrible aspect of affairs here—as regards war with us—made me hasten, that, if I could do any good, I might be where the opportunity would probably occur. On Sunday morning we heard several sermons on the crisis. All were in a good, moderate, and very Christian spirit, especially the last two. I hear that almost every pulpit in the land was speaking on the same theme that day. Yesterday (Monday) I began to go about to hear, and learn, and feel. I went to our minister, Mr. Adams, and had a long talk. To-day I have conversed with Sir Henry Holland, Mr. Kinnaird, and Lord Shaftesbury. The last called twice, having just heard I was here, and sat for a long talk about affairs. The Mason and Slidell affair is now so engrossing, that secession and all its connections, except as assisted by *that*, are little talked about. Mr. Adams is well satisfied that the captain was unwise and cannot be defended, without the abandonment of the position we have been contending for

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against England, as to the rights of neutrals. Thus it has done more to help the Confederates here, than Mason and Co. would have done in a lifetime; and if persisted in, it *must* bring war at once.

He has written thus to the Government, and advised the release. Such is the view of Americans here, of any weight. The anxiety about the result of the despatch, carried by the Queen's messenger, is immense. The three weak points on our side are: that we base our act on the position which England has formerly held, and thus desert our own; and with it all the European Powers, who with us have denied the right of search in times of peace, which has been contended for by England; that we must take our position on the ground, that our enemies are either belligerents, or rebels, to be dealt with under *international law*, or *municipal*. We cannot stand on both grounds. The one excludes the other. If they be rebels, we cannot plead the law of nations; if belligerents, we deny what we have always before maintained, and we cannot treat them as rebels. Again, that the *ship* should have been taken in, and tried before a prize-court, which they say would have been lawful, and however unpleasant would have been submitted to. . . . . Lord Shaftesbury, in answer to my remark that I found the country in a great excitement, said: *Not excitement*. He did not see *that*. It was deep, determined, unanimous *feeling*. He had never seen anything to be compared to it in that respect. The feeling in the Crimean war was nothing like it. There then was some difference of view: here, none. When the news came, he said he never saw the nation so determined to abide by the opinion of the law-officers. They waited quietly to hear that; and when it came so decidedly, Lord Lyndhurst being specially decided, England, as one man, determined to support it. He said the Queen's Message is very moderate, and inoffensive in language

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and manner, but most decided—no demand of apology, or of reparation—nothing but the restoration of the prisoners to the protection of the flag, by placing them under Lord Lyons's protection. The question of law can be *debated afterwards.* *Seven* days only have been given for consideration; if at the end of that time restoration be not made, Lord Lyons is *commanded* to come home, and war is declared, and entered on at once; for which result the most tremendous naval and military preparations are made. In which case the Confederates will get all they want: their ports will be opened; their government acknowledged; the secession consummated; our navy crushed; our towns in danger; probably the division of our forces; Washington taken; our commerce destroyed; *we* humiliated—for how can we contend with such a Power as England, while taxing all our energies another way! Thurlow Weed has written to the President, etc., advising the surrender. I have written the same. Mr. Adams, also, some days ago. I feel sure, that there can be no gain in keeping them, in any degree comparable with the loss; and that while we have already lost much by an act, which cannot be sustained, if once the Government should take advantage of the fact that Wilkes acted without orders, and that no despatches were found (they were brought over by the ladies), and gracefully yield, we shall gain in the sight of the world, and there will be a reaction against the Confederates. Lord Shaftesbury says, 'If the release had been done at once, it would have operated powerfully for us.' My fear is, that Seward will have too much weight in the decision; that the President will commit himself in his Message, before England is heard from; that the seven days are not long enough for the Cabinet to get a fresh impression of the state of the case here. But God reigns; and I *pray*—and thousands and thousands pray here—that war may not come. It will come

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of a certainty if we persist. Lord Shaftesbury, speaking of the slavery of the South, said, 'Here there will not be any real need of cotton, till supplies can come from elsewhere than our South; that in reality the manufacturers have so glutted the market, that they prefer the present state of things, that they may get off their goods. He says there are now 60,000 bales waiting in Calcutta to be brought when needed; that it is a cotton, which as to quality forms 80 per cent. of the English use; that Sea Island cotton is not much used here, but chiefly goes to France for fancy goods; that improvements in river navigation in India are now in progress, by which cotton can be carried to the coast in five days, which now is carried on the backs of bullocks, and requires two months; and this to be effectually accomplished in about a year from the present—all this to show, that England need not break our blockade; which, however, they are informed by their naval officers on our coast is no blockade at all, and which therefore they think shows their forbearance, and desire to keep the peace in their respecting it. Lord S. said that France, Sweden, Denmark, and Spain are entirely against us, in this Mason and Co. affair, because our ground is a forsaking of that, on which they and we have stood together, and the adoption of the reverse; that Thouvenel sent a strong despatch to that effect to Washington, in three days after the Queen's Message went, and that a friend of his (Lord S.) was dining with the Emperor when the news came; and the Emperor said, 'Would to Heaven it had been a French ship!'

We have been most warmly welcomed. At Liverpool we met letters of that sort—especially from the Bishop of Winchester. We are already engaged for some days at Farnham Castle; and I am to preach the third time his Ordination sermon on Sunday before Christmas—Christmas with Carus at Winchester. We go to Cam-

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bridge to spend next Sunday. Mr. Cater called to-day, Mr. Kinnaird yesterday. Of course we wait with great anxiety the news from home.

Thursday, 12th.—Last evening we dined at the house of a clergyman at Islington. After dinner many clergymen came in—men whom my host said, reached one hundred thousand people. I had full success, and made good time in my mission. One said at the end: 'It is well I came, for I did sympathize with the South.' There is no need of any concealment about my object; for not only was it known before I came, Russell having told it, but it is thought *just the thing*. It is warmly welcomed. The Bishop of Winchester said: 'I thank God for it.' Last night we had prayers for the two countries —one by me, the other by one of the clergy present; and he prayed for *my mission* and its results, and gave thanks for it. . . . We go to Cambridge to-morrow to be the guests of the Master of Caius College, Dr. Guest; and next Wednesday we dine with Lord and Lady Gainsborough. Lady G. is Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen. I am perfectly satisfied that I was right in coming, and if there is not to be war, I shall have plenty of openings for usefulness. It has been published, that I was coming on a *diplomatic* mission, but in general it is perfectly well understood, and they thank God for it, and pray for a blessing on my 'mission of peace,' as they call it. All the anticipated unpleasantness in that respect is thus removed. I write in haste for the post to the ship of to-morrow. Love to all. God give peace.

YOUR MOST AFFECTIONATE BROTHER.

TO BISHOP BEDELL.

December, 1861.

I am perfectly relieved from all doubt about the wisdom of my coming, especially as to what would be thought of it here. I found I was *expected*. Some

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thought I was coming on a *semi-diplomatic* mission—the rest that I was, at least, on a mission of peace. They instinctively interpreted *my* coming at such a time, as meaning that I had some good, kind object for the two countries. They therefore neither asked, nor needed any explanation, and I needed no *concealment*. Doors of influence are opened on all sides, and among the highest. In two weeks, besides private interviews, I have met three large companies of influential persons, and done my work, and *all* thinking it was the very thing to do, and wishing I could go everywhere. It requires a readiness and courage, a quickness of answer, and a fertility of resources, which I was afraid I should fail in; but I am *satisfied* as yet. I have had no unpleasantness worth mentioning. We were to have dined with Lord and Lady Gainsborough last Wednesday, but the death of the Prince Consort prevented. The same prevented our meeting the Prince of Wales at Cambridge. I have been requested by men of position to write to the Prince a letter of condolence. I have done so. To-morrow I go to Winchester for a week. Lord and Lady Ashburton have asked us to spend a night at their seat near there; and at Sir William Heathcote's (Member of Parliament for Oxford University) we spend two or three days. Thus opportunities for *my work* enlarge rapidly, and on every side. If war comes not, I feel persuaded I shall be enabled to do, what will be a record to the country for my coming, and to the diocese for my absence.

About writing the above-mentioned letter to the Prince, which had been earnestly pressed upon him by Lord Shaftesbury and other friends, the Bishop says: 'It seemed to me a very questionable position for me to take, and I demurred; but, as those more acquainted with the proprieties of the case were so urgent, I said, 'I will consider it,' and came to the conclusion, with a good

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deal of doubt, that I would write. I was conscious of preparing a letter far inferior, probably, to what was expected by those, whose wishes suggested and pressed it. Such as it was, I sent it open to General Bruce (December 19th, 1861), enclosed in a note, with the request that he would present it to the Prince, or not, as he might think proper.'

The Bishop was immediately gratified by a cordial reply from General Bruce—'that he could not hesitate for one moment about laying the enclosure before the Prince of Wales. The pleasure which his Royal Highness derived from making your acquaintance in the United States, and the esteem and regard with which you impressed him, assured me that your earnest words of condolence, and Christian counsel would be most welcome to him at this sad hour of sorrow, and bereavement. He desires me to thank you very warmly for your letter, and to request you will believe, that it has afforded his Royal Highness sincere gratification.'

ON HIS CLIMACTERIC.

Addington Park, January 18th, 1862.

TO REV. W. CARUS.

How much like my dear Carus, to write me as you did yesterday, and as I have read to-day, my birthday—my sixty-third. Thank you for the words of dear Simeon.* How most gracious and long-suffering has the Lord been with me! I look back, and all is a dark cloud of unworthiness and condemnation—till I look above it to the 'True Light,' because of 'the Lord *our righteousness.*' I am filled with astonishment that God has made me the instrument of leading souls to Him and His kingdom.

* 'My climacteric (sixty-three) I spent this day, as I have for these forty-three last years, as a day of humiliation, having increasing need of such seasons every year I live.'—*Simeon's Memoirs.*

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Never anybody could say with deeper consciousness, '*Not I, but the grace of God using me.*' How I should like to spend this day with you. I wish I could have more quietness. But I feel it a duty to lay myself in the way of accomplishing something of what is expected of me at home, and I am happy to believe what I have done is not in vain.

I showed to the dear Archbishop (Sumner) your message, and he was gratified. We have had a nice visit here. His Grace is so simple, cheerful, and good. After lunch, we go to Beckenham, to stay till Wednesday. Wednesday, we dine at Mr. Adams', our Minister's.

Letters from home, dated December 27—all well. Good feeling spreading there. I wrote a long letter, to be published just after the Islington Meeting, about the kind feeling shown there and elsewhere.

Yours most affectionately,

C. P. McILVAINE.

ON PREACHING AT ST. PAUL'S.

TO THE SAME. *London.*

. . . Just think! I have consented to preach in St. Paul's at one of those enormous congregations, on Sunday the 16th. I feel that I shall need your kind and earnest prayers, that I may be enabled, *in quietness* of mind, in simplicity of spirit, in freeness from the thought of man, and in full possession of the fear and love of God, to declare with all boldness, humility, and love, the Gospel of Christ. I beg you to pray for me.

Yours most affectionately,

CHAS. P. McILVAINE.

KIND FEELING AMONG PERSONS OF HIGH RANK.

TO B. R. McILVAINE, ESQ. *London, Feb.* 5, 1862.

Though I wrote you by the last packet, I must write again by this, as, before the next, Parliament will

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have met, and you may hear of irritating debates, which, without other information, will perhaps produce more impression than they will merit. We, that is N—— and A—— and I, dined last evening with the Duke and Duchess of Argyll. Besides other notable persons present were the Right Hon. Milner Gibson, of the Cabinet. There was a great deal of conversation about our affairs; and the assurance conveyed was pretty positive that, while there will probably be sharp firing in Parliament, and much said against us, nothing will be *done* to interfere with our measures. It was a great comfort to get out such decided and outspoken and intelligent sympathy, as that of the Duke and Duchess, and of their guests. They (our host and hostess) talk about remarks made in their hearing about Americans *unpleasant to them*, just as we would. Nothing could have been more agreeable. I took the Duchess to dinner, and Mr. Gibson took N——. . . . . I send you a Report of the meeting at Mr. Kinnaird's, about which I wrote last. The Report is pretty fair, only it does not give any part of my second speech. I suppose it was too *home*. I have had abundant evidence that the meeting did good. One clergyman present wrote to know, if there could not be a public meeting where such things could be said. But that I entirely decline. I will not go beyond *domestic* parties where the guests are invited. Bancroft Davis, Secretary of Legation under Mr. Lawrence here, is now in London, and gives me great and valuable aid. He is thoroughly acquainted with matters, and has access to high places. But he stays only a few days, so that, except Weed and myself and Davis, there is literally nothing, beyond transient persons, to stand up in high and influential society, and give information and confront evil. Parliament meets the day after to-morrow. We go to Fulham Palace (Bishop of London's) to dine and stay all night. There we meet the Bishop of Oxford

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and other Bishops. I must try and do something with him. Sir Henry Holland told me the other day, he was going to have me invited to Lord Palmerston's.

INVITATION FROM THE PRINCE OF WALES TO THE PALACE.

TO REV. W. CARUS. *London, Feb. 7th*, 1862.

Sitting in the Library of the House of Commons I have a few moments, while Mr. Kinnaird is getting ready to go with me to Lady Dacre's, where we dine. . . . Last evening I went, at the request of the Prince, to meet him at Buckingham Palace. They were all packed up to start on their Eastern tour. I took coffee there, and bade him good-bye. All the meeting was very cordial and free—his manners just as when I met him at my house. Matters are looking very well at home, and the aspects of Parliament are so far encouraging.

Yours most affectionately,

C. P. McILVAINE.

ON THE DEBATE IN PARLIAMENT.—SIR ROUNDELL PALMER'S EXCELLENT SPEECH.

TO B. R. McILVAINE, ESQ.

Wymondham, Norfolk, March 14th, 1862.

MY DEAREST BROTHER,

I sent you by last ship a copy of the *Times*, containing the debate in Parliament on the blockade. I hope you read the speeches of Forster, Mr. Gibson, and my friend Sir Roundell Palmer* (the Solicitor-General, the chief law adviser of the Crown). A more fair and good-spirited speech could not be desired. I wrote him to express my pleasure at it. Mr. Weed has got his own preparation of it—after delivery—to be sent home. It was received with the greatest satisfaction by a large majority of Parliament, and it is considered

* Now Lord High Chancellor.

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as having killed the blockade agitation. I was in Oxford when the debate took place, or I should have been in the House of Commons. Weed was there, and told me that members kept coming and talking to him about the question, and congratulating him on its progress, and when the matter was over, saying it is *all dead.*

On His Work at Oxford.

To the Same. *Swanton Morley, March,* 1862.

I began this letter from Wymondham, and wrote till the carriage came to bring us here. We are now at the rectory of a venerable clergyman (Rev. Henry Tacy) in his eightieth year, still upright, active, intelligent, and most loving, who, with one other more aged, continually prays for my son C——, and has done it for the last three years, that he may be made under God a faithful, effectual minister of Christ. How I love them for it, and what a blessing it is, and what a sweet spirit of love it shows! Of course they have never seen C——, but they seem so deeply interested in him, as if they knew him well.

It is a great comfort to me, that you entertain such an estimate of what we are enabled to do. Certainly, we have not been idle, nor backward, nor afraid. We have lately made a visit of six days at Oxford. Our time as to residence was divided between Dr. Ackland, Regius Professor of Medicine, and a clergyman, Mr. Golightly. But we were scarcely ever at home. At breakfast, lunch, and dinner, we were out from place to place. Parties of heads of houses, professors, tutors, and fellows, mixed with ladies, made for us at the Vice-Chancellor's, the Warden of All Souls', the Warden of Wadham's, and I preached in the University Church, the Bishop of Oxford having preached there the same day. We had divers discussions with University men about our affairs

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—the same diversity of views appearing there as elsewhere.

We have little realised how the name *United States* has contributed to misunderstanding. In reality, we are not United States, but a union of people in the States.

I do not remember whether I mentioned to you my being asked to Buckingham Palace, to see the Prince before he started on his present journey.

I sent by the last packet some copies of my sermon at St. Paul's, to be distributed. You must remember it was extemporaneous, and taken by a reporter. I find, since I sent them, some errors of type, besides those which I corrected.

ADDRESSES AT WYMONDHAM, EARLHAM, ETC.

TO THE SAME.

Terling Place, Essex, March 24th, 1862.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

We are here again at Lord Rayleigh's for two days, having an hour ago come from Birch Hall, Suffolk. . . . . But I suppose you want to hear about us. Well, I will go back about two weeks. Last Wednesday week we left London for Wymondham, in Norfolk; got to my friend the Rector Mr. Eden, at night. The next day forty-two clergymen came to meet me, and spend a day of conference and prayer. I had been requested to name a subject. It was 'The Ministry of the Gospel in these times; what and how we should preach.' But now I think I mentioned *that* in my last letter, which, if I remember right, was written at Earlham, the seat of the Gurneys. So I will take up from that mark. We left Earlham and returned to Swanton Morley—Mr. Tacy's; and on Friday last, at lunch-time, came a great company of clergy, laity, and ladies (as if ladies were not laity): there must have been fifty at least. A great feast was made. At the end of it, *at the*

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tables, I was requested to address them in a sort of brief sermon. Then they all stood up, and I prayed, and conversation was resumed. Then Mr. Tacy asked me a question, *intended* to draw me out about our affairs. And I began and *continued*, and I believe occupied half an hour. The comfort of my speech was, that I had so much sympathy with me on that occasion. But I was thoroughly fatigued by a day of speechifying and conversation. On all these occasions how often clergymen tell me of precious blessings of God, on the reading of my books and tracts in England, sometimes to themselves, sometimes to relatives or friends. My first Charge, 'On Preaching Christ,' I have heard so much of in that aspect; and my sermon at the Consecration of Bishop Lee, 'Ministerial Responsibility.' Both are circulated widely in England. You will believe me when I say that, when going about and meeting people, clergy and laity, nobles and others, who come many miles to *meet me*, my question is, '*What am I*—what can they find, that will not utterly disappoint them? It is all astonishment to me, and I simply resolve it into some misconception about me. It humbles me before God, especially as it is a *talent*, whatever else it may be, to be improved, under solemn responsibility, for His glory. While I have been everywhere endeavouring to serve our dear country, I have preached and otherwise spoken for the Gospel, as much as if I had nothing else in hand; and great have been my opportunities of laying before clergymen the great matters of their work. It is delightful to see what men, and of what spirit, are thus found; and what a spirit of work for the good of the people, in their highest interests, is among the wealthy and influential of the laity. The noble Hall from which we came to-day is an example. The husband and wife carry on a wide machinery of good for their neighbourhood. He built the beautiful church and the parsonage

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and the schools, alone. She visits the factories, teaches the factory-girls, and does a great variety of good things. Miss Marsh was with us there; and as we came away, they came with us to Colchester, five miles, when both stopped at a factory to *work*, and we came on.

HIS WORK IN PARIS.—A MEETING AT LORD WRIOTHESLY RUSSELL'S.

TO THE SAME. *Paris, April 7th*, 1862.

MY DEAREST BROTHER,

. . . We have been in France a week. We are at the Louvre. I preached in the American Episcopal Church on Sunday. On Thursday, in one of the English churches, I hold a Confirmation for the American, and some seven English congregations, in and near Paris. I place it on this basis, viz.: It is an American Service, primarily for the American congregation; but as the Bishop of London has requested it, I join to the Confirmation that of the English. It is held in one of the English churches, because ours is not large enough. I shall use *our* Prayer Book.

I shall have the prayer for Congress as well as President, and after that we will have a prayer for the Emperor, and the Queen. There will be about 150 confirmed. Lord Cowley, the English Ambassador, is very civil. The day after I came he called, and asked me to dinner the next day. The Embassy is in the palace once owned and inhabited by Pauline Bonaparte. I met there Lord and Lady Abercrombie, Lord Grey, of Scotland, Sir Edmund Head, Sir H. Butler and lady, etc. Lady Cowley expressed regret that she did not know before, that my daughters were here. To-day a note from him asking when I leave Paris, as he wishes to have the English and American clergy to meet me at the Embassy. I have said I will stay one day later than

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I had intended for that purpose, as all my other days are engaged.

A few days before I left England, I attended and addressed a Bible Society Meeting at Windsor. Lord Wriothesly Russell presided. Divers handsome things were said in his and other speeches about me. After I had spoken, a member of the Corporation of Windsor spoke, chiefly about the good, which what I had said was calculated to do between our two countries. I had spoken strongly of the evil effects of the English Press, to which he strongly responded. He said how good it would be, if I could go all over England, speaking as I had done there; and finished by marching across the platform and taking my hand, and before the audience he and I had a grand handshaking. Lord Wriothesly Russell is very intimate in the palace, and with the Queen. He told me that he had told the Queen of his having taken me and my wife into the private apartments of the castle in 1853, and she said, 'You did quite right, and I desire that particular attention be showed to all visitors from America.' . . . We have left England for about six weeks. I needed to get away from the excitement and constant strain of the work I was in, preaching every Sunday, expounding Scripture in almost all the companies I went to, and mixing all work with that, to which all opened the door—*my mission*. I am wonderfully well however. But rest is needed. I intend to take a rapid run to Nice by Toulon, then Genoa, then Turin and Milan, and over the Alps by the Splugen, to Munich, and thence according to what time shall be left. I have made up my mind to stay till July this side the ocean. My work has kept me so entirely in London, or in that part of England, that I must have time to go to the North and to Scotland. Meanwhile, however, I often feel tired of being away from our dear country, and a longing to get to my family and

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diocese. I envy you the pleasure of hearing all the glorious news while it is fresh, and of feeling all the public excitement, and participating in the universal joy. But especially I want to be doing something at home for our noble men, who are brought there sick or wounded. My wife goes to the hospitals, and carries what she can to them.

Good-bye all. Love out of a whole heart to all.

Your most affectionate

BROTHER.

Whilst engaged in these earnest efforts to maintain peace between the two countries, Bishop McIlvaine had the gratification to receive an affectionate letter from some of his distinguished friends amongst the English clergy, expressing their high regard for him and his mission. The letter, signed by their names, was presented to him, with a set of Episcopal robes, by the Rev. Mesac Thomas, now Bishop of Goulburn.

London, May 29th, 1862.

BELOVED BISHOP MCILVAINE,

A few friends send these English Episcopal robes as an offering of Christian love, and of international friendship. They hope that sometimes, amidst your onerous duties in Ohio, they may serve to call to mind the mother country, and the warm hearts wherein you are embalmed. They desire to strengthen your hands, by fervently beseeching God to shed forth His richest blessings upon you and your family, your coadjutor and your diocese.

And they specially pray now, that you may find peace speedily re-established at home, and cordially maintained between the old country and the new.

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Their names follow. These might have been multiplied a hundred-fold had the occasion required.

The Bishop replies :

London, May 30th, 1862.

MY DEAR MR. THOMAS,

I wish I could express to you, and the dear brethren and friends associated with you in the valuable and most grateful gift, which I received last night, what I feel in return. It is as precious as unexpected. I thank each separately, and all unitedly. It is a sweet savour to take with me, when I go far away from you all. It will recall each to my thoughts whenever I put on these robes—and, of course, in the most solemn times of my ministry.

I shall read the note, which accompanied the gift, to the clergy and lay deputies of my diocese, whom I expect to meet in Convention the last week of next month. It will greatly help international peace and love, and they will be grateful for such evidence of love to their Bishop, on the part of his and their brethren in England. The Lord, my God, bless all these dear brethren, whose names you have given me, and join us all for ever in His own presence and joy.

Your most loving brother and friend,

CHARLES P. McILVAINE.

NOTE ON HIS VISIT TO ENGLAND ABOUT THE 'TRENT' AFFAIR, AND DEATH OF BISHOP MEADE.

August 17th, 1862.

It is now nearly two months since my daughters and I arrived in New York from England in the *Glasgow*. What an eventful time was the period of our absence! We reached England in the darkest of the days of the *Trent* affair. In one week after we got there the Prince Consort died. During our absence, what anxieties

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about affairs at home! What constant efforts I had to make, to explain and vindicate our cause, to correct misapprehensions, conciliate prejudices, strengthen friendliness—and all among the highest people, as well as the most intelligent and educated. I thank God who gave me courage and strength. Great was the manifestation of kindness and love, which I received in all places, binding my heart more than ever to many dear, very dear friends and brethren in England, in whom is the love of Christ and of His cause and people. I am thankful that, having gone to England, at the request of the President and Secretary of State, as well as of Mr. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, to work a just influence on the minds of leading people in England in reference to our cause, and having concluded to go, with much misgiving as to my sufficiency, I was not only enabled to do a great deal more than I expected to have an opportunity, and more to my own satisfaction than I anticipated; but I had the comforting and gratifying assurance of many in England (including our Minister, Mr. Adams) that my mission had been productive of great good; and when I reached Washington, on my return, there seemed to be the same opinion among the members of the Government. If I have been enabled thus to serve my beloved country, in these days of her dark trial and deep tribulation, while so many are giving their lives and sufferings in her cause, I count it one of the greatest honours and privileges of my life.

But while I was gone, my beloved friend and brother, Bishop Meade, departed to his rest. I shall not forget when and where I first heard of it. My daughters and I were in a railroad train from Milan, to enjoy a day's sail on the Lake Como. I had received from Mr. Marsh, our Minister in Turin, a parcel of the latest American papers, and was reading them in the carriage. What was my feeling when I read that Bishop Meade

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was dead! Immediately what a comfort it was to know how, ever since we became separated by the war, I had been conscious, and had often said, that my love for him was not changed in the least. Not an unkind thought or feeling towards him had I ever felt. On the contrary, there was he, enshrined in my heart as ever—deep and keen as was the pain of thinking, what it was that divided us, and how wide the division. I never doubted my side, because he was against it. I never doubted his rectitude of purpose and motive, because he was as he was. But my dear and venerable brother, you are now at rest; your warfare is accomplished; you are freed from the tribulations that beset us here; you see all things in the light of God; you are *with Christ*. Alas! who shall supply his place here? How faithful, how courageous and unmovable in his faithfulness! What a loving spirit, and yet so decided and strong! He was a wise man, a devoted man, a holy man, a spiritually enlightened man—a man who lived for Christ—eminently a sincere and pure and honest-minded man, if ever such there was. I began to know him when I lived in George Town, some thirty-eight years ago. I never knew him so intimately as after I became a Bishop. The more I knew, the more I loved and venerated. Two Bishops could not have been more perfectly of one mind, in all the associations, works, and views with which we had to deal. How short the time before I shall depart also! I hope, indeed, to be found in Christ, as I doubt not he was. *Then* shall I go where he has gone before, and where *union* is for ever, 'joy unspeakable,' holiness without spot—*where Jesus is.*

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CHAPTER XIII.

1862—1865.

On the Death of Archbishop Sumner.

To Rev. W. Carus. *Sept. 28th*, 1862.

You speak feelingly of the departure of the beloved and venerable Archbishop (John Bird Sumner), blessed servant of Christ. How we all revered him! Your account of his death gives me all that I have seen beyond the fact. Thank you for the extract from our dear Bishop's (Ch. Richard Sumner) letter to you. As soon as I heard of it, I wrote to him. I fear it will be long before so much wisdom, and piety, and humility, and firmness, and moderation, and distinct holding of Gospel truth, and discrimination of error and true *Catholic* zeal are united in the Archbishop of Canterbury again. Who will be placed in that honoured seat? May God direct!

Bishop C. R. Sumner's excellent Charge on Rationalism.

To the same. *Cincinnati, Dec. 30th*, 1862.

How this hallowed season draws us to thoughts of you! I was just now lying on a sofa in my study, *not well;* a dark rainy day ending in snow, night closing in, and I said to myself, 'I will shut my eyes to try to see them in Winchester, as it was last year, and probably now is.' I hardly dared to do it. It was too sweet not to be painful. But I had not thought long of *you in my room*, looking out of *my window* on St. Cross—of the Hallelujah Chorus in the Cathedral on the 24th—and of all the precious visits between—going from Farnham and then to Hursley (Sir W. Heathcote's)—when I got up and said, 'I must write.' . . . . But how helpless my pen

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is to tell my mind in its retrospects. Words written seem poor indices of love, in its deep, tender lingering thoughts. Since I came home from our General Convention, I have been resuming my visitation of parishes, in a measure preaching with great enjoyment, but with too much *brain*-work. I am now at home for the winter, which as yet has been exceedingly mild. . . . .

Here, by the way, I must express my full sympathy with a passage in *our* Bishop's (Sumner) late Charge, on what *they* have to do with the ordained, to whom belongs *the primary choice* of candidates for orders (p. 28). Excellent, excellent is that Charge; for which I thank the Bishop, who I suppose directed the copy to be sent to me. I particularly refer to all between pp. 12—29. The Rationalistic flood easily washes the minds of *thinking* men into its current, because so many have no anchorage in clearly defined, and *discriminating* views of what *religion* is—what the Gospel is. They have nothing to *hold* them fast while they examine; they begin to slide before they begin to investigate; they read *on* the current, or *in* it; they are one with it first, and then they read. A decided grasp on the cross, on the *elect, precious foundation-stone*, to hold by, till they can look around, and see whence the flood comes, and whither it goes, so believing *as not to 'make haste,'* would be a security. Now it is to deepen such a faith, to clear its vision of things that differ essentially, though at such an angle as the common eye scarcely sees, or seeing, takes no account of, that candidates for orders must have if they are not to be carried away. I hope soon to write to the dear Bishop of Winchester. But when you have opportunity, thank him for me for his Charge. I shall have the pages I have referred to brought out in our Church papers. There is a charming spirit, as well as great force and solemnity of spiritual admonition. How I could *hear* him as I read him. I could get the very

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sound and inflection and look—and it was a joy. . . . . But enough. I began this yesterday; now it is the afternoon of the last day of the year. We were at Hursley this day last year. It is solemn work to wind up the history of a year—mercies, infirmities, things undone, things unimproved, time lost, opportunities neglected, so little accomplished for God and the great work of life; so little growth in grace—all to be met at the great day. Ah, then to be found in Christ! so that the waves of accusation shall beat on the Ark, not on our poor souls.

I enclose a little note of remembrance to Sir William Heathcote, which please send. . . . Dear Carus, to think of eternity together, and all the glorious communion of saints, before God and the Lamb. *To know Christ*—this seems to grow on one more and more; to enter further into the Holy of Holies; to see more into the Ark—and the glory! Why do I write such long letters to you? Because my heart loves the neighbourhood. I am glad you have made my room your study, it is so cheerful, with the light of that sweet green prospect, and the train rushing through flirting its plume of steam. How I can see it all. Farewell. Blessings on you. Happy New Year!—*where shall we be when another comes?*

Yours most affectionately,

C. P. McILVAINE.

We deeply sympathize with the Cheshire and Lancashire sufferers, and I trust the effort making to send from this country a contribution to their relief will be large and generous, as probably it will be.

After a partial recovery of his health, which for a considerable interval had been very delicate, Bishop

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McIlvaine was able to deliver a very important Charge to his clergy at the forty-sixth Annual Convention of the Diocese, held in St. Paul's Church, Akron, June 3, 1863.

Anticipating the probable nearness of the close of his ministry, he addressed them with peculiar earnestness and solemnity on that great subject, which ever had the chief place in his own thoughts, and had been the theme of his very first Charge in 1834, viz., '*The work of preaching Christ.*'

So entirely was he convinced, with increasing study and experience, of the vital importance of the great truths he had then maintained, that he deemed it well to introduce the chief parts of that early Charge into his later one.

The Bishop thus begins: 'Brethren, it is a long time since I addressed you in the form of a Charge. Various have been the causes—the chief of them, as you well know, having been connected with the state of my health. Addressing you again in that mode, and with exclusive reference to matters peculiar to our office as ministers of Christ, realizing how near my time is to lay it down, I choose a subject with which a bishop may well desire to close his ministry; which, indeed, all our work should be identified with, and which, I am thankful to say, has been obtaining ever since mine began a deeper and stronger possession of my mind, my affections, and my ministry. I mean, *the work of preaching Christ*, according to the Scriptures and the example of the Apostles.'

The Charge, as might be expected, is a comprehensive, discriminating, and spiritual exhibition of the great subject on which the Bishop so loved to expatiate; and those who study it carefully will probably allow, that the more frequently it is perused, the more highly it will be valued. In addition to the extracts from the former Charge, already given, the following passages from this

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may well be introduced here as an important supplement:

'The preaching of Christ as the crucified extends through all the inheritance of His people for ever and ever. It deserves your particular remark, how carefully, in many places, the Scriptures, in speaking of the actual condition of the redeemed in Heaven, and its connection with the Lord Jesus as its author, source, and substance, so speak of it as to keep not only Christ on the *throne*, but Christ *crucified*, Christ *the sacrifice*, in most conspicuous view. This is especially seen wherever he is spoken of in His glory as *the Lamb*, which of course means the Lamb of *sacrifice*—the antitype of the Paschal Lamb, and of the daily sacrifice of the law; the fulfilment of Isaiah's prophecy: 'He is led as a Lamb to the slaughter—wounded for our transgressions.' Thus the multitude which no man can number, who stand in white raiment, and with palms of victory before the throne, are represented as *before the Lamb*, and their adoration is in ascribing *salvation to the Lamb*, and notice is carefully drawn to their having 'washed their robes in the blood of *the Lamb*;' and all that high communion of blessedness is called *the marriage supper of the Lamb;* and in all that dwelling-place *the Lamb is the light thereof;* and He that 'feeds them, and leads them to the living fountains of water,' is *the Lamb* which is in the midst of the throne,' and 'the river of the water of life, representing their whole felicity, proceeds *out of the throne of the Lamb*;' and the book of citizenship of the New Jerusalem, in which are written the names of all that are to inhabit there, is 'the book of life of *the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world*.'

'Most evidently the intent of all this is, to carry adoring thoughts of the sacrifice of the Cross into our every thought of heavenly happiness, and to represent the heir of that felicity as never forgetting that great

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price; never seeing the Lord in His glory without seeing Him as once 'crucified and slain;' never ascending any height of 'the heavenly places,' or drinking at any stream of their blessedness, without seeing in Christ not only 'the author and the finisher,' but all in Him as '*the Lamb slain*,' as He that '*liveth and was dead*'—Christ the propitiation—Christ crucified. Atonement by sacrifice is written all over the heritage of the righteous. It is the chorus of every song of the saints in light. All heaven echoes with, '*Unto Him that washed us from our sins in His own blood.*' So must it be in all our preaching concerning the happiness of the saved—Christ the purchaser and dispenser; but the glory of His cross never separated from the glory of His throne. When we 'shall see Him as He is,' we shall not cease to think of Him as He was.

'Here a word about our representations of what is the happiness of the redeemed in heaven—what constitutes it. There is a chilling effect of many books and sermons on that subject—so much generality, so little about what the Scriptures place so above all; so much made of the subordinate and accessory features, the pastures and the flowers of the heavenly land, and so little of the *Sun* that gives them all their beauty and life; as if you should speak of the Garden of Eden, and make more of what God planted, than of the presence and communion of God therein—not remembering what Paradise in all its beauty became to man, when that communion was withdrawn. Christ is carefully to be preached, as being Himself, in His glory and communion, the heaven of His people; as well as, in His humiliation and sacrifice, its purchase-price. How striking is the testimony of the Scriptures to this point! Has Jesus gone away to prepare a place for us in His Father's house? His promise is, 'I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.' Does

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He pray His Father in behalf of the happiness of His people, the prayer is, 'that they may be with Me where I am, and behold My glory.' While it doth not appear what we shall be 'as sons of God,' and 'joint heirs with Christ,' does St. John speak of one thing that we do know, it is, that 'we shall be like Him, and see Him as He is.' Does Jesus promise to them that overcome, that they 'shall eat of the hidden Manna'? That Manna is Himself. 'I am that bread of life.' Is heaven described as a glorious city of habitation? 'The Lamb is the temple,' and 'the light thereof.' Hath it a river of water of life, and on either side the tree of life? All that river comes forth from 'the throne of the Lamb.' Christ is the Finisher of our faith in this, that He is, in Himself, the consummation of our hope; His presence, His communion, his everlasting love, being the prize of our high calling, and the goal of our race. We come to Him now, and He is our peace. We go to be with Him for ever, and He is our glory. Ask the way to Heaven; we say, *Christ*. Ask where Heaven is; we say, *Where Christ is*. Ask what Heaven is; we answer, *What Christ is*. Thus preach we Christ crucified, whenever we speak according to the Scriptures of what constitutes the life eternal of the sinner, redeemed by the blood of the Lamb.'

Immediately after the delivery of this Charge, Bishop McIlvaine had the joy of recording in his note-book one of the special privileges of his life, in the fulfilment of his long-cherished desire to ordain his beloved son Charles.

Jan. 29th, 1863.—Yesterday, a week, Sunday, 21st, my dear son was ordained a deacon at Gambier. I preached and ordained. The hour, the occasion, the happiness I had so long prayed for and hoped for—that of seeing a son of mine in the ministry of Christ, and of

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being his Ordainer, came. He was born at Gambier—he was there born again. I confirmed him there. He first received the Lord's Supper there, and there he was ordained. I bless God for His goodness and grace to my dear son—and to me in him—in calling him to the ministry, and, as I believe, preparing his mind and heart for its work. He begins his ministry in troublous times. The dreadful war seems just at its height. I pray that he may be filled with the love of Christ—and taught of God—to be a wise and faithful steward, seeking only how to glorify his Master in the bringing of sinners to His great salvation.

August 30th, 1863.—This day my precious Charles begins his ministry in his first parish; this morning he preaches his first sermon, and at this hour he is no doubt getting ready for it. My darling boy, how gracious God has been to you and me in calling you to His ministry, and in giving you such clear and decided views of His truth, and a heart to teach and love them. Deeply do I sympathize with you, my son, in the trials of mind and spirit, which must come in the first burdens of your work. I feel with you to-day, and must earnestly pray for you. Jesus is there—He is near you; and as He called you to the work, I believe He will guide and support you through it. May He be with you to-day, and draw your heart in sweet trust and peace and love to Him. May this be 'the *Lord's day*' indeed to you. You 'in the Spirit,' and the Spirit in you. May the hearts of your people be drawn to you to-day, and thus be the beginning of a happy, diligent, devoted, faithful ministry, full of good fruits to the *glory of God!* Amen.

The Rev. Charles E. McIlvaine had the happiness to become connected with his father's valued friend, Bishop Alfred Lee, by marriage with his daughter. After a

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brief but faithful and honoured ministry, he was early called to his rest, February 22, 1876.

ON THE SANITARY AND CHRISTIAN COMMISSIONS DURING THE WAR.—REMARKABLE CONVERSION OF A SOLDIER.

TO REV. W. CARUS. *Cincinnati, July 8th*, 1863.

One of the most encouraging aspects of the war is the remarkable success, which the means of grace have in several of the camps. We have two great Commissions, supplied entirely by voluntary contributions: the Sanitary Commission and the Christian Commission. The former supplies all that is needed, for the sick and wounded, of material comforts in field and hospital, over and above what the Government supplies—surgeons, nurses, clothes, medicines, delicate food, *comforts*—all furnished by contributions of innumerable hands. It has its machinery wherever the army has a detachment. The Christian Commission supplies Christian labourers, and all books, tracts, etc. Its labourers in a year have been 500. It supplements the chaplain-system and does immense good. Its agents are on every battle-field, in every hospital, preaching, praying, comforting. All its agents are *unpaid*. The Government gives both these Commissions all the aid they need in transportation, quarters, rations, and rightly estimates their value. Under the latter, wonderful works of conversion have been wrought. I mention a beautiful instance told me by the President of the whole operation. At one of the prayer-meetings, after the battle of Chancellorsville, a fine young man (a private) came forward and declared his peace in Christ, and asked the agent to write to his wife in New York about him, saying she had been constantly writing to him about his soul, begging him to seek the Saviour, and he had given no heed, but now it would so delight her to hear. The agent asked the

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history of his case. It was this: during the battle of Chancellorsville he was detailed for ambulance duty. While engaged in carrying away the wounded, he picked up a little book out of the trampled mud. He did not look to see what it was, but put it into his pocket. Soon he came to a wounded man, and was about to remove him, when a surgeon said he was dying, and there was no use in attempting anything for him. The poor dying man said to the young man, 'Pray for me, I am dying; pray for me.' The other said, 'I cannot—I don't pray for myself.' 'But you must pray for me; I am dying.' The young man was greatly troubled. For the first time, he wanted to pray. What could he do? He thought of the book. What was it? He took it out. It was a copy of the 'Soldiers' Prayer Book,' put out by the Episcopal clergy in Philadelphia. On the first torn and muddy page was *a prayer for a dying soldier*. How remarkable! He read it for that dying soldier. It was blessed to his own soul. He was captured and carried to a prison in Richmond, and there the Spirit of God visited him with deep convictions of sin and great distress. He now had found the Saviour, and could pray with his fellow-soldiers and tell them of Christ.

ON THE GENEROUS CONTRIBUTIONS DURING THE WAR. —PROPOSED VISIT TO PARIS.

TO THE SAME. *New York, May 26th*, 1864.

. . . . I have just returned from Fredericksburgh, only eight miles behind the fighting, where I went on an errand of love to the wounded men lying there, and where I had an opportunity of showing kindness to the other side, and improved it. But my sympathies and nerves were sorely tried by the scenes of war-suffering, which I saw there and was in contact with. How many times a day did I preach little sermons in the midst of

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wounded men, and pray with them individually and collectively; and how much the ministrations of the Gospel have been blessed in the army, how many conversions, how many pious officers! What noble men the chaplains are! the unfit and the mere perfunctory men being weeded out; and what an agency is the Christian Commission among them! I presided at a meeting in one of the Episcopal churches in Philadelphia recently, when 50,000 dollars—£10,000—were given to the Commission. I opened another in New York, when 25,000 dollars were given. In Boston, 50,000 dollars were given, simply by people, unasked, going to the Merchants' Exchange and putting their names down. It was in the work of that Commission that I went to Fredericksburgh. I set out to write, chiefly to say that it is settled, so far as one can anticipate, that I go to Paris, to consecrate the church we have built there; and *then we expect to meet again.* I shall rejoice indeed to be your guest once more. Can it be? There are pains with the pleasure. To leave the country till the war is so far determined, that the end is *seen*, would be a great pain. But a month will make a great revelation.

Yours most affectionately, as always,

CHAS. P. MCILVAINE.

SEVERE STORM ON RETURNING TO AMERICA.—MR. LINCOLN RE-ELECTED.

Good Ship 'Etna,' November 21st, 1864.

TO THE SAME,

If the rocking and shaking of the ship will allow, I will pass a little of the slow time of this long voyage in writing to you some account of it. It is now the twelfth day, and we are still so far from New York, that we cannot expect to land before the 24th. It has been thus far, very much the severest passage I have made of

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this stormy Atlantic. I have had, for a day or a night, as hard gales and as high seas as any of this passage; but for continuance of terrific weather I never knew the like.

On Friday morning we had a concurrence of troubles that *I* certainly shall not forget. I have another merciful deliverance at the hand of God to add to my list of His gracious interpositions. We had been tossing (how the ship rolls now!) fearfully all night. I had dressed for breakfast, and had just got on deck, and was standing on deck just at the entrance to the transverse passage, in which the door of the saloon enters, looking at the sea in its awful rage, when a sound came as if all were being crushed under some tremendous irruption. Then came a crash, and rush, and deluge of water, as if all the sea were over us. The ship reeled over to leeward, and seemed as if overpowered, and unable to recover. An enormous sea had struck us at midships, and rolled over the hurricane-deck, and instantly filled the spar-deck with a rushing flood—probably a hundred tons of water had been taken in. The windward door of the passage above-mentioned was broken down, and through the passage poured a powerful rush of water. I was caught at once. I attempted to gain the door of the saloon. I was met by the rush. It threw me down, poured over me, and carried me down to leeward. I saw the imminent danger of being carried over the bulwarks. As the ship rolled to windward, I gained my feet and made for the saloon-door. Again the water met me, and threw me down. I got my feet, and was grasping for something to hold to, before the ship should roll again to leeward, when two of the cabin servants caught me, and held me till I got into the saloon, drenched of course. All occurred in a few moments. I had not time to think where my son and daughter were, but Charles I found in the saloon, ignorant of my danger. E—— was in her

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room; she was just coming out to come on deck, when the terror came. Had she been a minute sooner, she would have been caught as I was. When I got into the saloon it was deluged. The water had also flooded the berth-deck, filled some of the bedrooms a foot deep, and the beds were saturated. We had just begun to get the water out of the saloon, when we heard that *one was lost.* The captain's little boy—his immediate servant—a little fellow of about twelve years, on his second voyage, had engaged all our interest by his youth, and evident earnestness to do his duty. We had thought of his mother when she parted from him. Poor little fellow, he was washed overboard and lost. Nobody saw him go. It was known where he was when the wave came. The chief steward and he were standing together. One was carried one way, the other the opposite. The poor little boy could not be found. The deep had swallowed him up. How near was I to the same grave! The Lord delivered me. We had scarce heard of his death, when word came that a child had just been born. Life ending and beginning under the same sea. . . . Now we began to gather some more particulars of the effects of the wave. The bulwarks on the weather side were broken down for some distance, and every one of the crew on deck at the time was hurt, two of them badly. And then we learned, what at the time we were happily ignorant of, that about two in the morning the *mainstay* had broken. The mainmast was of course in imminent danger of being carried away, and it would have been, had not the ship been dexterously put in such a position, as to ease the strain as much as possible. It had parted at the masthead. Five hours that awful night were the men at that masthead repairing that stay. We were asleep. What a desolate scene the ship presented all that day, and what wet, chilly places we had to sleep in that night! The gale subsided the next day. In my

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struggles I was not aware of having been hurt. But after a while I was sensible of bruises and strains. My foot swelled, and became so lame that I could not use it. This is now the third day since, and it is much better, so that I can limp about. Thus I have brought our hard voyage to the present day. I need not tell you my thoughts of the goodness of God to me, especially when I look out on the raging deep, and think of finding myself in its bosom, without the possibility of man's help. I remember how Mr. Simeon re-consecrated himself, after being thrown from his horse, and found himself unhurt. More than ever far may I count myself *not my own*, and strive to glorify my Lord and Saviour in my body and spirit. Here I stop for the present.

Friday, 25th.—Got to my brother's this morning. All well at home, God be praised. All the news good. Mr. Lincoln not only re-elected with a most decisive majority, but with a majority unprecedented. My brother says, the quietness, sobriety, and order of the election all over the vast land, even in the thronged population of New York, were a marvel. The day was distinguished from other days by *stillness*—not an instance of disorder—no police seen or required—no soldiers. Goldwin Smith saw it, and made a speech, expressing the greatest wonder and delight at such a spectacle of a vast population, so widely extended—at such a crisis, in the midst of civil war—when the public mind was so wrought up with a sense of the great interests at stake, and after so excited and energetic a canvass, meeting at their places of voting the same day over all the land, so rigidly respecting the laws, so entirely governing themselves, making the hand of power so needless. He called it the sublimest spectacle ever witnessed among nations.

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SLAVERY ABOLISHED BY VOTE OF CONGRESS.

Cincinnati, February 1st, 1865.

TO THE SAME.

I cannot help writing to-day out of joy and thankfulness. The news came this morning, that yesterday the vote was taken in the House of Representatives in Congress on the amendment to the Constitution, abolishing slavery. . . . God has overruled the terrible calamity of civil war to that end. He shook the nation, as the earthquake shook the prison at Philippi, till every door flew open, and every man's bonds were loosed. The nation is filled with joy. Now *this* event will operate most powerfully towards peace. . . . We shall be an united people again, stronger than ever, because the only element that ever divided us will be destroyed. Blessed peace! Oh, how good to have war no more!

INAUGURATION OF MR. LINCOLN.

Cincinnati, February 28th, 1865.

TO THE SAME.

. . . Next Saturday (4th of March) Mr. Lincoln is to be inaugurated for his second four years. How much he has grown in his ability by experience! He is a plain man in appearance and manner, though nothing like in the latter, what many who have heard of his humble birth suppose. He is remarkably kind, and almost invincibly averse to severe measures towards individuals, who *deserve* severe punishment. But his understanding is strong, clear, and sure; and in its application to the work of his office it has become very wise and far-seeing. His anti-slavery principles were implanted in his youth, though he is a native of a slave state (Kentucky). The day of his re-inauguration is to be observed very generally as a day of prayer over the land; not as appointed by any authority, but by a spon-

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taneous agreement of Christian people; and that, not only for Mr. Lincoln's sake, but chiefly for the country, to acknowledge our dependence on God, and to seek His blessing, lest successes should engender reliance on the arm of flesh, and make us forget that He only can bring us out of our distresses.

How little did the Bishop anticipate the awful event which his next letter had to record!

THE ASSASSINATION OF MR. LINCOLN.

Cincinnati, April 15th, 1865.

DEAREST CARUS,

Oh, what horror and grief have come upon our whole land! Mourning, mourning! The telegraph from Queenstown will have told you before this that Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward were both assassinated last night, and ARE DEAD.* The people are stunned. The awful news came to us this morning, and at the same time the telegraph had sent it over the whole land. I need not give particulars. The English papers will doubtless contain them all. . . . . Alas, alas! what mourning! All the people one meets seem as at a funeral. Our city is already all in black, the houses draped in black, and twenty-four hours have not elapsed since the horrid crime was committed. . . . . The *man*—so wise, so pure, of such simplicity, such inflexible determination to the right; who had done so well in duties, and times beyond precedent difficult; who had gone on winning the confidence, admiration, and love of all classes, till there seemed no more to gain; just finishing his great work—just about to reap the harvest of all his toil—just showing how moderate and wise and tender he was going to be—cut down by an assassin! Oh, how it has smitten the nation's heart! I went through the thronged

* Such was the telegram, but Mr. Seward recovered.

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streets of Cincinnati to-day, and did not see a smile on a single face, or hear a word above a low tone, and when I spoke to people they seemed on the point of weeping. God's will be done. It is a mystery. Good will come of it —but what? . . . The general policy of the Government will not be changed. The Vice-President, who succeeds by constitution, is of the same principles politically as Mr. Lincoln was; but I fear there will be a less clement course pursued than he would have followed.

THE FUNERAL OF MR. LINCOLN.

TO HIS DAUGHTER. *Cleveland, April* 28, 1865.

. . . It will be a fortnight to-night since that horrid crime took the life of our dear Mr. Lincoln, and stunned the whole nation with the blow. Last evening we heard of the assassin's death; and to-day Mr. Lincoln's remains have been received here, and I officiated in the devotional part of the reception. The whole reception was excellently conducted. The funeral train was received at the east end of Cleveland. The procession was formed there, and moved with military escort and honours, and artillery and infantry, to the public square near the Post Office, where a funereal structure had been built, very beautifully draped, and adorned with flowers. Under that the coffin was placed in a catafalque with a canopy. The structure was large enough to cover the chief persons in attendance, and there I had the service. The dear martyr, his face uncovered, was just before me as I spoke, and every time I opened my eyes I saw him lying in death. After the service, began the constant procession on both sides, two parallel lines of people, each looking as they passed at the discoloured face. How little one can realize it! What a perfect order the vast masses of people kept! The houses were, and are, very tastefully draped, and everything has been very creditable to Ohio. I had

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made addresses before I left home, in Christchurch and St. Paul's, about the death. I doubt whether any city quite came up to Cincinnati in the universality of the manifestations on the houses. The Germans were very demonstrative. Alas, alas! my heart feels as if it had a great load to bear. But this mysterious Providence, how it binds the Union and seals the bonds! Love out of my whole heart to dearest N——. I expect to get home next Tuesday night.

YOUR DEAREST FATHER.

CHAPTER XIV.

1865—1867.

ON MORE THOROUGH TEACHING THE FOUNDATIONS.—THE CONVENTION ON RITUALISM.—CHANGE IN THE BURIAL SERVICE DESIRABLE.

TO REV. W. CARUS. *Cincinnati, Nov.* 17, 1865.

. . . You speak of an article on preaching, which you are going to print. I shall rejoice in a copy. Certainly the aspect of the times should modify the preaching. But *how?* Of course, not in the matter—that is, the pure, direct, simple Gospel. Christ, and all pertaining to His person and work, must not be less prominently, or less simply, or less constantly preached. Paul said, 'The time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine.' What then? 'Preach the *word*, instant in season, out of season.' But with what modifications? Of course the question must be answered with regard to evangelical men, who essentially preach the truth. Of all the rest, the answer would be *legion.* But of the preaching of evangelical men, my impression

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always has been in England, that taking the *mass* of such men together, and not forgetting the *many great exceptions*, the preaching was too much of a *perfunctory* aspect. There is too little evidence of a *decided*, studious effort of *mind* in the preparation. The intelligence of the congregations (not speaking now of the peasantry) is undervalued. Not enough effort is made, by an animated and cultivated delivery, to create and hold attention. It is too much taken for granted, that the hearer believes the great matter, and has only need to be guided in the application of truth to himself, and aroused to diligence. I do not think it would improve the usefulness of preaching, to inculcate on preachers *generally* the need of going out in their discourses into the matters, which rationalists bring up, except by teaching the opposing truth, without reference to the controversy. Leading minds should do this, but rather in occasional *courses* of sermons or lectures, than as a usual or common thing. I believe a more thorough teaching of *the foundations*, instead of taking the knowledge and belief of them for granted, is much needed.

I am sure of one thing in the Church of England: the *Burial Service* ought, in deference to truth, and the right scruples of the ministry, to be changed. I think it an intolerable yoke to read it as it is. It creates a spirit of dissent, and is justly an offence. *Our* service is all we need. It says nothing about the deceased. It is only a declaration of truth without respect of persons.*

We had just three weeks of General Convention. I prepared a paper on the Rationalism of the Essays and Reviews which was adopted by the House of

* The American service will be found in the Appendix, and also the Memorial respecting '*the indiscriminate use*' of the English office; which was signed by nearly four thousand clergymen, and presented to the Archbishops and Bishops of the Church of England in June, 1851; with the answer returned in February, 1852.

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Bishops, and ordered to be published as their Address to the Clergy and Candidates for Orders. (It will be a pamphlet of some twenty pages.) It is a *pronunciamiento* on the character of the doctrines taught, and the status of men holding such views, and continuing to hold their places as ministers under the doctrinal standards of the Church of England. As *our declaration* on the teaching of the *Church of England*, it is based on the consideration that, in point of formularies and doctrines, our churches are *one;* that a claim of right to teach such error in the Church of England is as valid here as there; that if such teaching is to be tolerated *there,* it has as much right to be tolerated *here*, and that in the absence of any formal act of discipline, by which the teaching of such doctrine may have its right mark in England, we feel it due to ourselves, in view of the danger of such growths arising among us, to pronounce so and so. The paper is designed to help in England as well as here, and I trust will be regarded by the Bishops in England as a kind act of fraternal fellowship on our part. I shall begin to print it in a few days, and of course will send copies to the English Bishops. . . .

Matters are going on *well* beyond all expectation in the country. The chief difficulty is the condition of the emancipated blacks. The sudden transition must be for a time attended with great trials. The North is making great efforts for them, and the Government does all it can. The President shows himself very able, conciliatory, and wise, and has the support of the country. Congress will open next month. Not a life has been taken since the war ended. Clemency to the utmost reasonable extent has been shown. General Lee is president of a Virginia college, General Johnson is president of a Southern railroad—the two head military men of the South. Davis is not yet tried. When I was in Philadelphia, at the General

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Convention, I declined all preaching (having plenty of excitement in the Convention) except to coloured people. One Sunday I preached to the congregation of St. Philip's (coloured). Service excellently read by the rector, a coloured man, educated at Kenyon College. Organ charmingly played by a coloured man. Responses excellent. Order all good. In the afternoon I went to a Sunday School of coloured men and women; addressed them, only I had to avoid certain topics, for fear my feelings would *give way* (nothing melts me so soon as preaching to such people). At night I went to one of our largest Episcopal Churches (Epiphany). Crummell, a man whose face is jet black, preached to the large white congregation of that church. Crummell is President of the College at Liberia (Africa), a native of this country, and took a degree at Cambridge (England). He preached before the Pennsylvania Colonization Society. It was a new and most exciting scene—that black man preaching under such circumstances. His sermon was on the best way to evangelize Africa. It was surprisingly good in construction, thought, taste, delivery; scholarly and refined: all wondered and were delighted. After it I could not help making an address, and expressing my joy at having lived to see such a breaking up of old prejudices and barriers. The papers said, I chanted my *Nunc Dimittis*.

The Bishop's wisdom and tenderness, as well as depth of feeling on the great question of the day, is illustrated by the following touching incident related by his daughter:

'We stopped at Gambier on our return from abroad in 1859, to see my brother, then studying there, my father intending to remain and preach the next day (Sunday). On arriving, a friend told him that the place was much agitated, because the coloured man (Alston), though he was studying at the Divinity School at Gambier, was not

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allowed by the chaplain to receive the Holy Communion with the rest of the Divinity students when, according to custom, they presented themselves after the clergy of the place had communicated, but instead, was requested to remain until the whole white population of the place had partaken; when he, the solitary coloured man, was allowed to present himself. My father's reply to his friend was, 'Let no one know that you have spoken of this to me.' The next day, refusing to preach in the morning, and purposely leaving his prayer-book behind, he went to the chapel and took his place by the side of Alston, who was not seated with the rest of his fellow-students, requesting to be allowed to look over his prayer-book. When the time for the administration of the Lord's Supper came, my father waited until the clergy of the place had communicated, and then stepping forward, and bidding Alston follow him, advanced and knelt at the chancel, placing the coloured man by his side. It is needless to say, that with this ended the matter, except in the gratitude of his companion.'

ON HIS ELDEST BROTHER'S DEATH—DECLINING TO CONSECRATE A CHURCH HAVING AN ALTAR-FORM STRUCTURE.

TO REV. W. CARUS. *Cincinnati, January 17th*, 1866.

. . . The day before yesterday came your letter to hail my birthday. To-morrow will be the 18th. Thanks above measure for it, and for the prayers which I do not doubt you will offer for me to-morrow. *Sixty-seven years old!* How long, how near, how short! What goodness and mercy I have received! I am a wonder of God's mercy. This day twenty-seven years ago a most precious brother, next younger than myself, was found dead in his bed, while attending as a leading member of the legislature of Pennsylvania; so dear, so noble, of such talents and eloquence. He had

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just made up his mind to leave the bar, and all secular life, and become a minister of Christ.

We were six affectionate brothers. The eldest of all and I alone are left. He, most dear and excellent, is now waiting his end, confined to his room, in his house in New York, ready to depart. He may live some months, however. On the 30th of this month, *eleven years* ago, I had that deliverance on the Ohio River, so that *January* is a solemn month to me. . . .

I have constantly declared, amidst all the confidence that Puseyism was dead, that it was strong, and aggressive, and dangerous as ever; that Rationalism did not take its place, but grew out of the soil it prepared, and that we had need to watch against both. See the preface to my 'Righteousness by Faith.' . . . The line of advance which Romanism makes among you in England is the same as here—*general display of ceremonial*, externalism, music, postures, crosses, vestments, processions, sacramentalism, working out our own righteousness by all such things, but all centring in *priest*, *sacrifice*, and *altar*.

I have long since published my determination not to consecrate a church having an altar-form structure. In one of my churches a cross of wood was put on such a structure. I would not enter it till they took the cross away, and I did not consecrate it till the structure was changed. Last November I went to consecrate a church, having confidence that as I had written about it I should find nothing in the way. An hour before service I went to see the church. Lo! such a structure. I said at once, I cannot consecrate the church. The rector entreated. As there was no time to make a change, and the congregation would soon be there, I consented on the condition, that what was there should be covered out of sight, and a table substituted as soon as possible, which was done. It was the rector's fault. The people

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and leading men who had built the church were glad I took so decided a position.

The Bishop had published his reasons for refusing to consecrate a church, having an altar instead of a Communion-table, in an address to his diocese in 1846. He republished these reasons in an appendix to his work on 'Righteousness by Faith,' in 1862, with the title—'The Doctrine of Scripture, and of the Protestant Episcopal Church, as to a Sacrifice in the Lord's Supper, and a Priesthood in the Christian Ministry.'

On the Burden of the Episcopate.

To his Son Charles. *March 4th*, 1866.

. . . . My precious son, how much of my whole heart is yours! I have so much care and burden, my mind is such a depôt of all the troubles, and weaknesses of those over whom I am placed, that I often say to myself, 'Well, I shall go away soon;' and the next thought that seeks to be allowed to come up is, 'How good to think it is so soon!' But, then, two other thoughts come, 'Take care lest you be not weary of the Master's will;' and another, 'My wife and children—and separation from them.' If ministers, who desire to be made Bishops, only knew what the place is, to one who values nothing in comparison with duty and usefulness, they would hope that whenever an election is to take place, it may be forgotten that they are in existence.

Your dearest Father.

The Progress of Popery and Infidelity.—Disestablishment of the Irish Church.

To Rev. W. Carus. *Cincinnati, March 9th*, 1866.

. . . . I do think of you as in the midst of the awful trials, come and coming, on the Church of England by the two Antichrists—Popery and Infidelity. The difference between England and this country in

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regard to the first is that, whilst there is a great increase of infidelity in this country, it does not appear in the form of Rationalism in the churches, except as the old Unitarians and Universalists, who do not increase, exhibit it. *Ritualism* is making some head among us, but cannot get far without being stopped by discipline. Both seem to have got such headway in the Church of England, as to be masters of the field to an alarming degree. What is to be the end? I do hope the Bishops will be bold and united enough for the emergency. Popery is very bold and confident among us—builds churches, establishes schools and convents, and gathers funds for its purposes at a wonderful rate. It is said to be gathering converts largely in the south, under the profession of having never taken side against them—of having never engaged in politics, etc. What a struggle seems at hand!—how the lamps are going out! —how faith fails!—how we need the manifestation of the arm of the Lord! What a sign has been the awful convulsion of the late four years of unparalleled civil war among us—what a sign is now going on! in the approaching dethronement of the Pope as a secular power—in the awfully demoralized state of France—in the dominion of infidelity over the continent of Europe —in the certainty that the Protestant Establishment in Ireland will soon be abandoned—in the shaking of the English Establishment—in the internal convulsions threatening Ireland. This year, 1866, has already been most signalized. What is it yet to witness? This *Fenian* business—no doubt it will be easily subdued if it ventures attack; but I fear it will cause much bloodshed in Ireland. Here it meets with no favour from Government or people, except the Irish; and no doubt now Government is carefully watching it, and is ready to show its hand as soon as anything is done in violation of neutrality, on which it can rest a movement. There is

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no disposition in this country, except among the Irish, to have any trouble with England. The country needs quiet, and the people hate war. The poor emancipated negroes are the great source of trouble now: how to secure *them* in their rights is the problem, and a very difficult one.

Oh! whither shall we go but unto Thee, dear Lord, who sittest above the water floods? Who will bring to pass what Thou hast promised? The more those promises are rejected the more precious they become. The stone rejected is the head-stone of the corner—a rock of offence and a rock of salvation.

Dear Carus . . . . When I lie on my death-bed how sweet it would be to have you at my side, and hear the voice of the Lord from your lips!* My days must be very few now. 'To them that believe He is precious.'

VISIT TO WEST POINT.—ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIBLE SOCIETY.—ON PREACHING THE TRUTH.—DEATH OF DR. WHEWELL, AND OF BISHOP BURGESS.

Hudson, Ohio, May 19th, 1866.

MY DEAREST FRIEND AND BROTHER,

Away from home—away now nearly three weeks—probably a letter has come since I left from you. I write just because I *want* to write, and feel as if it would do me good to write to you. I left New York yesterday, and in twenty-five hours got here, 620 miles, to visit a parish on my way home. Here I spend to-morrow (Sunday). On Wednesday I expect to see all my dear ones. I went to New York partly to preside at the Anniversary of the American Tract Society, and to attend the Jubilee Anniversary of the American Bible Society, but chiefly to see once more my dear, precious, and only surviving brother, who has

* My beloved friend had his desire fulfilled seven years afterwards at Florence.—ED.

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been now some nine months in very low health, and of whom I cannot but suppose I have now taken my last leave. Oh, how dear he is to me—the eldest of six brothers—and so noble and admirable! I have the sweet consolation of believing that he is, and has long been, an humble believer in Jesus, *in his heart*, as he has long showed the fruits of the Spirit. The shadow of that farewell is upon me. It brings my own time very near. In this present separation from home it makes me reach out my affections to you, dear Carus. . . . . While I was in the East, I went for a day or two to visit my old home, where God so wonderfully owned my poor ministry—*West Point*—a place of great grandeur, and beauty of scenery, but to me stored at every point with associations of most solemn interest. I was only twenty-six years of age when I went there to be chaplain and a Professor of Ethics, and I made the latter secondary to the other. Not a Christian man—a man professing to be a follower of Christ—was there when I went. Nothing now fills me with greater wonder and thankfulness than to think that so young and inexperienced I was guarded, guided, and strengthened, upheld, taught, and made instrumental in a wonderful work of grace, the fruits of which are still shown in faithful men, who walk as becometh the Gospel. Wonderful is the condescension of the God of all grace and consolation.

The Anniversaries above-mentioned (the only ones I attended) were very good, and my soul was blessed in attending them. At the Bible Society meeting we had two representatives of the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Rev. Dr. Nolan of London, and the Rev. Mr. Phillips of London. The latter I had met at Beckenham, the former I knew very well. Their addresses were very good and well put, and very well received. They both seem delighted with their reception, and with what they have seen, and the hospitality shown them.

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. . . . I have recently, in preaching, had peculiar pleasure and trust, from thinking, when I go into the pulpit, of the Lord's petition, '*Sanctify them through thy truth.*' I say to myself, this is His truth; this is His chosen instrument. Not only did Jesus *once* pray, that He would make it mighty, but *that intercession ever liveth;* and now, when I preach the word, He is praying that same prayer! I here in the valley and the battle—He in the Mount of God making intercession; and I get strength—I believe that the word will not be void.

I thank you very much for such a most interesting and cheering account of the last hours of Dr. Whewell. It is very sweet. His great mind and high spirit seem to have been truly humbled and meek. How wonderful the power of Grace! How we do all eat the same spiritual meat, when grace teaches us our need, and leads us to Christ. I am glad to hear from you, that my excellent, devoted, generous, and warm-hearted friend George Stuart, of Philadelphia, made so good an impression at the Bible Society, He did wonders at the head of the Christian Commission, and the conclusion, as you give it, was grand. I should like to have seen Lord Shaftesbury then. Dear good Stowell has gone.

We have just lost a most precious Bishop, one of my nearest and dearest friends, Bishop Burgess, of Maine, learned, scholarly, refined, elevated, of deep piety, great wisdom, and firmness, and decision. Alas! what a loss to our Church! *Seven* of my clergy have died in the past year, four of them young men, and all good.

DEATH OF THE BISHOP'S ELDEST BROTHER.

Note-book. *August 27th*, 1866.

My dear, most beloved brother Reed died, after a year's illness. Of six brothers I only now remain, he was the eldest and the last of those so dear. My precious

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brother was most intelligent, pure, noble, generous, manly, strong in courage, resolution, firmness, and every sort of high integrity. His mind was simple in the believing, embracing of Gospel truths, and he made it his life. He was a most conscientious follower of Christ, and died in a sweet sustaining hope of salvation through Him. 'As thy day, so shall thy strength be.' These were the words he often repeated in the extreme and long-protracted bodily agony in which he died. Dear brother, I come soon.

On the Increase of Ritualism, and Rationalism, and Worldliness.—The Power of Prayer.

Journal. *February 24th*, 1867.

The day is dark, very dark in England. The two great enemies of the Gospel—Rationalism, scarcely distinguishable from a bold and extreme infidelity, and Popery, with its child Tractarianism, now putting on the form of a Romish Ritualism—these are assuming such alarming strength in England, and the Church of England, that it seems as if the truth were to be cast down, and the Gospel to be driven into the wilderness. In *our* Church of this country there is little to encourage, much to alarm. The simple holding and teaching of the Gospel does not increase among us. Sacramentarian errors, culminating in a sacrificial, sacerdotal, semi-popish theology, are fast gaining ground. The worldly spirit, so fearfully on the increase, assists the evil. I have contended all my life against it, and expect to do so, in the name of the Lord, till I die. But my spirit is greatly tried, and often depressed. The truth is more precious to me than ever, but the trials, which come by reason of the contest I feel bound to maintain in its behalf, affect my spirits more than they once did. I get no comfort in looking to the future, except as that future is found in the promises of God. That I shall be but a

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short time here, that my warfare is nearly ended, that I shall soon be where all is light, and life, and holiness, where the Lord in His glory is, is a most precious thought. But still the prospect of the Gospel in this world, as the signs of the times indicate it, is depressing. A great conflict seems impending. Many will fall away. The love of many will wax cold. The faith of many will fail. The enemy will seem to triumph. Formality and a false Gospel will have the temporary ascendency. The Papist and the Infidel will have a day of united rejoicing. Their day will be short. The Lord is not forgetful of his promises. All is calm and bright and unmoved above. He sitteth above the water-flood. He reigneth a King for ever. I know no consolation in these cloudy times, but in feeling with the Psalmist that '*God is our Refuge*,' and '*There is a river* which shall make glad the City of our God.' That river of purity and life is not diminished. It will revive the waste places. '*Be still, and know that I am God*,' is the voice I hear. 'Shall not God avenge His own elect which cry day and night unto Him, though He bear long with them?' He awaits His own time. That parable of the unjust Judge and the importunate Widow was intended to comfort us in such times. It is my daily support. Let us cry more and more unto God. What a tide of prayer for the coming of His Kingdom in great power and glory, such as the promises and prophecies indicate, has been flowing to His feet! what a multitude of believing hearts have been crying unto Him, ever since there was a praying people on the earth! What a treasury of prayer has been thus laid up in heaven! and will any of it be unanswered? Has any single prayer died? Did ever a living prayer cease to live before God? The prayers of eighteen centuries ago, the prayers of apostles and martyrs, and of the faithful all along the ages of the Gospel—have any of them ceased to be efficacious?

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Have any of them lost one whit of their power? Are they not crying day and night, 'Avenge Thy truth, Thy Church, Thy Kingdom, of the adversary?' And will not God make manifest His faithfulness to His word of promise? I BELIEVE. We have 'that blessed hope'—the *glorious appearing* of our great God and Saviour, when He will be glorified in the entire fulfilment of all His promises, and the entire satisfaction of all the prayers of His people. Lord, give me patience to wait and pray, and work, and contend, and watch. Let me not be *weary!* Let me not be afraid what *man* can do unto me. Let not the faith and constancy of any of my dear children be ever shaken. Though all should forsake Thee, Lord, let not this poor heart go away. Make all Thy truth in all its simplicity more and more dear to my soul. Still in my declining years make use of me, to maintain Thy precious Gospel in the hearts of sinners, and to lead souls to Thee.

VISIT TO WYMONDHAM, AND MEETINGS OF THE CLERGY. — ON THE SIMPLICITY OF THE WAY OF SALVATION.

TO REV. R. EDEN. *Cincinnati, Ohio, March.*

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER,

In anticipation of your having a gathering at your house, sometime in April, of the beloved brethren, whom it has been my privilege and great gratification several times to meet there, I desire to write, as before, what may express to them and to you my unchanged affection, and my deep interest in the profitableness of the meeting. Few spots in the recollection of the past, and especially of visits to England, are so green and bright, or come up to my memory with so many heart-engaging associations of Christian and fraternal intercourse, or recall so many names of beloved brethren,

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some now at rest in the full and perfect communion of the Lord's presence, others still in the flesh and the conflict, as those meetings, from the first held January 19th, 1859, to the last in 1864.

The first was on the day after my sixtieth birthday, and reminds me that eight years have since come and gone; that God's great goodness has spared me thus long, having graciously restored me to vigorous health, after a period of great depression and feebleness, which I was suffering under in 1859; and moreover, that the great account of my stewardship, and my great salvation in the free and unsearchable riches of the grace of God, in Him who saves the lost, is so much the nearer. In that connection, let me here say, that what I have always held, taught, loved, and contended for, as the pure and simple gospel of Christ—the truth to be urged on the consciences and hearts of sinners, as that through which Jesus prayed His Father to sanctify His people, and which contains all His precious provision for the salvation and consolation of sinners—that which I began to preach in my twenty-first year, when ordained a deacon, and which I have continued to preach without any hange, but in a growing clearness and enlargement, and a deeper conviction and affection; *that* to which all my published writings testify, and with which my name and history, wherever I am known, are identified; *that* I do now love, and teach, and rejoice in, with a sure confidence of its being God's own truth, and with a heart of thankfulness, that ever I was led to know and embrace it; which no increase of age, no familiarity of acquaintance and use, no change of times and opinions, none of the trials, which have so tried our steadfastness in these last days of division and defection, have shaken or diminished. More and more do I loathe whatever takes away from, or encumbers, the simplicity of the way of salvation—of the doctrine of Faith, in Justification; and of the Spirit

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in Regeneration and Sanctification—as our Articles and Homilies teach, and such reformers as Jewel and Hooper, and Latimer and Ridley proclaimed. All present defections only drive me further into the refuge, as those views present it. I bless my Heavenly Father for all this; none, who do not know me as I know myself, can know how infinitely I am indebted in this to His teaching, His protection, and His support. The remainder of my race is but for a short time; the grace that has been sufficient heretofore will not fail in what remains.

Excuse me, my dear friend and brother, in thus writing about myself. I did not get into it purposely; the thought of the years, since I first met the brethren at your house, beguiled me into it—it is not my wont. I thought of the possibility of never writing to you *for them* again; and I was affected by the remembrance of those of the first meetings, who are now with Christ. I could go over their names with so much love. Pardon me if I only mention dear Mr. Sharpe, in his blindness of bodily sight, and dear, venerated, and most blessed Mr. Tacy, so shining in his Master's light, so over-flowing with his Saviour's love, so apt to teach and humble to learn, the sweet savour of whose conversation and spirit is still to me like precious ointment just poured out. Alas! the contrast between him, his teaching, his example as a minister of Christ, and what Rationalism and Ritualism, and all the middle ground between them, and all the seeds they sow, are now bringing forth!

SIR JOSEPH NAPIER (LATE LORD CHANCELLOR OF IRELAND) ON THE COMMUNION SERVICE.

TO REV. W. CARUS. *Cincinnati, June 16th*, 1867.

I have received the opinion of Sir Joseph Napier, which you sent (on the true interpretation of the Communion Service), and have read it with great interest.

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It is very satisfactory. I am deeply impressed with the awfulness of the trial now coming on the Church of England, in the terrible conspiracy of the powers of darkness against her, and the Gospel in her hands. It seems to me, that it is to be as a great earthquake to shake the Church of England, more than it has been since the days of Cromwell. It is the purging fire; but it will be hot, and many will go away—many will be lost.

ON THE CHARGES OF BISHOPS SUMNER, JACKSON, AND JEUNE.—HOOKER ON OBSOLETE LAWS.—ON UNITING WITH NON-EPISCOPALIANS IN PRAYER-MEETINGS.

Cincinnati, Christmas Day, 1867.

TO REV. W. CARUS.

I have just come from our Clifton Church and the Communion, where I bore you and dear Mrs. C. on my heart before God, in the name of Emmanuel, as before in our family worship, and in private. Good it is thus to be joined in heart when space so separates. Last night you went to the old Cathedral, and heard that shout, as of the glorious ones on high, as rank after rank contributes its praise; higher and higher it swells, now the nearer, then the more distant, coming nearer and nearer, rising higher and higher, 'KING OF KINGS, LORD OF LORDS.' I hear it now, as if I were in the Cathedral. How will it fill all Heaven when all are gathered home, and the whole redeemed communion and fellowship—that white-robed priesthood—that holy nation, out of all nations gathered and perfected, shall be before *Him*, seeing Him as He is, and rejoicing in the glory of His likeness. What a thought that *we* shall be there, and see, and hear, and partake in all. . . .

So glad the Charge of our dear Bishop (Sumner) was

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so acceptable, and so to the mark of the times and the need. As he promised to send me a copy (and one to each of our Bishops), I hope soon to see it. Not unlikely it is his last testimony in that mode. Suppose I should ever be in England after he shall have been taken away! How should I feel such a change, how it would make England seem changed to me, and what a loss to the Church of England! . . . Dear venerable friend and brother and father! may God's bright light of love and peace more and more fill his heart, and strengthen him for every duty and testimony yet remaining, and for the sore trials that thicken around the truth and the Church! I have received from the Bishop of Lincoln a copy of his late Charge. It is very good and faithful as to the dangers; they are pointed out clearly and forcibly. I am rejoiced to hear from his trumpet so certain a sound. The Charge of the Bishop of Peterborough I have seen, only as consecutive parts have appeared in my Diocesan Church paper. It is eminently philosophical in its treatment of the various aspects of the enmities and powers, which now stand up so boldly 'against Him whom God has set on His holy hill, whose throne is for ever and ever, and who in His time will laugh them to scorn and break them in pieces like a potter's vessel.' I shall write to Bishop Jeune for the favour of a copy. I was glad to see him treating Ritualism as essentially *Rationalism.* He speaks of '*the two Rationalisms.*' Since Tractarianism began, I have said it was essentially Rationalism, because it set up Tradition, which is simply *man's* reason, in ecclesiastical raiment, in superiority to the Scriptures. Bishop Jeune treats it in the same way, and I am happy to find myself in such good company. I was looking into Hooker the other day, and came to a passage so much in application to the claims of the Ritualists, that the Rubric of the English Prayer Book concerning Orna-

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ments is in force now, notwithstanding the long *usage* since it was made, that I cannot but copy it here: 'Vainly are the ancient Canons and Constitutions objected as Laws, when once they are left *secretly to die by disusage*, or are openly abrogated by contrary Laws' . . . .

Really the cloud seems dark that is gathering in States, as well as elsewhere. Yes, but I believe God's fortress for the truth in Europe and elsewhere is the Church of England, and I believe there will come great troubles upon it as upon the State. It will be shaken and tried in fire, and purified. But I believe it will only stand at last the stronger and the brighter, though how far *changed and stripped and dismembered in outward relations* none can say. I pray for it and her faithful ministers, and I trust the Lord will protect England against the enemies of her order and prosperity.

I do not know whether you have seen anything concerning an event which has excited our High Churchmen, and especially our Ritualists, against me. That you may understand it, in case you have heard anything about it, I will relate.

On my arrival from England, three Church societies (Evangelical) were holding anniversaries in Philadelphia, and more than a hundred clergy and a great concourse of laity were in attendance. While we were in one of the business meetings, we were suddenly informed, that a delegation had come from a large Presbyterian Convention sitting at the same time in Philadelphia. *I* moved that they be invited to present themselves. They were ministers and laymen of high character, and represented a body of strong, orthodox, and evangelical men, and many of them learned ministers and laymen of the various Presbyterian divisions, met to form a union among themselves. They came to greet us in the name of the Lord, having heard that, at one of our meetings for prayer, they had been prayed for, and having afterwards

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in their meeting prayed for us. They made some brotherly, loving, and highly appropriate and Christian addresses to us, to which (being asked by the chair to do so) I responded. A delegation was then appointed to go to their Convention, and reciprocate their goodwill. Bishop Lee, of Delaware, and I, with three others, were appointed. We went next day. A vast congregation had assembled. There was a great greeting. I made the principal speech on our part; Bishop Lee next. We *compromised* nothing, but simply expressed the feelings of brethren. I took pains to acknowledge them *as a Church.* The one chosen specially to answer was the chief Professor of their chief Theological Seminary, Dr. Hodge, whose critical commentaries on Romans, Ephesians, Corinthians, etc., are well known abroad as well as here, and who was my college-mate, and most intimate friend from that time. We began the Christian life together. There was a great deal of joy and praise in the assembly. It was intended on both sides for manifestation of essential unity in Christ; while neither side saw the way of *Church-union.* It was well pleasing to the Lord I doubt not. I have no possible doubt of the propriety, but I expected to be greatly wondered at in some quarters—and have been—though the Evangelical brethren of our Church were delighted. In these days we must come together, all that love the truth, as much as possible. I take shelter under such a passage as this from Bishop Hall: 'Blessed be God, there is no difference in any essential matter between the Church of England and her sisters of the Reformation. We accord in every point of Christian doctrine, without the least variation. The only difference is in their form of outward administration, wherein also we are so far agreed, as that we all profess this form *not to be essential to the being* of a *Church,* though much importing the *well* or *better* being of it, according to our several apprehen-

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sions thereof, and that we do all retain a reverent and loving opinion of each other in our own several ways; not seeing any reason, why *so poor a diversity* should work any alienation of affection in one towards another.' (*The Peacemaker, Bishop Hall's Works by Pratt*, vi. p. 56.) I would suggest to the Bishops, and other clergy of the Church of England, that in these times the differences between them and Dissenters should be narrowed as much as *Gospel truth* will permit, and that on both sides the effort should be, to see how near they can come together, and stand and counsel together for the common truth against the common enemy, and so helping one another. There are many learned, faithful, influential Dissenting ministers, who would rejoice in being allowed to work with the Church of England, on common ground, against the present perils.

The extract from Bishop Hall is much to be noticed, as he wrote at great length on '*The Divine Right of Episcopacy*.' The important concluding passage of Section vi., from which Bishop McIlvaine's quotation is taken, is here added:

'But withal, nothing hinders, but that we may come yet closer to one another, if both may resolve to meet in that primitive government (whereby it is meet we should both be regulated), universally agreed upon by all antiquity; wherein all things were ordered and transacted by the consent of the Presbytery, moderated by one constant President thereof. . . . If the name of a Bishop displease, let them call this man a Moderator, a President, a Superintendent, an Overseer; only for the fixedness, or change of their person, let the ancient and universal practice of God's Church be thought worthy to oversway. And if in this one point (*wherein the distance is so narrow*), we could condescend to each other, all other

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circumstances, and appendances of varying practices or opinions, might without any difficulty be accorded. *But if there must be a difference of judgment in these matters of outward policy, why should not our hearts be still one? why should such a diversity be of power to endanger the dissolving the bond of brotherhood? May we have the grace but to follow the Truth in love, we shall in these several tracts overtake her happily in the end; and find her embracing of peace and crowning us with blessedness.*'

Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. Amen.—Eph. vi. 24.

This truly Christian action of Bishop McIlvaine illustrates well the argument of his work on 'The True Temple, or Holy Catholic Church and Communion of Saints.' And it will not be out of place to introduce here a most important letter, exhibiting the same Catholic spirit by one, for whom the Bishop ever entertained the warmest regard—a letter written by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Tait, soon after the death of Bishop McIlvaine, and given to the Dean of Canterbury to be read to the Evangelical Conference at New York, which the Dean was about to attend. It was to be an expression of his 'good wishes and earnest hope, that his efforts to promote unity in Christ's Church may be blessed.'

Addington Park, Croydon, August, 1873

MY DEAR DEAN,

I cannot allow the Dean of my Cathedral to go to America to attend a general conference of Christians of all countries, without expressing my good wishes and earnest hope, that his efforts to promote unity in Christ's Church may be blessed. In 1870 (before the proposed conference was postponed, owing to the unhappy war between two great Christian nations), I wrote a letter to the late

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lamented Bishop McIlvaine, which he kindly undertook to present to the Conference. I hope that you will on the present occasion be the bearer of my good wishes, in the place of one whose loss has been felt by Christian men, wherever the English language is spoken. You are aware that I have never been a member of the Evangelical Alliance, under the auspices of which the conference is to be convened. But it is not possible for me to hold the position, which God has assigned to me in that Church, which has generally been regarded as the bulwark of the Reformation, without praying for God's blessing on all earnest efforts to spread the great Gospel doctrines, which the Reformation vindicated. Never since the Reformation has it been more important, that Christian men should learn to understand and co-operate with one another, and that they should, by the manifestation of their union in faith and good works, offer an effectual opposition to the growing progress of superstition and infidelity. And never has this union been more earnestly longed for than in the present day. I trust that the Holy Spirit of God may guide all who take part in your discussions at New York, and that the solution of the great social and religious questions, which you propose to treat, may be advanced by the mutual intercourse of minds accustomed, many of them, to regard these questions in different aspects, according to the peculiarities of their several countries. That God may hasten the time, when the differences, which at present tend too much to keep Christians asunder, may be removed, and when all who love the Lord Jesus Christ sincerely may be able, without compromise of principle, to unite both outwardly and in spirit, is my heart's prayer.

Believe me to be, my dear Dean,

Yours very sincerely,

A. C. CANTUAR.

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How would it have gladdened the heart of Bishop McIlvaine to have been the bearer of such a letter as this from the Primate of the Church of England to Christian brethren in America! and how would he have been encouraged to pray yet more earnestly, as he did in 1841: 'Oh for a great revival of this mind of Christ in all that are called by His name!'

CHAPTER XV.

THE LAMBETH CONFERENCE.

THE year 1867 was memorable in the history of the Church of England from the assembling of the Bishops of the Anglican Communion, from all parts of the world, by invitation of the Archbishop of Canterbury, to a Conference in Lambeth Palace on subjects, which were causing grave anxiety as affecting the common faith.

Bishop McIlvaine on receiving this invitation, in common with the other American Bishops, was doubtful about the effect of the proposed Conference, and hesitated whether to leave his diocese to attend it. But on the urgent desire of some of his brethren, he felt it his duty to be present; and it will be seen, by the following exracts from his letters, what an influential part he was able to take in the proceedings, and how his suggestions were valued.

ON THE INVITATION TO THE LAMBETH CONFERENCE.

Oberlin, Ohio, April 18th, 1867.

TO REV. W. CARUS,

. . . . You mentioned the invitation of the Archbishop of Canterbury* to the American Bishops to what is called the 'Pan-Anglican Council' at Lambeth. Each

* Archbishop Longley.

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of us has received a lithographed letter with the Archbishop's signature, containing an earnest invitation for a meeting in September, limited to *three* days. You seem to count on my accepting it; and my kind friend Dr. Guest of Cambridge has written to me, as if confident I will go. But it does not seem probable. To go while Bishop Bedell is absent is a difficulty. To leave Mrs. McIlvaine, now that both of us are at a good old age, is a difficulty. Then the question, *Cui bono?* I do not suppose the Conference, of such a variety of minds, could get in three days to any very important conclusions. The usefulness would lie chiefly in the *fact of coming together;* and it is questionable whether the manifestation of an outward union, covering so much diversity and discordance, would be of much spiritual interest or benefit. I will keep the matter open for direction.

Bowness, Windermere, August 8th, 1867.

TO THE SAME,

. . . . Am I again in England, and N—— with me? Have I again the expectation of seeing you and dear Mrs. C—— in a few days, and our dear Bishop? It seems almost incredible! I came off in such haste, after so short a notice, that I had not time to think more, than to make up my mind, before I was off to New York, and then on the ship. I was persuaded by the earnest representations of Bishops and Clergy of *our* views, as well as even some of not the same, who perhaps were as pressing as others, to come to the Lambeth Council. The 'Lateran' Council is famous; this will be known perhaps as the 'Lambeth.'

ON THE SUGGESTED RESOLUTIONS FOR THE CONFERENCE.

TO THE SAME, *London, Aug. 17th*, 1867.

We had a very nice visit to Farnham. The dear Bishop all love and kindness. We had much talk about

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the Council. He expects very little; and if nothing shall be done beyond a 'Confidential' printed paper of '*Suggested Resolutions*,' for three days, there *will* be very little done. I have said '*Confidential*.' It is so printed. But I do not regard *that* as preventing me from writing to *you* about it, when the object is to further the proper ends of the Council. The Resolution suggested for the first day is the only one intended to have any glance even at principles, or evils, or perils; and it is not even a *glance*. It is most empty, cold, timid, reserved. The Bishop entirely concurred with me in the miserableness of *that;* and what would be thought, if the whole of *that* paper were to be all our doings. I took the paper to my room, and to a great extent re-wrote the first resolution, going as far as I dare, with any hope of its acceptance. I submitted it to the Bishop, who thought it a very great improvement. I gave him a copy, and he proposed that he should try to get the Archbishop to adopt it as the *suggested* one, instead of that now set forth. We shall see. But even if *that* shall be accepted, can such a body meet in such times, and say nothing distinct, and pointed, and solemn, and faithful as to the two great dangers from Rationalism and Ritualism, with Popery in general. It would be better had the Council never been born. It seems to me, that there should be a paper presented, by all the force that can be gathered, for *adoption*, temperately but faithfully, and pointedly declaring against the present aggressions and conspiracies. The time when we shall have met will be too short to *originate* such a thing. It should be ready before we meet, in a form susceptible for amendment; and to be laid before a *few*, and according to circumstances presented to the Council; and to be put in the form of a protest if possible, in case nothing better can be done. Now, dear Carus, I want to do my duty, and all I can; and perhaps shall want and try in vain, so far as any

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success shall accrue. I may have to stand very much alone as to *action*. But I must do what the Lord will have me to do; and I pray for wisdom and strength. . . . . I will here give you the Resolution as proposed, and then my changes:

'We, the Bishops of Christ's Holy Catholic Church, professing the faith of the primitive and undivided Church, as defined by the first four General Councils, now assembled by the good Providence of God at the Archiepiscopal Palace at Lambeth, under the presidency of the Primate of all England, desire first to give hearty thanks to Almighty God for having thus brought us together for common counsels. Secondly, we desire to express the deep sorrow with which we view the divided condition of the flock of Christ throughout the world; and lastly, we do here solemnly declare our belief, that the best hope of reunion will be found in our drawing closer to Christ, each of us for ourselves, in much prayer and in the cultivation of charity.'

Suggested changes:

Line first—leave out 'the.'

After 'undivided Church,' put 'as contained in Holy Scripture.'

After 'Councils,' put 'and professed in the Articles and Liturgy of the United Church of England and Ireland, and of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States of America.'

Change 'now assembled' to 'being assembled.'

Instead of 'for common counsels,' put 'in mutual counsels for the interests of the Gospel.'

After 'hope of reunion will be found,' put, in place of all that follows, '*in a closer personal communion of all Christian people, by faith, with our common Lord and Life; in the diligent searching of the Scriptures, with humble reliance on the Holy Ghost, by whose inspiration they were written for our learning; in giving our-*

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selves continually to prayer, each for himself, and all for the flock of Christ; and in the cultivation of brotherly fellowship and love, according to the mind of Christ.'

ON THE PROPOSED RESOLUTION.

TO THE SAME, *Paris, Aug. 22nd*, 1867.

My idea is that, even if such a resolution be passed, as I have tried to make it, there ought to be something in the form of a resolution, one or more, having a specific reference to the present perils, noticing Romanism, Ritualism, and Rationalism, and going sufficiently into minuteness, as to make the aim quite unmistakable. Such a paper to be presented, whatever else is done; unless something equivalent be introduced from some other quarter. Such a paper to be easily turned into a protest against the negative action of the Synod, in case nothing of the kind of a satisfactory sort shall be passed. I would not take the limits of the resolution which I gave you, as at all an example in point of length. Better too long than too short, because it will be easier to diminish than enlarge.

TO THE SAME, *Paris, Sept. 13th*, 1867.

. . . . I received a letter from the Archbishop, accompanied by a new edition of the paper. The words 'suggested resolutions' dropped; 'confidential' also. The first Resolution is considerably improved; some of my suggestions substantially adopted. It is certainly a good deal better than the former, but defective still. He expresses the hope, that I will think it improved. Oh for decision and boldness, and a right sense of the value of the truth, before all efforts at union and outside aspect of agreement!

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ON THE OPENING AND ACTION OF THE CONFERENCE.

Winchester House, St. James's Square, Sept. 25th.

TO THE SAME,

. . . . We met yesterday. A solemn opening service—seventy-eight bishops present—none else. An amendment was proposed, leaving out *Councils* and *undivided Church*, and *hopes of reunion*, etc. And the dear Bishop of Winchester, when I asked him to move it, *consented* heartily and solemnly (thanks to God) as a great duty; and has done it, so far as matters proceeded yesterday, admirably, and with great and *felt* weight. As we are under injunction of confidence, I can say *now* no more, than that we have got to the '*lastly*,' and have lost nothing as yet, and gained more than we expected. The temper is good and moderate. *Pray*, as you do—The Lord guide and overrule. We go to Norwich on Saturday, and stay a few days there.

Bishop's Palace, Norwich, September 30th, 1867.

TO THE SAME.

How long it seems before we meet in Winchester; and how much we shall have to talk about when we meet! N—— and I came here on Saturday night, having stayed in London to attend the public service, which concluded the Conference, in the Church of Lambeth. It was a solemn and edifying service. You will be thankful to know, that by all of us, so far as I hear, our dear Bishop was regarded as a success and a blessing. The first resolution was almost entirely changed—*undivided Church* was wholly omitted, *Councils* were cautiously referred to, Scripture had its right place. *We* did not get all we sought in the concluding part; but we got much more than we had any expectation of at first. Our dear Bishop won the admiration of the American Bishops, to whom he was very attentive in his noble hospitality. I do not know what would have

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become of the Resolution, had not *he*, with all his personal and official weight, his noble bearing—so full of dignity and anxiety, come forward *at the first*, and moved the amendment, which took off the head of the Resolution, and opened the way to its utter disruption. How gracefully he did it, and with such adroitness of reasoning! And how unspeakably we are indebted to Him, who aided him and turned the tide of events! I never loved our dear Bishop so much, greatly as I loved him before. I shall bid him *adieu* with great pain of heart. The Pastoral Letter of the Conference, to be published in Latin and Greek, as well as English, was voted unanimously, all standing. I was on the committee for its preparation, the other members being, so far as I remember, the Archbishop of Dublin, the Bishops of London, Oxford, Gloucester, Ely, Llandaff, St. Andrews, and North Carolina (one or two forgotten). It was a good deal amended in committee. I got some changes, but desired some of them to be a little more positive than they are. However it is a good, dignified, and edifying document. The feeling of the whole meeting, the bearing of all towards one another, the decidedly high tone of manners and spirit, were truly delightful. I could heartily unite in the last resolution of thanks to God for such a meeting, as all did. How little did I expect at one time to be able to do so. I have privately expressed to the Archbishop my thankfulness, and congratulated him on the whole result. But as to particulars, we will talk at Winchester. I should say that a good deal of the programme was not acted on for want of time. Now, about going to you. . . . On Monday, as the Bishop has urged very much, and as it will be our *last* visit to him, we will stop at Farnham for the night, and on Tuesday, by the morning train, go to dear Winchester and my room. I wish I could get there on Saturday, and be Sunday and Monday with you and

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dear Mrs. C. I want wings to go to you. The work of our Conference, which *filled* four days, was immensely exhausting by its intense interest. Capetown and New Zealand took up a good deal of time. I am on a committee about Colenso, but when I can meet it, does not appear. I preached yesterday in the Cathedral here. We have a Church Missionary Meeting to-day, and a Bible Society to-morrow, etc.

Yours most affectionately,

C. P. M.

The Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Tait), in a letter to Bishop Sumner on the death of Bishop McIlvaine, when feelingly expressing his sense of their loss, alluded to the valuable aid they had received, at this memorable Conference from their departed friend: 'Much will the Bishop's loss be felt in England and America. He was a true bond of union, not only between the two Churches, but also between the two countries; and this union was cemented by his genuine Christian character. How well I remember the important position taken by you and him at the Lambeth Conference, which so much tended to the happy issue of that meeting.'

CHAPTER XVI.

THE PEABODY TRUST, 1866.

THE warm regard which Mr. Peabody had long felt for Bishop McIlvaine, and the high estimation he entertained of his wisdom, ability, and integrity, in fulfilling the responsible and delicate public duties, to which he had been so often called, led him to make the request, that he would act as one of his trustees in the appropriation

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of the munificent gifts he was about to bestow on his native country. Bishop McIlvaine had the gratification of being associated in this great trust with General Grant, and his attached friend the Hon. R. C. Winthrop, who had been member and speaker of the House of Representatives in the Congress of the United States.

MR. PEABODY'S MUNIFICENCE—MR. STEWART'S, AND MR. ASTOR'S.

Cincinnati, Christmas Night, 1866.

TO REV. W. CARUS.

Mr. Peabody, who gave so largely to the poor in London, is going on in his largesses in this country. He has given upwards of £250,000 to various educational and charitable institutions, since he came last autumn. He intends returning in May next to England, and spending the rest of his life there, where his nearest friends are (except his relatives here); as the friends of that part of his life spent in his native land are nearly all passed away. It is worth noting here, that among such large gifts to public objects, there is not a relative, or anybody of his family connections, who could with any reason expect assistance from him, for whom he has not made generous provision; not waiting for a *will* to be executed after his death, but giving the money now. He is thus not merely disposing of his income, but of his principal—his own executor. What a good example of a rich man! It is said that a much richer man in New York, Mr. Stewart, is going to imitate it, in giving a million or more of dollars to establish tenements for the poor in that city, somewhat on the plan adopted in the application of the Peabody gifts in London. And it is said that another equally rich man in New York, Mr. Astor, is going to build and endow a large asylum for the children of soldiers, killed or made helpless during the war.

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Merciful Escape on Crossing a Railway.

To the Same. *Cincinnati, August* 31, 1868.

. . . Among my mercies I must mention to you the escape Mrs. M—— and I have lately had from a horrid death. I was driving Mrs. McIlvaine and the Rev. G. T. Fox, of Durham, in the neighbourhood of Cincinnati. We were ascending a steep and very narrow road, the sides of which were precipitous. I was not aware that a railroad was just at the top. I knew it was somewhere in that direction, but I had not thought of it. When we were about half up the ascent, Mrs. M—— exclaimed, '*There comes the train.*' I could only hear the motion. There was no signal, and from the sound I could not judge where it was—how far off. It seemed distant. The narrowness of the road made it very difficult to turn, under the quietest circumstances. I pressed on to get a sight of the train, and see what to do. In a few moments I saw it only a hundred yards off, and at full speed. My road lay directly across its track—on the same level. Now the signal was given, but too late to be of any use. I was close to the track. To go back was impossible. To stop there was the certainty that the horse, frightened by the train rushing right past his face, would back us down the steep side of the road, some thirty feet. My conclusion must be instantaneous. I saw there was nothing to be done but *press across.* It would have been dangerous for a man to attempt to run across. There was but a moment. If the horse should hesitate at the track, I knew we were to be destroyed. For a perceptible instant it looked as if he would hesitate. I had not time to seize the whip. I shook the reins, and ordered. The train had ceased its whistle, probably lest it should alarm the horse. He leaped across, and the train (the engine) rushed behind us, and I do not think there were more

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than six feet between it and the hind wheels. No doubt the engineer had no hope of our escape. It was a marvel of deliverance! What if the horse had hesitated but two or three seconds! What mercy! what interposition of God's hand! I shudder every time I think of it. Mrs. McIlvaine stood it all silently till it was over, but the retrospect almost unnerved her. Mr. Fox saw all the peril. There was criminal negligence in not giving the signal sooner.

THE PASTORAL LETTER OF THE BISHOPS, AND BISHOP LEE'S SERMON.

TO THE SAME, *November 18th*, 1868.

. . . Our General Convention, which closed the last of October, after a session of four weeks, was in some respects interesting. It was the largest that ever met. All the Southern Dioceses were fully represented. All the Bishops except one (disabled) were present. The feelings associated with the war seemed all in abeyance. There was no appearance of any change from the *old* times, in point of affectionate relationship. In that respect it was delightful. As Bishop Smith usually presided only two hours each day, I had to preside about three hours each day. Then, as chairman of the most hard-worked committee (that on Canons), I had a great deal of work every day to prepare reports for the House. And every night there was some meeting of societies, or something else, so that I was very hard-worked, and stood it wonderfully. On several occasions in our House I had to be very bold, and decided in declaration concerning great truths; and have reason to believe it was not in vain. On one occasion I read a paper, which I had prepared carefully, as a specimen of what we ought to say to the Church concerning Ritualistic Romanism, and was rather surprised when several

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of the *middle* men came to me, and said, *that* was exactly what we wanted. They would like to put out that very paper, etc. The Pastoral Letter is good, but it is not in my view sufficiently plain, particular, and outspoken. I will send you a copy, and also a copy of Bishop Lee's sermon at the opening of the Convention, which is admirable. You will read it with great satisfaction. It is worthy of a reprint in England. In the Lower House the preponderance of High Churchmen was very decided. The order, and courtesy, and general appropriateness of things, as matters of decorum, were very good. But the general tendency and effect of their doings was on the side of *Churchmanship*, in distinction from spiritual religion; on the side of *restrictiveness* as to Evangelical men, more than as to the opposite. Our Church will suffer still more in repute with other bodies of Christians. But it is better than I feared. I see for us, and the Church of England, nothing ahead but a great trial to '*the truth*,' and to all its champions. We shall need to get less dependent on all encouragements, and supports of heart, that are matters of *sight*, and walk wholly by *faith*. Our hope must enter to that '*within the veil*.' But it is not long before we shall go where our Forerunner is for us entered, following our hope. Farewell, dearest Carus!

Most affectionately,

C. P. M.

TO THE SAME, *Cincinnati, December 27th*, 1868.

. . . In our political state we are expecting great things from the Presidency of Grant, who carries into the office more of the confidence of the country than any man has, perhaps, since Washington, only excepting Mr. Lincoln at his second election. I go to Baltimore to meet the Peabody Trustees the middle of next month, and as General Grant is one of our Board, I hope he will be with us.

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NOTE ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

January 18th, 1869.

This is my birthday. I have now attained to *seventy years of age*. The Lord's goodness, and love, and grace, and mercy, be praised. My whole soul praises Him for what He has saved me from, what He has not done to me, and for what He has done to me and saved me unto, during these years of such great immeasurable unworthiness. I have reviewed with wonder and humiliation unspeakable, the history of these years, especially from the time when I was first turned to the Lord, while in college at Princeton, in my sixteenth year. Grace has abounded indeed. Most heartily and thankfully can I say—as to all the good I have ever had or done—all the good I have now—all the hope I have—little as the good is, and precious as the hope is, '*By the grace of God I am what I am.*' And as that grace has not failed me hitherto, but has wonderfully sustained me, notwithstanding all my infirmities, and trials, and sinfulness, so I will trust for all that is yet to come; grace sufficient for me, made perfect in weakness—strength as my day shall be—especially Lord when Thou bringest me to the gates of death. 'The Lord is my shepherd,' I shall not want *then*. He will provide for that time of need, as He has provided for all times past. But faith is often weak. I cannot anticipate that time without some uncomfortable apprehensions. Lord, increase my faith. Give me the victory. Enable me to glorify Thee by my trust and peace in the presence of that last enemy. Lead me all my journey through.

NOTE ON A CASE OF DISCIPLINE IN HIS DIOCESE.

Sunday, June 27th, 1869.

To-morrow night I shall leave my dear home for New York, to sail on the 3rd of July for England. I never went abroad with less sense of pleasure in the

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expectation of visiting the Old World. I go chiefly to visit my precious N——, and next, to escape the debilitating influence of the summer. Whether this indisposition to go is connected, in God's gracious purposes, with any affliction before me, either to me while absent, or to any of the dear ones whom I leave, He only knows. I desire to commit all my ways to Him. I have now attained to a few months more than seventy years, and certainly it is high time to expect the approach of the end of my earthly life. This world, much as I love its beauties of nature, and most precious as my dear family are to my heart, I have no unwillingness to leave. My affections, I believe, are on my blessed Lord, and *where He is*.

I have had many conflicts to pass through in endeavouring to contend for the *faith* He delivered to us, but He has sustained me, and brought me through, and made me think with the more consolation of that home where all is holiness, love, and peace.

I leave incomplete a work of discipline in my diocese. The case of Mr. —— has been one of much trial to my sense of duty, and my firmness in carrying out its decisions. I believe that in the present danger of our Church, as to purity of doctrine, especially as to snares intended to betray us into Romish doctrines, the wisdom and duty are to take evils at the beginning. I am found fault with, and by some derided, as a man of narrow views, because I make so much of what seems to them *little things*. Some things are little in aspect, but great in results. Little to the eye, that looks only at the present aspect, and takes no account of what they are intended to produce. My policy is, to take them now, before they have grown to great things, and are beyond control. In the present case, I know that even many of the brethren, with whom I am most in harmony, and whose love I have to my great comfort, think I

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have gone too far, and wish I had not done so. I cannot agree with them; but it is a trial to persevere, nevertheless. I cannot see that I could have done less, and I patiently run *this* race, which I believe the Lord has set before me, *looking unto Him.* Time, I am sure, will vindicate my course. The day will come, when all lovers of the truth of the Gospel, in its simplicity, will wish that all Bishops had done likewise. My nature is not such as causes me to take any pleasure in such proceedings. I shrink from controversy and antagonism of any sort. But I must *stand. The days are evil,* and I must walk circumspectly in my office, amidst the snares of the devil. My time is very short, and I want to be *counted faithful* by the Lord while it lasts. I trust I do know something of counting it a small thing to be judged of man's judgment, in comparison with the approbation of *His* judgment. What will it profit me, or how can it comfort me, to have the praise of all men, and the condemnation of the Lord of all? Dear Lord, thou hast kept me, and upheld me, and made use of me in conflicts and trials for the truth in times past; I put my trust in Thee for all the present and the future. 'God is my Refuge and Strength.' Let me not be afraid. Strengthen my faith; make me more willing to endure hardness, and receive the censure and estrangement and hard feelings of men, in Thy service. Sanctify all to my greater growth in grace, and knowledge of Thee in Thy preciousness.

ON THE QUEEN'S LETTER TO MR. PEABODY, AND THE UNVEILING OF HIS STATUE BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Mountain House, Cattskill, July 22nd, 1869.

TO THE HON. R. C. WINTHROP.

MY VERY KIND AND DEAR FRIEND,

I got to New York on Tuesday last, and received

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your affectionate letter of the 14th, the day it was written. I ventured to go to my son's rectory at Morristown, near Philadelphia, thinking to rest there a few days, and then take easy journeys homeward. But letters from home expressed so much apprehension, of the effect the heat of July would have upon me, that after a week with my son, and being joined by my daughter, I came here for some mountain air last evening. The drive from the village to the mountain house exhausted me very much. I am very feeble; though my countenance, I don't think, shows much change. I think I shall go home soon. There is no substitute at such places for the comforts of one's own home and family. Thank you for the Queen's very kind letter to Mr. Peabody. It was no doubt exceedingly gratifying to him, and by this time probably the Prince of Wales has unveiled the statue in the London Exchange. The Queen's letter and that statue may do more good, internationally, than Mr. Sumner's speech did here.

The White Sulphur Springs will, I hope, be beneficial to our excellent friend; but it can be only a very superficial good. That cough is terrible, and I have no expectation of his living a year. *He* has little. May the bountiful grace of God, through Christ Jesus, prepare him for the time of his departure, and make him partaker of Him who is 'the Life.' There is a difference of four years between his age and mine. There may be less between the times of our going hence. I have no desire to remain here. To be with our blessed Lord is far better. One of my blessings is to have been brought into near and affectionate relations to you.

I desire affectionate remembrances to Mrs. Winthrop, and remain, with much love,

YOURS MOST TRULY.

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DEATH OF MR. PEABODY.—WESTMINSTER ABBEY OFFERED FOR HIS INTERMENT.

TO THE SAME. *Cincinnati, November 5th*, 1869.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

The papers this morning announce, what I have daily expected to hear, that our dear and venerable Mr. Peabody has departed. What a light of good works has he left behind. What a work have we, his trustees, to do to fulfil his great design and desire as to the South. How much will the eye of the good and the evil be upon us, now that what no doubt many have supposed to be his vigilant eye over us, is closed. It occurs to me whether we had better meet sooner than the appointed time in January, and instead of that meeting, in order to make a suitable act of respect and affection. Of this you will be the best judge. At any rate, whenever we shall next meet, it will properly devolve on you to prepare such a paper—resolutions or anything else—as will become our relations to the memory of our departed friend. A committee would of course be appointed, but you should, and I trust would, have a paper ready to be presented, prepared at your leisure.

I wonder whether any instruction was left as to the final resting-place of his remains. If they are to be in England, I should not wonder if Westminster Abbey should be offered.

With my affectionate remembrances to Mrs. Winthrop,

I remain, my dear friend,

YOURS VERY AFFECTIONATELY.

The Dean of Westminster did offer Westminster Abbey for his interment, supposing his remains would rest there permanently, and he was buried with full choral funeral service; but afterwards the Government offered

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the *Monarch* to take the body to his own country, and his remains were disinterred from the Abbey, and finally buried in his native town in Massachusetts.

On the Peabody Trust.

Cincinnati, November 15th, 1869.

To Rev. W. Carus.

. . . . The honours paid to the memory of my dear old friend, Mr. Peabody, especially the funeral solemnities in Westminster Abbey by order of the Queen, and the sermon by the Bishop of London, are very gratifying to us Americans. He deserved them. The great Trust for Education in the Southern States, of which I am one of the Trustees, he nearly doubled when we met him last July. It is now £500,000 in Government securities, yielding 6 per cent. and about £350,000 in State bonds (Mississippi and Florida), not now yielding interest, but considered good. It is a great Trust. I am Chairman of the Executive Committee. We have a most superior agent—a man of the highest character, and learning and experience and ability, a Christian, and the work is well set up, and going on excellently. General Grant is one of our Board, and a working one too.

Last Days of Mr. Peabody.

Cincinnati, November 20th, 1869.

To Hon. R. C. Winthrop.

My very dear Friend,

I write so soon again, because I have just received another letter from my daughter in London, giving further particulars of Mr. Peabody's death.

After the visit mentioned in her former letter, when Mr. Peabody took no notice of anybody, he sent several times for his confidential man of business, who came and stayed for some time with him; but he never roused enough to tell him what he wanted. Once in the middle

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of the night he asked the nurse, if he was dying. The nurse answered, that he was very ill indeed. He said he knew it, and was prepared. Sir Curtis Lampson told him he knew he would desire to know the whole truth, and that he *was* dying. The clergyman mentioned in the previous letter was Dr. Nolan, one of the London Church clergy. You probably remember him. He represented the British and Foreign Bible Society, at the same anniversary of the American Bible Society at which you spoke. A very earnest, good man, and an old friend of mine. He called several times, and once more Mr. Peabody could see him. And when Dr. Nolan prayed, he responded several times, *Amen;* but he could never say much, and it was at all times difficult to understand him. The last time Dr. Nolan saw him was on Tuesday the 2nd, or Wednesday, 3rd of October. He was heard to say to himself, 'Great mystery;' and after some time adding—'but I shall know all soon,' showing that his mind was consciously working, though he seemed unconscious. He knew the members of the Lampson family at times. My daughter says they were most faithful in their attentions; and as they thought they perceived that there was something he wanted to communicate, they always had one of the family with him, besides the nurse. My daughter was with him three times. The first time, as before mentioned, he was unconscious. 'The second time' (I now use her own words) 'I sat by him some time. At last he put out his hand and touched me, saying, 'I thought there was some one here.' I leaned down by him and said, 'Yes, it is N. McIlvaine;' and he knew me perfectly, and kissed me. I said, 'I am so glad you know me. Shall I give your love to my father?' He said, 'Yes.' I said, 'I have written.' Then he again became unconscious. After a time, I stooped down and kissed his forehead, and said, 'Good-bye,' when he again roused

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up and kissed me, evidently thinking he was in America, and said, 'How is your mother?' In a moment he was gone again. I saw him again, the night before he died. But he was perfectly unconscious and unable to speak. His tongue lost its power for some time before he died. He suffered very little at last.'

These are sad details of our departed friend. But they have some light in them. I am so glad such a man as Dr. Nolan was with him. O how precious is Jesus—'*To win Christ and be found in Him.*' Good-bye.

YOURS VERY AFFECTIONATELY.

Between this letter and the next there is a space of several months. My father went to Boston to be present at Mr. Peabody's funeral, and as there was some delay, owing to the detention of the ship, he spent two weeks with Mr. Winthrop, at Brookline. This was in January, I think. From thence we went (for I was with him constantly at that time) to the Trustees' meeting in Washington. It was held at the Arlington Hotel.

A. P. M.

ON CHANGES DESIRED IN THE BAPTISMAL OFFICE.

Cincinnati, September 4th, 1869.

TO REV. W. CARUS.

. . . It will not be long that you or I will have need to think what to do. Does it not often come to you with great consolation, that you will not (*probably* not) be here to be a witness of the calamities coming on the Church and the world? But then comes the thought, 'Ought I to take so much comfort in that thought, instead of desiring to be here, and take my share in the conflicts and tribulations? How difficult to realize the rest, and peace, and purity, and love, and

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light of the Church just beyond the vale, while such are its distractions and darkness and sorrow here! . . .

We are in much trouble in our American Episcopal Church. The growth of Romish doctrine, and of ritualistic extravagance, has quickened the long-felt grievance of certain things in the Prayer Book—especially the words of the Baptismal Office ('regenerated by the Holy Spirit,' etc.), into such revolt, that there is a considerable body of clergy and laity determined on having a change, or making a separation. This grows rapidly. In this feeling are some of our best clergy, and most important laymen in various dioceses. It *will* ripen into a schism unless some relief is given. There are several of our Bishops (myself among them) who believe the relief, on some points, ought to be given. . . .

I go to New York in October, to a meeting of Bishops for the election of a Missionary Bishop for Arkansas. At the same time I am to preside at the consecration of another (now elect), for Nevada, *far, far* west, towards the Pacific Ocean; and during our stay in New York some of the Bishops and some clergy (confidentially called) are to have a conference, as to what should be done to meet the danger. We are greatly threatened. Our funds for missions, education, and ministers are falling off, because the chief givers have lost confidence. That baptismal language is the great burden. My position is trying. I am looked to to take the lead in emergencies of this sort—*on one* side—and I feel very, *very* incompetent. My distance from Bishops with whom I sympathize is so great, that I cannot see them, when a conference would be of great use, except by a journey of a thousand miles. Some are nearer, but the natural place of meeting is in Philadelphia or New York.

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ON THE POPE AND HIS COUNCIL, BY 'JANUS.'

TO THE SAME. *Christmas Day*, 1869.

My only letter to-day is to *you*. How much I think of you these days, when we are both getting so far on the way of the wilderness, and the heavenly city seems so near! But my beloved friend—friend of so many years, of such unbroken oneness of mind and heart—I fear you have not gained by your sojourn on the Continent, as we hoped you would. The times are very trying (must be) to your spirit, trying to faith and patience. I deeply sympathize with you, as well because of what goes on in the Church, as because of your own weak health. Constantly do I remember you by name, as my 'beloved friend and brother' before God. We have need 'to remember the years of the right hand of the Most High,' in such days as these. 'He sits above the water-floods.' I deeply feel the evil to my own spirituality of mind in having, by the responsibility of my office, to come so much into contact with the controversies of the times. And often the thought of soon escaping, by entering into *the rest*, seems very precious. You and I will be taken from a large part of the evil to come. But I think with great pain of the dear ones who will remain, and who may be called to a warfare with the powers of darkness, such as, a few years ago, was little imagined to be coming upon England or this country. I have been reading 'The Pope and His Council,' by *Janus*—a book which is reprinted here from the English edition, and coming as it does from German Roman Catholics of high position and learning, it has great weight.

It is an awful exposure of the Papal Power with special reference to the Infallibility and the growth of the Papal claims. I never had such a view of Popery, in respect to its awful arrogance and ambition—its

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horrid impiety and cruelty, as this book has given me. It is the best commentary on '*the Man of Sin*,' of St. Paul, 'whom the Lord will destroy with the brightness of His appearing.' How I long to be with you both, that we may fulfil those words of Malachi: 'Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another,' etc. I never longed for you so much. The gracious Lord be with you.

Most affectionately yours,
C. P. MCILVAINE.

ARRIVAL OF MR. PEABODY'S REMAINS AT NEW YORK.

TO THE SAME. *January 25th*, 1870.

. . . I came to New York to meet a committee of Bishops, of which I am chairman, and now I am waiting the arrival of Mr. Peabody's remains to attend his funeral, as a Vice-President of the Trustees, having in charge the greatest of his gifts. The arrival of the *Monarch* on the coast is telegraphed to-day, and Anna will be here to-morrow, and we expect to be in Boston to-morrow night. Mr. Peabody's birth-place, Danvers, Massachusetts, where the burial will be, is about fifteen miles from Boston. A fleet of Government ships, under command of the Admiral of our Navy, has gone out to meet the *Monarch*, and convey her into Portland. A military escort has been ordered to accompany the body from the port to Danvers. Committees of various State Legislatures, and City Corporations, will be at the funeral, and in all respects very great honours, corresponding with those so handsomely paid in England, will be rendered to *Philanthropy* in the example of Mr. Peabody. After the funeral the annual meeting of the Trustees will take place.

Dear Dallas! what a departure, what an arrival! what a loss to us, and gain to him, dear excellent servant of God! 'The chariot of Israel.' . . . How

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earth's light fades, as one after another of God's lights, and our beloved ones go away, or cease to do their active work here. But as Mr. Dallas gave his dying opinion of the nearness of the Lord's coming, as indicated in the signs which have been growing in impressiveness, and at last have culminated in the Pope's assembly of a thousand of his lords, in the palace of his kingdom, 'to praise the gods of gold and silver,' etc. (Dan. v. 1—23), so I believe. And never did the prayer '*Come quickly*' so occupy my heart as now. 'He cometh, He cometh to judge the world in righteousness, and the people with His truth.' The governments of the earth are breaking up; the dispensation of the Church is becoming more and more infirm and confused; the wisdom of man to remedy the vast and grievous evils in Church and State, and in all conditions of life, is becoming more and more convicted of utter insufficiency; the darkness grows deeper, all in preparation for His coming, who will judge Israel, administer justice and righteousness, give peace, establish holiness, fulfil His promises.

ON THE DEATH OF BISHOP McILVAINE'S SON.

Cincinnati, Easter Sunday Afternoon, 1870.

TO HON. R. C. WINTHROP.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

It was most kind in you to write me the affectionate and heart-helping letter of sympathy in our affliction, received yesterday; especially as you were in painful anxiety about your own son. Our Father has chastened us in His love, to make us, through His Spirit, more entirely 'partakers of His holiness.' The affliction is the more deep, because our beloved son, since his college-days, had been an invalid, and so had most tenderly possessed our hearts, even beyond the usual love of parents. Then all his life had been so

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tenderly filial to us and faithful to God. It is twenty-three years since, after a boyhood of serious thoughts and desires, he became an intelligent communicant; and for nearly twenty years he had lived, in the atmosphere of a public office in Washington, such a life of pure, humble, steadfast consistency as a Christian, that 'Christian gentleman' was the praise everybody gave him. I never knew such pure love of knowledge *for its own sake*, or a more persistent growth in good attainment.

We had long been meditating, and he also, his resignation and coming home. . . .

I think I could not possibly have a more perfect, sweet and uplifting, praising, adoring certainty of his salvation and present blessedness; so that Mrs. McIlvaine and all of us are not merely resigned, we are full of loving praise to God for his goodness and grace to that most dear son; and yet the poor heart is sore—it *is bereaved*, and cannot help aching.

I do earnestly trust, my dearest friend, there is no such pain in store for you as regards your absent son. But whatever affliction may ever come to you, may you find in God 'a very present help in the time of need.' . . .

With a heart of tender love.

YOUR AFFCTIONATE FRIEND.

ON LEAVING AGAIN FOR ENGLAND.

Note-book. *May 24th*, 1870.

I take leave of all at home this afternoon for New York, expecting to sail for England on the 28th. 'Ye know not what shall be on the morrow.' It is not at all unlikely that to-day I shall take my last look, this side Eternity, of all these my beloved ones. 'The Lord's will be done'—'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed upon Thee, because he trusteth in Thee.' That peace in a sustaining degree I feel, that

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trust I have. It is the anchor of my soul. That word of promise, on which it rests, is 'sure and steadfast.' That hope, so resting, 'entereth into that within the veil,' whither my dear Lord and all-sufficient intercessor has for me *entered*. *I trust in Him*, and have peace. Blessed be God for His boundless grace to me *a sinner*. Now all, good-bye—my dear wife and children, my sons-in-law, my daughter-in-law, my grandchildren —all beloved. I commit you to the love and grace of God in Christ, and pray, that when the Lamb's Book of Life shall be opened, each of your names may be found written there. Farewell, dear ones. How soon I shall see again my precious son, so recently gone from *us* to his Saviour!

On Great National Changes.

Farnham Castle, Surrey, October 4th, 1870.

To Hon. R. C. Winthrop.

My very dear Friend,

I have had your interesting letter of the 14th a few days. It reached me in Winchester, whence I came here, yesterday, to see again my dear and venerable friend, Bishop Sumner, who, though he is no longer Bishop of Winchester, retains during life this fine old seat, which bears striking marks of one of Cromwell's sieges. I first came here in '35, and it has been one of my dear homes ever since; and all my family, except one daughter, have been here at different times.

I am glad the meeting for Memphis was not called. Our board is fast changing. We must carefully get in some more enduring *material*, as a keel to the personal identity of the Trust.

I will certainly fulfil your request as to the inscription at Fulham Palace; and will hope to report it to you soon.

We are here in England so near the tremendous and

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most awful things going on the other side of the Channel; and then the Pope's temporal sovereignty gone! What is God's doing? His arm is made bare. We stand still, and in quietness wait to see His salvation, while the judgment of the nation goes on.

YOURS VERY AFFECTIONATELY.

CHAPTER XVII.

1871—1873.

BISHOP MCILVAINE'S ADDRESS ON THE NEW YEAR.

Cincinnati, January 2nd, 1871.

TO ALL OF THE DIOCESE OF OHIO, CLERGY AND LAITY, DEAR BRETHREN IN CHRIST JESUS:

I desire to offer my affectionate salutation, on the opening of a new year. May it be to all of us a year of that happiness, which nothing can give but a true faith in Him, whose coming in the flesh, to be a sacrifice for us, we have recently celebrated. May His grace abound unto you, my brethren, in all holiness and faithfulness of living, with all joy and peace in believing.

When last I endeavoured to labour among you, by active visitation from parish to parish, I was compelled by very reduced health to cease; and I went abroad to escape what is always so debilitating to me, the heat of our summer. By the goodness of God, I have recently returned with renewed strength, but conscious of the need of great carefulness in that part of my work, in which I have always found so much enjoyment of heart—the preaching of the Word. It is not, however, to be wondered at, considering my present age, and how long I have been permitted to labour in the Lord's vineyard. Last July was the *fiftieth* of my ministry; and

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I am now in the thirty-ninth year of my Episcopate. Of all the venerable brethren, who were Bishops of this Church before me, *none survive*. Of the three who were consecrated with me, only one has not been taken away. Of those added during the subsequent eight years, only one remains. These are solemn facts in the numbering of my days. It is time to expect the decay of strength. The Lord be praised for what yet continues, and enable me to use it faithfully for Him and for you.

My New Year salutation comes to you, brethren, in a very impressive period of the world's history. Looking back upon that just ended, how rapidly events have succeeded one another of the greatest magnitude, of which no believer in the Providence and promises of God can doubt, that they have a most intimate and momentous connection with predicted developments of His gracious purposes, introductory to the Second Coming of our Lord. Among them, the most important, though not that which has drawn the chief attention, is the dethronement of the Bishop of Rome from his usurped temporal sovereignty, and the occupation of that city, under a vote of the people, as the capital of another power. How marvellous that fall, from the very pinnacle of his own temple, and just when his heaven-daring decree had been proclaimed, which was to secure, enlarge, and glorify his proudly asserted position as supreme head of the Church and the world—whose word none are permitted to doubt—whose will none may venture to disobey.

Remembering that great Council of his spiritual lords, before which the decree was announced in great pomp, and in the great temple of Rome's idolatries, the description comes before us of the King of Babylon, before a thousand of his lords, feasting with the sacred vessels of gold and silver, taken from the ruined temple of God and Jerusalem, and praising 'the gods of gold, and silver, and wood, and stone.' One cannot but remember the

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hand writing upon the wall of that palace, that very night: '*God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it. Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting. Thy kingdom is divided and given to the Medes and Persians.*' *That night*, Babylon was taken. *That* Council was then dispersed, never to meet again.

But with events of such significance, in the recent history of what I fully believe is the Babylon of the Book of Revelation, is associated the contemporaneous fall of that Imperial power, which for many years has been the protection of the Papal throne; and its cause, that great war which has so suddenly humiliated the pride, and destroyed the ascendancy of Papal and Infidel France. The end of these 'marvellous things' we do not yet see; but they compel us to pause at the beginning of this new year, and wonder what they will behold, who shall see its end.

I have no prediction, or interpretation of prediction to offer. But there is a prediction, a promise, an expectation which stands before us continually in the Scriptures, in the fulfilment of which the joy of the people of God will be full, and for which they are expected to look and wait, as the chief glory of the Church's future, '*the consolation of Israel.*' I mean the *second appearing* in power and glory of Him, whose first coming, in humiliation and suffering, we have recently celebrated. Our Church does not allow us to forget it. In the Morning and Evening Prayer, the praise of the first anthem in each terminates with that expectation. You will read in the latter, 'Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful together before the Lord; *for He cometh.* With righteousness shall He judge the world, and the people with equity.' In the Collect for the Third Sunday in Advent, we pray that as John the Baptist was sent at our Lord's 'first coming' to prepare His way, so the Ministers of His Gospel may likewise prepare the way

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of His second coming, 'by turning the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just.' By every celebration of the Ascension we are called to remember the words of the attending angels, assuring us that our ascending Lord will come again. The true posture of His Church, ever since that entering of our High Priest within the vail, has been *expectation* of return; 'looking for that blessed hope and glorious appearing'—what St. Paul prayed that God will give us all—'*the patient waiting for Christ;*' that with which He comforted the troubled disciples when He said, '*I will come again,*'—and that which closes the Scriptures—the last promise, and the last prayer of the word of inspiration, '*Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.*' 'Of the times and seasons you have no need that I write unto you. For yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night'—*when* and *how*, in our own time, or later, I have no disposition now to write—except to say, that present events should turn our minds with great seriousness to the signs of 'those things which are coming on the earth,' and give impressiveness to the exhortation of St. Paul, founded on that coming '*as a thief in the night:*' 'Let us not sleep, as do others, but let us watch and be sober—putting on the breast-plate of faith and love, and for a helmet the hope of salvation.'

It is but the voice of warning that has been sounding through the ages, ever since the Lord Jesus, just before He went away, pronounced those words, '*Watch—for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come.*' Oh, brethren, that we all may be like unto that faithful servant who waits for his Lord, that 'when He cometh he may open unto Him immediately.' Thus to be ready is to be ready for all duties and all trials. It is just the readiness to die. It is just what St. Paul counted all things 'but loss' that he might have—*namely*, to 'win Christ,

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and be found in Him.' The faithful life of faith—the patient continuance in the daily well-doing of an humble, holy, diligent following of Christ—not *conformed to this world*, but *transformed* by the renewing of your minds, so that in your habitual experience you 'prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God;' in everything, and for everything, of duty, of hope and of grace, '*looking unto Jesus*;' such is the essential preparation, whether He send for us, or come to us; whether, at 'the voice of the archangel and the trump of God,' we be found among the quick, or the dead.

Then, dear brethren, my New Year salutation is one of affectionate prayer for you all—that you may live as 'children of light and of the day;' that your hearts may not be 'overcharged with the cares of this life;' that you may daily overcome the world; that as good stewards of talents committed to you, you may strive together to promote the Gospel and the salvation of souls; that 'your love may grow exceedingly, and the charity of every one toward another may abound;' that by all purity and faithfulness of living you may glorify God, and make manifest your faith in Christ; that the end of this year may witness your growth in grace, and in the knowledge of Him whose 'love passeth knowledge;' that you may be abundantly blessed in your families, and in your relations one to another, as members of 'the household of God,' and some of you, as Pastors of the flock of Christ—ministering in His word and ordinances, and having in special charge the treasure of the Gospel.

So, dear brethren, pray I for you. And *so pray ye for me*. And thus let us go on together, 'watching unto prayer'—'waiting for Christ,' 'rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation,' till our time come, either to *depart* and be with Christ, or to meet Him here when He cometh

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in the clouds—'the glorious Epiphany of our Great God and Saviour, Jesus Christ.' Amen.

Your affectionate Bishop,
CHAS. P. McILVAINE.

NOTE ON THE DEATHS IN HIS FAMILY.—THE COMING TRIBULATION OF THE CHURCH.

January 18th, 1871.

Seventy-two years old this day. I do not realize it. So near the time of departure; and yet it requires an effort to make the reality—the nearness of my eternal state—a matter of consciousness.

During the last year I have had great mercies, and much sorrow. In March my dear son Charles's little boy—named after me, Charles, and after my departed son, Bloomfield, was taken—a most sweet one. Then the next month came the departure of my most dear son Joseph. My health had previously begun to fail. My son's death caused it to sink rapidly, so that I could do nothing that required any mental effort. In the last of May I sailed for England, partly to seek a re-invigoration of health, partly to visit my dear daughter in London. I thank God for the pleasure of my visit abroad, and the benefit to my health, as well as the preservation of all at home during my absence. And now is it not very likely that this year will be my last on earth? that before its months are come and gone, I shall have known what it is to be out of the body? In that case, 'present, with the Lord,'—present before Him with my precious Joe, and the dear children who went before him—present with all that multitude of the blessed who make the 'Communion of Saints' in Heaven! Let me realize it. To me '*the world passeth away*' indeed. What is it to me, except as a wilderness almost passed? It will be good to escape those things

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which are coming on the earth—to get away from the contests of the Church here, to the sweet rest and peace and purity and perfectness of the Church above. I look for tribulation to increase in all the affairs of this world and the visible Church, until *that coming* which will be 'the restitution of all things.' I want to be in the mind to be saying habitually, '*Come, Lord Jesus*,' whether to take me away by the taking down of the earthly house of this tabernacle, or to find me here at Thine *appearing*.

This year, dear Lord, enable me to spend in prayer and watching, in doing Thy will, trusting in Thy promises, and preparing for Thy presence. What strength Thou shalt give me for preaching Thy Word, give me the heart to use in loving, faithful manifestations of Thy truth. What affliction, personal or domestic, it may please Thee to lay upon me, may Thy grace so bless to me, that sorrow may be turned into joy. Make it a year of blessing and love to my dear wife and children and their families. Remember my dear daughter in London and her sweet little Emily. Remember, O Lord! our American Episcopal Church—send labourers, put down the Romish superstitions, and formality, and doctrinal corruptions that now assume so much boldness. Stay the progress of Rationalistic evil—leading to the denial of our Lord. May the Spirit of Grace and supplication —of zeal for the Lord, the salvation of souls, and the spread of Gospel truth and life, be poured out on this Church and the whole Church of Christ on earth. Amen.

On Coming over on Delegation to the Emperor of Russia.

To Rev. W. Carus, *Cincinnati, May 29th*, 1871.

. . . . I have not answered before your and Mrs. Carus' affectionate urgency that I should make *one more* voyage to England; (how often have I supposed the

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last was the *very* last!) I have not till within a few days supposed I *could*. The Evangelical Alliance of New York appointed me last November on a delegation to the Emperor of Russia, on behalf of the persecuted Protestants in the Baltic provinces. I had declined. But being greatly urged, and my health in prospect of the heat of summer (thermometer to-day, ten a.m., at 84°; yesterday it was 91°: such weather almost unprecedented in May, and a severe drought with it) being unpromising, so that I must go somewhere, I have concluded to go; and sail June 17th, in *City of Brooklyn*. The delegation is to meet in London on the 27th; and in Berlin, July 4th. I may get to London on the 28th. . . . .

The treaty concluded between England and America about the *Alabama* case, and so satisfactory on both sides, is a great peace-precedent for the whole world. *Laus Deo pacis.*

ON THE DELEGATION TO THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

Interlaken, Switzerland, July 24th, 1871.

TO HIS DAUGHTER M——.

MY DEAREST DAUGHTER,

The glorious mountains of this beautiful and wonderful country are not big enough to keep you out of my thoughts. How often I have wished I could take you, my precious M——, on one of these tours. Your earnest and enthusiastic delight in all such joys would be a constant joy to me. I think you would run like a deer up and down these grand ascents. And how I wish I could have G—— and H—— here. But I forget how old I am, and that I have little reason to anticipate any such pleasure. A—— is enjoying herself to the full, and drinking health every day. At each place of interest she is so unwilling to go on to another. Our first place from London was Paris, where we stayed only

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long enough to drive among the terrible destructions made during the Communistic war; for that made during the Prussian siege was nothing. Thence to Strasburg, and saw there the terrible effects of the Prussian siege. Thence to Stuttgart, hoping there to find the Emperor of Russia. We were there three days. Thence to Friedrichshafen, on Lake Constance, where he had gone to celebrate the silver wedding of his sister, the Queen of Wurtemberg.

By his direction our delegation, and those from England and the Continent (forty in all), had an interview with his Prime Minister, Prince Gortschakoff, for about two hours. It was better for our object than meeting himself, for we could not have gone into such detail with the Emperor; the etiquette of his presence would have confined us to little else than formalities. . . .

I forgot to say that on the Continental delegation to the Emperor was the celebrated *Tischendorf*, created a Baron by the Emperor of Russia for his labours in Scripture-versions, manuscripts, etc. A—— had some nice French conversation with him.

This was an important embassy of distinguished philanthropists, both from America, England, and all parts of Europe; and it is stated in their report, that it 'accomplished all that could reasonably be expected.' The following official account of their interview with Prince Gortschakoff, which was held by express command of the Emperor, will be read with interest.

'Dr. Schaff, after presenting to his Highness the members of the deputation by name, introduced, on their behalf, the specific object of their mission. He expressed the great respect entertained by the Evangelical Alliance for the person of his Imperial Majesty, and their gratitude for his liberal and enlightened policy to his subjects, especially in the emancipation of twenty-three millions

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of serfs, in permitting the circulation of the Holy Scriptures, and in ameliorating the religious condition of Protestants in the Baltic provinces, since the deputation from the Paris branch of the Alliance had waited on his Majesty last year with a memorial on the subject.

The deputations, which had now come across the Atlantic and from different parts of Europe, had neither political nor ecclesiastical objects to serve, their motive was simply a Christian one, in the cause of religious liberty. They were desired by their co-religionists of various nations and creeds to approach his Imperial Majesty with a respectful petition that those laws of his Empire which forbid secession from the Greek Church, or which otherwise interfered with the rights of conscience, might be abolished, or so altered as to give protection to his Majesty's subjects in the profession of their religious faith, and to secure equally to all, freedom of worship. They believed that such an act of liberality would strengthen the loyalty of all classes, and make them better citizens; while compulsion in matters of religion tended to create discontent, hypocrisy, and infidelity, and to undermine the foundations of government. . . . .

The object of the deputation was further advocated by the Rev. Dr. Coulin, the Rev. Dr. Adams, Bishop McIlvaine, the Hon. W. E. Dodge, Baron von Tischendorf, the Rev. Dr. van Oosterzee, Colonel von Wurstemberger, Von Bach, and others.

In reply to the opening speech, and in the course of debate, Prince Gortschakoff was pleased fully and frankly to communicate his opinions, which he did with a courtesy and ability becoming his high position and long experience as a statesman.

He expressed his gratification at the respectful manner, in which this delicate subject had been brought before his attention by the deputation, and his own as well as

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his Majesty's sympathy with the cause of religious liberty. He had no doubt of the purity of their intentions, and their freedom from political aims. He assured them that the Emperor desired, that everyone throughout his Empire should have liberty of worship in the Church to which he belonged, that Russia was a country in which all religions were tolerated, and that gentlemen present had only to visit St. Petersburg to see Lutheran, Reformed, and other Churches adorning the principal street (Newski Prospect), in order to be convinced that religious liberty was fully granted. But, whilst persecution was not allowed, neither was propagandism. He remarked that the policy of the Russian Government had been to put down the sects, which inculcated immoral tenets, and 'as for the rest,' said the Prince (putting his hands before his eyes and looking through his fingers) 'we deal thus with them.'

His Highness frankly admitted that there were laws which forbade anyone leaving the Greek Russian Church, after once becoming a member of it. About the propriety of this prohibition there might be different opinions; he had his own opinion: but such were the laws of the Empire, and they could only be changed by the Emperor. The time and manner of doing so must be left with his Majesty, who could not, for obvious reasons, suffer any appearance of foreign intervention and outward pressure; any alteration or modification of the existing laws must be done *proprio motu*. For this reason, whilst under ordinary circumstances his Majesty would have been most happy in person to receive a deputation, yet, looking to the large number of delegates present, their high social standing and influence in the countries from which they came, and considering the publicity which had already been given to their intentions, it was manifest that their reception would have the appearance of foreign interference with the internal

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affairs of Russia, and this, in the interest of the object itself, must be avoided. . . .

Prince Gortschakoff, however, assured the deputations that he would faithfully report to his Majesty the subject of their request.

In taking leave, Dr. Schaff, on behalf of the deputies, asked the Prince whether they might expect a written reply, and whether he had any objection to their giving publicity to the views expressed by him on this occasion. To this he replied, as nearly as we can remember, in the following words: 'I am now seventy-three years old, and have learned by long experience that much writing is likely to prevent acting. I put to paper as little as possible. But you are at perfect liberty to publish the proceedings of this interview, and (he added with some emphasis, pressing the hand of the deputy), '*I authorize you to inform the world that the Emperor and myself are in full sympathy with religious liberty, and shall do all in our power to promote it.*'

Thus ended that remarkable interview, which lasted over an hour and a half, and which we have briefly but faithfully reported.'

On the Harmony in the Convention, and the Declaration on Baptism.

Morristown, Pennsylvania, Oct. 15, *Sunday*, 1871.

To Rev. W. Carus.

My dearest Friend and Brother,

You will rejoice when I tell you, that I never knew a General Convention so promising for the future of our Church. In the House of Bishops, out of fifty-two Bishops, all except two (one of whom is in China, the other an invalid) are present, and show a spirit of concord, of moderation, of mutual consideration, of desire to unite in what is best for the Gospel, of prayer,

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and of good feeling in general, such as I have never seen before in that body. Extreme men in either direction are few, and extreme High Churchmanship has very little voice.

To our amazement we have obtained an action in that House as to the Baptismal Office, which we did not suppose possible, at least at this Convention. Our first effort was to get a Rubric placed after that about the sign of the Cross in Baptism. It was withdrawn. After four days of anxious consultation in 'Council,' as many hours each day as the business of 'the House of Bishops' would allow, we concluded on a Declaration, of which the substance and point are nearly in these words, viz., that being called, for the relief of the minds of certain members of the Church, to declare our understanding, etc., we Bishops, etc., declare our conviction, that the word *regenerate* in the Baptismal Office is not so used, as to determine the doctrine of the Church to the effect, that '*a moral change in the subject of Baptism is wrought in the Sacrament.*' *That Declaration is signed by every Bishop,* except one; recorded in our Journal, and sent to the House of Deputies, to be recorded in their Journal, *as so sent.* I think this better than the proposed Rubric, because it has a doctrinal influence, which the other would not have. The marvel is, that we got it, and *so signed.* Of course there are divergent views as to the meaning of the word *regenerate*, and the effect of Baptism, besides a moral change, or change of heart. But the Romish doctrine is denied, which makes the change *a perfect one*, needing only to be *preserved;* and salvation is sure, invariably connected with the Sacrament. . . .

The Bishop of Lichfield (Selwyn), and Dean Howson, and other English clergy, had a most cordial reception, and have done much good by their sayings and doings. Their visit was at a good time to see our Church.

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The Declaration respecting the meaning of the term *regenerate*, in the Office for the Ministration of Baptism of Infants, which was adopted with such remarkable nnanimity by the House of Bishops, October 1871, was a response to the Appeal made to them, Oct. 1869, by nine of their brethren, who in consequence put forth the following 'Statement':

'The undersigned, in October, 1869, united in an appeal to their brethren in the Episcopate, representing the disquietude occasioned to many in our Church by certain expressions in our formularies, and asking their co-operation for the relief of such persons, especially suggesting some modification of the Office for the Ministration of Baptism of Infants. In response to this appeal, and for other considerations, the following Declaration has been adopted by the House of Bishops with remarkable unanimity:

'We, the subscribers, Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, being asked, in order to the quieting of the consciences of sundry members of said Church, to declare our conviction as to the meaning of the word 'regenerate' in the Offices for the Ministration of Baptism to Infants, do declare that in our opinion the word 'regenerate' is not there so used as to determine that a moral change in the subject of Baptism is wrought in that Sacrament.'

'This action was taken with solemn prayer for Divine guidance, after unreserved and earnest deliberation, and with a manifest desire on the part of all the Bishops to relieve existing difficulties, and to secure the peace and unity of the Church. We now desire to express our gratitude to the Great Head of the Church for this result, and to bear witness to the fraternal and Christian spirit, which led to the above Declaration, and animated throughout the full discussion which terminated in its adoption. Although not the precise form of relief which was sought for, it is in our opinion a most important,

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timely, and beneficial measure. We do earnestly commend this expression to the serious and candid attention of those of our brethren of the Clergy and Laity, who have felt themselves burdened in the use of the language of the Baptismal Offices, in the hope and trust that it will have great weight in their judgment, relieve their minds, and satisfy their scruples.

CHARLES P. MCILVAINE,
ALFRED LEE,
J. JOHNS,
JOHN PAYNE,
HENRY W. LEE,
J. T. BEDELL,
WM. BACON STEVENS,
THOMAS H. VAIL,
O. W. WHITAKER.

Baltimore, Oct. 13th, 1871.

The Declaration was signed by forty-nine Bishops—two absent, one present and declining.

ON THE BROTHERLY FEELING AMONG THE BISHOPS, AND THEIR PASTORAL LETTER.

TO THE SAME. *Baltimore, Oct. 29th*, 1871.

. . . . It has been a very interesting and important Convention. I wrote you about the spirit of it, especially in our House: it was so also in the other. In our House party lines seemed scarcely visible. Brotherly love was more seen than I ever knew before, encompassing all. Instead of a body of minds of opposite views *contending* with one another, it was a council of brethren counselling with one another, as men actuated with the one desire of doing the best and wisest. The change from past Conventions in our House was so great, that it excited the remark of astonishment and thankfulness in every mind. . . . . From being a divided Church, and apparently rushing

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to disunion, we have separated an *united* Church, less divided than ever. I and those brethren, with whom in our House I have been in special agreement, and who generally have been in the minority on great questions, *we* now have such an accession from the moderate ones of those who ruled before, that we are the controlling power, that is, in such questions as have been the most exciting at this Convention—those pertaining to *Ritualism*, and the chief dangers of the Church. Not that there are not differences of opinion in doctrine, etc.; but they have been much lessened by mutual understanding, and they cause less diversity of feeling and action. But we failed in getting any satisfactory expression against Ritualism, and that is our sorrow; for the united force of the Bishops, with few exceptions, was given to some expressions: the low-church and the moderate high-church party, in the lower House, were united to obtain it; and yet it failed—and failed in spite of a positive and considerable numerical majority both of clergy and laity; failed, I mean, in *Convention;* but the Bishops did not fail to make an expression in their Pastoral Letter. . . . . In this Pastoral Letter, of which I will send a copy as soon as I get one, the Bishops have spoken plainly, and it is very well received. I feel greatly more hopeful than I did before. The Bishops are more determined, a great deal, to do all in their power to put down the evil; and they are supported by a strong and overwhelming public opinion.

ON HIS BIRTHDAY AND DELICATE HEALTH.

Cincinnati, January 18th, 1872.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

MY DEAREST N——,

You will see the date, my *birthday*. This day I enter my seventy-fourth year. I have been permitted to

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attain an age greater than that of any of my family, parents included. . . . In my boyhood I was considered to have the least vigorous constitution of all the family. Through a life of constant, exacting labour and great tension of mind, having had much mental trial and bodily exposure, and having suffered many dangerous accidents and encountered many critical dangers, by the care, and goodness, and merciful forbearance of my Heavenly Father I am brought to this day, crowned with loving-kindness, infinitely indebted to boundless grace; blessed in my family, blessed unspeakably in my own soul; standing here so near Eternity, and having '*that blessed hope.*' My darling, I have little reason to expect another birthday. It is not a sorrowful thought. It has not a tinge of any such aspect. It has *feeling* —of tenderness and solemnity. *Tenderness* at thought of the dear ones I shall leave. But though I realize every day that I am so near, I have not the least anxiety or trouble of spirit. I know nothing in the contemplation but my dear Lord Jesus—the infinite love that gave Him and brought Him to be my Saviour, the perfectness of His sacrifice for my sins, and the all-sufficiency of His intercession for all that come to God by that 'living way.' I rest upon His word, and have great peace.

Recently my head has been quite bad, so that I can do very little. The least excitement of conversation, no matter how agreeable, affects me *painfully*, or rather, I should say, produces consciousness of brain effect. This has come on much sooner this year than ever before. But still I am thought to look very well. All here are looking as well as usual, and our domestic life goes on like a smooth stream.

A letter, very similar to this, was written the same day to the Editor, in which the Bishop says in concluding:

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I have a sweet peacefulness of mind on looking before me, and thinking of what remains of the journey. I have grown in my *knowledge* of Christ and the love of God in Him, and have a *trust* in Him, and His Word *of Him*, that gives me great quietness and rest. . . . I was urged by Dean Howson and the head of the American Committee, appointed to be co-workers with the English in the Revision of the New Testament Version, to be one of the former. I declined it, and the application was renewed; but I did not consent, not out of any want of interest in the object, but because I have no idea of my competency, and cannot take any new responsibility. An able committee has been formed here. Now I must stop. The heat is in my head.

Your dearest Friend and Brother,

C. P. M.

NOTE ON DEATH ABOLISHED, AND ON THE LOVE OF THE FATHER AND CHRIST.

January 18th, 1872.

Still here. But the time is nearer, and my present condition of health causes me to realize, that I know not what a day may bring forth. My excitableness of brain is such as I feel may cause at any moment a sudden death. But is there any *death*, except *departure*, going out of the body, to them that are in Christ Jesus, any more than there was aught but transition from an old earth, that had perished, to a new earth, to Noah and his family whom the flood found *in the ark?* In what sense has Jesus '*abolished death*,' if any death remains to His people, such as they will be conscious of, when He shall take them away? '*He that liveth, and believeth in Me, shall never die.*' Does not this mean, shall not see, or know *death*, but as turned into newness of life, through Him who is *the Life?* The twenty-third Psalm contains all that. I think I have been learning more this year than before of what St. Paul prayed for on behalf

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of the Ephesians (Eph. iii. 18, 19), '*to comprehend the love of Christ which passeth knowledge*'—that love a great sea, the breadth, and length, and depth, and height of which can never be known. But we can know it more and more. We can see it more nearly. We can get new views of its preciousness, and wonderfulness; views more adoring, more believing. We can have it more '*shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost.*' We can learn to realize it more, as not only Jesus's love, but the *Father's*, who gave Him to be a propitiation for our sins —not only the Father's *then*, but *now*, and for ever to all who are in Christ Jesus—not only the love of *Jesus*, when He came and died for us, but when He ascended and entered within the vail, as our forerunner, and as He now maketh intercession for us. I think, and am thankful to believe, that I *have* grown in that knowing of Christ. I bless God for the grace that ever began in me that *knowledge*. Resting in that love of the Father and of the Son, and taught me by the Spirit, I feel quite tranquil, and at peace in the expectation of soon being called away. My mind dwells on scarcely anything of happiness, in the view of the blessedness in store, but on the great features which the Scriptures so often present, and beyond which we know nothing—namely, *being with Christ*, and *in the great communion of His ransomed and holy people*—being holy as He is holy—joint heirs with Him of the glory of God. In that, my dear ones gone before in the Lord stand out prominently. How soon it will be! My thoughts do not dwell on the hour of death, except to say—As my day, so my strength will be. His grace is sufficient for me. Otherwise I should fear indeed.

My dear Lord, I commit all to Thee—all as to when and how I shall depart—only asking THEE to be so near that I may *know* Thou art with me—*my resurrection and life.*

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Be the Saviour of all the dear ones I shall leave behind—wife, children, grandchildren, dear ones in England and here—my dear sisters—and beloved brethren whom I love so much in England.

This was the last entry in his note-book.

On the Recovery of the Prince of Wales from his alarming Illness.

To Rev. W. Carus. *Cincinnati, February*, 1872.

. . . We have participated in all your anxieties, and causes of thankfulness, in the illness and recovery of the Prince, and in the subsoiling of English loyalty towards the Crown, which this Providence has so happily caused. Now what an opportunity he has of riding upon the affections of the people, and of making the monarchy stronger than ever in their hearts. The answer to a nation's prayer was most visible. God has not abandoned His promises to prayer, because Huxley and others do not see how He can manage His great domain of nature and keep *them* also. How insignificant all such difficulties appear to a heart, that feels the need of the consolations of the prayer, which the Spirit of adoption utters. . . . It is difficult to realize, as we look out on the trees and the fields, and the course of this world, and all the interests of the Church and the Gospel, what is to be fulfilled of prophecy, and what is coming on the earth, that *we* are so soon to have nothing to do with all that is seen and temporal, and are so soon to be in the midst of all that is unseen and eternal. But we must keep *looking* that way, and standing with our loins girded ; and looking especially unto Jesus, the finisher of our Faith. My poor head has been uncomfortable for a good while. I suppose I *used* up at the General Convention the store of strength I had laid up abroad. And then, when I got home, I had to plunge right into a matter of great anxiety and trouble con-

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nected with Kenyon College, and our Theological Seminary; *in the latter*, indications of views (from the Evangelical side) as to the offices of Baptism, and dissatisfaction with them in spite of the Declaration of the Bishops.

The Bishop wrote afterwards, 'It was not amongst the English people alone that prayer was offered for the sparing of the Prince's life. In our Church at Clifton, where his visit is so well remembered, the Rector asked the prayers of the congregation for one lying (as the more than daily telegram said) at the point of death. God be praised for his restoration.'

The Queen's birthday being kept on June 1st, the Bishop took his daughters to drive in Hyde Park that afternoon, as there would be an unusual show of equipages worth seeing. 'As we were proceeding,' he says, 'in a long line of carriages, the coachman turned, and said, The Prince's carriage is coming. The whole line stopped. I stood, and took off my hat. The Princess was with him; they were bowing as they recognized the salutations of the people. As soon as his eye fell on me, though it was full ten years since he had seen me last, his recognition was instant and most emphatic. The countenance and whole manner showed surprise and pleasure. He raised his hat, and bowed till his carriage got quite beyond mine. Of course I returned the cordial salute. It was very remarkable to find such remembrance after so many years. Emboldened by that marked and gracious salutation, I ventured to address a letter to the Prince, expressing what, ever since it pleased God, in His great goodness, to raise him up from that extreme illness, it was in my heart to write, but which the fear of seeming intrusive, amidst the

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thronging congratulations of his grateful people, restrained—namely, how truly I felt with them in their deep anxiety; and when their fears were turned to joy, in their abounding thankfulness.'

The Bishop was honoured the next day by the following letter from General Sir William Knollys, Chamberlain to the Prince.

Marlborough House, June 4.

I am desired by the Prince of Wales to thank you very sincerely for your letter of yesterday's date, and to inform you that it will give his Royal Highness great pleasure to see you, if you could make it convenient to call here at three o'clock to-morrow.

His reception at Marlborough House 'was very cordial.' The Prince, after conversing with him freely on many important subjects of national interest, presented him to the Princess and the children. During the interview the Prince said he was expecting to have in a few weeks a garden-party, and asked the Bishop to write the names of the members of his family, that he might invite them. The Prince and Princess then handed to the Bishop their photographs, on which they did him the further honour to write their names. 'The whole interview,' writes the Bishop, 'was very gratifying, perfectly informal—a family reception.'

All the Bishop's party, eight in number, had the honour to receive cards of invitation.

ON THE PRESENTATION AT ST. PAUL'S OF THE ALMS BASIN FROM THE AMERICAN CHURCH.

London, Thursday Evening, July 4th, 1872.

TO REV. W. CARUS.

. . . Yesterday I went to St. Paul's—the Anniversary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel—

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when the beautiful Alms basin from our Church was to be presented. I had no expectation of being called to do anything, and so was there in common dress. Indeed, I did not bring my robes from home. But I might have borrowed a set. So I was sitting in the choir with the Bishops of Edinburgh and Rupert's Land, when the Secretary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel came, and asked me to follow him to where the Bishops were. I found them all (*i.e.* of the Convocation) in scarlet robes. I was asked to take part with the Bishop of Lichfield in the presentation, and my plea of no robes did not avail to excuse me. It was done after the Ante-Communion, and just before the Offertory. The scene was striking, and the whole thing was well managed. I must confess, I felt it awkward to stand at the steps of the table in my common coat, amidst so many in scarlet. The Archbishop made a very happy address in reference to the presentation. You will see my name among the guests at the Lord Mayor's dinner; but I declined going—fatigued enough in the morning. The Archbishop said some kind things about me in his speech. Had I been there I should have been called to speak, and it was well I was not. I was not at the Prince's garden-party on Tuesday, as reported in the *Times*. We shall go next Tuesday.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S GARDEN PARTY.—DINNER AT LORD SHAFTESBURY'S.

TO THE SAME. *London, July 10th*, 1872.

C—— and C—— go down to-morrow. I am so glad. I must leave the account of the garden-party yesterday to them; except that I presented all the party to the Prince and Princess, and they shook hands with each; and some of them to the Duke of Edinburgh. It was very nice. They will tell you also of the dinner at Lord Shaftesbury's, which, being *for me* and *mine*, was

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a great honour, and very handsome in itself. Lord Harrowby came in late, detained at the Lords, and was very cordial, claiming an old acquaintance with me. I could not get a chance of much particular conversation with Lord Shaftesbury about special topics; but I testified to him, in Lord Harrowby's presence, my assent to what he had said in the *Times* that day, that the laity must take in their hands the discipline of the Church of England.

A very gratifying token of affectionate remembrance and respect was transmitted to Bishop McIlvaine from the House of Bishops, at their last sitting, by a Telegraphic message of congratulation on the fortieth anniversary of his consecration. Deeply indeed did the Bishop feel this kind expression of 'fraternal sympathy,' conveyed to him when far away from his brethren.

He sends them the following grateful and affectionate response:

TO THE PRESIDING BISHOP (*of Kentucky*).

London, November 2nd, 1872.

MY DEAR BISHOP,

I was greeted, to my great surprise and gratification, last evening about seven o'clock with an Atlantic Telegraph message reading thus:

'The House of Bishops sends its congratulations on this fortieth anniversary of your consecration, with assurance of fraternal sympathy and affection.

'(Signed,)

'B. B. SMITH, Presiding.'

It was exceedingly kind in my dear brethren thus to remember me afar off, and thus to express their most kind remembrance. To you and to them I desire to return my most affectionate thanks, and to you as having had the same anniversary; our consecrations

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having been only with about two minutes' interval, I desire to offer my special congratulations on your having been brought, by the Lord's gracious protection and support, under so many years of feeble health, to your forty-first year in the Episcopate of His Church. It is a very unusually long time that you and I have been permitted to bear the solemn responsibilities of this high trust. I cannot think of it, as regards myself, without a deep humiliation of spirit before the searching eye of God, for all the deficiencies and shortcomings of my work, and an earnest thankfulness for His guiding, protecting, supporting, and pardoning grace.

I pray Him to bless you with all the fulness of His love, to be the light and life, the stay and defence, the joy and peace of all our brethren in the Episcopate of our dear Church, and so to dwell in the hearts of all our brethren in the whole fellowship, that our household of faith may more and more appear in the shining light of her Lord and Head, and be a praise in the earth.

I remain affectionately,

Your friend and brother,

CHARLES P. MCILVAINE.

TO THE REV. HENRY POTTER, D.D., SECRETARY TO THE HOUSE OF BISHOPS.

DEAR SIR,

I have received your official letter, transmitting to me an extract from the minutes of the proceedings of the House of Bishops, at their late special meeting on the 31st of October.

I need not attempt to express what I felt when I read their most kind, most considerate, most heart-feeling resolutions, contained in the minutes, tendering to me their 'cordial congratulations' on the occurrence of the fortieth anniversary of my consecration at the hands of the venerable Bishop White; their sympathy with me

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in my feeble health and necessary absence, and their prayers that the evening of my days may be brightened and comforted with the especial blessings of the Triune God.

How kind! I thank God, who is love, for this endearing expression of brotherly love from those, whose great office it is to set forth the example and precious Gospel of that dear Saviour, whose love to us 'passeth knowledge.'

I beg, my dear brother, that you will convey to my brethren of the House of Bishops my most grateful and affectionate sense of their very kind remembrance of a brother who, in being laid aside (not without hope of restoration) from the work of a ministry which, in the goodness of God, he has been permitted to hold for more than fifty-two years, is in a state of mind to be specially moved and comforted by such expressions of regard.

May the God of all grace and consolation return into their bosoms sevenfold, for their time of need, the consolation they have given me! It has much strengthened my determination, reluctantly reached under strong and urgent advice, to remain abroad during the winter.

I remain, my dear friend and brother,
Yours faithfully,
CHARLES P. McILVAINE.

Very soon after the garden-party of the Prince at Chiswick, the Bishop was honoured by an invitation to dine with his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales on board the Royal yacht at Cowes, July 31st. 'The Prince was in the morning of that day to visit the American squadron, lying in Southampton Water, commanded by Admiral Alden, who invited the Bishop to be his guest on that occasion. Being prevented by a marriage, at which he had promised to officiate in St. George's, Hanover Square, London, he could not go to

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Southampton with his Minister, General Schenck, as desired, but had to take a later train, so that he did not reach the flagship till after the salute and the arrival of the Prince and Princess. He found them on the poop-deck with their suite, and was received as always before. After they had taken lunch, and had gone through the ship, and had rowed round the other ships, the Royal party steamed back to Cowes.

'All the captains of the American ships (writes the Bishop), with General Schenck, Mr. Moran (Secretary of Legation), and General Sherman, were invited to dine on board the Royal yacht. We steamed down to Cowes in the Brooklyn.

At the proper time we went on board the Victoria and Albert, under a salute from ships in the harbour. The Prince met us at the stairs.

The party on board were Admiral Sir Rodney Moody (Port-Admiral), the Marquis of Lorne, the Duke of St. Albans, Sir John Colville, Colonel Ponsonby (Queen's Secretary), Admiral Sir Leopold McClintock, Mr. Milner Gibson, M.P., Major Gray (who was with the Prince at my house in 1860), Lord Guildford, Captain the Hon. H. Carr-Glyn, R.N., and many other distinguished persons.

The Marquis of Lorne, at the Prince's request, took me in to dinner. I sat between him and Admiral Moody. The Prince was directly opposite, in the middle of the table, with General Schenck, as representing our Government, on his right, and Admiral Alden on his left. After dinner the Prince rose, and gave 'The President of the United States,' which was responded to very happily by General Schenck, who gave 'Her Majesty the Queen.' When we left the table and went out on deck, the ships in the harbour and the American ships were brilliantly illuminated with various-coloured lights, and rockets were going up on all sides. We took

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leave and returned to our ship, the *Wachesett* (Captain Swann), which was to take us all back to the anchorage of the squadron. The officers above named, with General Sherman, were to go to Osborne the next day to be presented, according to her invitation, by General Schenck, to the Queen.

The next morning, as I was taking leave of the officers, a lieutenant stepped up with a telegram from the Queen, addressed to our Minister, General Schenck, who was on the flag-ship—'*The Queen hopes that the Bishop of Ohio will accompany you to Osborne to-day.*'

I was called to start at once to the flag-ship, as she was already moving. On landing we were met by two carriages to take us to Osborne; at the door we were received by Colonel Ponsonby, and conducted to the hall, where we met the Duchess of Roxburgh, Lady-in-waiting, and two Maids of honour.

We then walked out for a sight of the grounds, and soon luncheon was announced. After the lunch the presentation took place.'

The Bishop, General Sherman, and Colonel Anderson, were then introduced, and afterwards the naval officers. The Bishop was presented first, when the Queen graciously alluded in very kind terms to his reception of the Prince of Wales on his visit to Cincinnati, and afterwards did him the honour to present him to Prince Leopold and the Princess Beatrice.

ON THE DAY OF INTERCESSION FOR MISSIONS.—CONSECRATION OF THREE MISSIONARY BISHOPS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

TO REV. W. C. FRENCH, OF OBERLIN, OHIO.

London, Jan. 31st, 1873.

MY DEAR MR. FRENCH,

May the blessing of Him, by whose goodness you and I are permitted to see the opening of this new year,

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abide on you and your house! and I must add on your work as Editor of the *Standard of the Cross*, and on its pages, to make it 'a word in season' wherever it goes, and to gain for it, as it deserves, a largely increased patronage and circulation. It is one of the comforts I eagerly look out for, in my present separation from Ohio, and I am much obliged to you for its weekly visit.

The secretary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel lent me yesterday a copy of a Form of Service, for the late Day of Intercession, for the increase of labourers in the Lord's Harvest, put out by a committee of the Bishops at home. I hope the day was as well observed there as here. Here it far exceeded the first expectations as to the universality of its observance—the largeness of the congregations, and the earnestness with which the object was taken up. Where I usually attend, the congregation was nearly as great as that generally seen in that large church on Sunday; which is saying a great deal, for the Sunday congregation often numbers nearly fourteen hundred. Surely He who has twice commanded us to pray for the sending of labourers —once before He ordained the twelve, and next after He sent the *seventy*—will own and bless this solemn acknowledgment of the entire dependence of His Church on Himself, for the sending and qualifying of ministers of His Word. The day was preceded by a service peculiarly appropriate to be its forerunner. On the previous Sunday, in Westminster Abbey, three missionary Bishops —one for North China, another for the Mauritius, a third for the Hudson Bay territory—were consecrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishops of London, Rochester, etc. A very large congregation attended, and I was again unfortunate, as in the case of the presentation of the alms basin in St. Paul's. I went to the Abbey solely to be one of the congregation. One of the Canons, knowing my need to be near the pulpit—

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as you know I do not hear easily—advised me to put on a gown, that I might join the procession and be admitted where I could best hear. I had not the slightest idea of anything more. But when the Bishops were gathered around those to be consecrated *for the imposition of hands*, there was a pause. The Archbishop did not proceed. I was soon made to understand the cause. The Bishop of Rochester (Claughton) came, at his request, to ask me to participate in the laying on of hands. Of course I must go, the black gown notwithstanding. Some of the papers, in noticing the consecration, and saying that my participation was 'at the particular request of the Archbishop,' imagined that my being in a black gown, instead of episcopal robes, might have been from some such scruples about robes, as troubled the Reformers in the early times of Puritanism. But the Bishop of London, in whose consecration as Bishop of Lincoln, in 1853, I participated, could have told them that I had no such scruples then. The truth is, I did not bring my robes with me from home. I was so unwell, that I did not expect to be able to venture where I should need to use them, and therefore avoided the trouble of having to carry them about. But could I have anticipated the circumstances above related, I could have obtained a set. I am thankful to say, that I have much improved in health of late, and am well satisfied that I did right in not going home in November, as I had intended.

Yours affectionately,
CHARLES P. McILVAINE.

P.S.—I enclose a beautiful hymn—'He Knows'—given me at Brighton a few days ago by the Rev. Mr. Elliott, whose sister wrote—'Just as I am.' He did not know the writer. It is a good hymn to begin the year with.

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In the above letter the Bishop refers to St. Mark's Church, Hamilton Terrace; and on the evening of the Day of Intercession for Missions, he attended a meeting, held in the schools of the parish, in connection with the service of the day; and at the request of the Vicar, the Rev. Canon Duckworth, gave 'an interesting and vigorous account of the missionary organizations of the Church in the United States, and of their great success, both in the old, and also the new and partially settled and extremely ignorant parts of the country.'

CHAPTER XVIII.

1873.

BISHOP MCILVAINE'S LAST PUBLIC ADDRESS.—HIS ILLNESS AND DEATH.

January 18th, 1873.

WE are now brought to the closing days of the Bishop; and it may be noticed, that whilst so repeatedly, year after year, he wrote on each returning birthday, as though he thought it might be his last, on *this*, which was really the *last*, he made no allusion to the probability of his approaching end. He was, in fact, enjoying an unusual degree of vigour, and a great feeling of health; and was looking forward, with no little pleasure, to a short journey which he had been arranging to take on the Continent.

Within two months, however, from this birthday, he entered into his blessed rest.

TO MRS. MCILVAINE. *London, January 18th*, 1873.

MY DEAREST EMILY,

I write on my birthday—seventy-four years old! And how well I seem! During the last two months I

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have increased much in strength, and all the sensations of health. But while thankful, I must remember how far I am on the road, and keep my heart on the home at the end. I shall most lovingly remember your birthday next month.

I send you a *Record*. It contains an account of the great annual Islington meeting. There were upwards of four hundred present. It was most delightful. You will find the speeches interesting. And you will see that *I spoke*. And this I must explain. Mr. Wilson (Vicar) had written, asking me to take the place of Canon Bardsley, who could not attend. I declined, and went without the least idea of speaking. But I got animated with the speakers; and just when Bardsley's vacancy came Mr. Wilson *urged me*. I had but five minutes to consider. *The fire burned*, and I could not deny myself. I thought, as I was so much better, *I would try for once;* and I am happy to say I have taken no harm. But I shall not try again. Once is enough to see what I can bear. I expect to set out on the 29th with Mr. and Mrs. Carus. The Lord be with you, my dear wife.

YOUR DEAREST HUSBAND.

THE BISHOP'S ADDRESS AT THE ISLINGTON CLERICAL MEETING.

Bishop McIlvaine being requested by the President to occupy a few minutes, said, after some preliminary words, that the lucid and forcible argument of Professor Birks* had suggested to him an argument, from the *silence* of Scripture, which, though embraced in that of the Professor, he would endeavour to exhibit in more expansion. He referred to the silence of Scripture in regard to those peculiar claims of priest and sacrifice, which in the Church of Rome, and among those who Romanize in doctrine, constitute their system of sacra-

* Professor of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge.

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mental grace. It is manifest that wherever that system is embraced, and carried out in its logical development, it must be the great, all-embracing, all-subordinating aspect and manifestation of Christianity. The Church in that view is 'the Incarnation of Christ.' That expression first appeared as the language of clergymen of the Church of England, in those early days of the Tractarian movement, when it was going on so rapidly and boldly to reveal itself, as to outstrip the times. The public mind was not ready for such strides, and for a time the movement had to practise reserve, and go into a measure of retirement. Its bold expression in the old *British Critic* then was, 'The Church is the Incarnation of Christ,' and we were told, that when Christ had invested the Apostles with their great commission, and on the Day of Pentecost had given them the Holy Ghost, He made the Church, under their headship and priesthood, the efficient representative of Himself for all the administration of His saving grace. It was the depository of all grace for sinners, to the end of the world. Sacraments were the conduits by which alone that grace could be dispensed, and those priests offerers of propitiatory sacrifice for the sins of the people; and the Lord's Supper that sacrifice, in which Christ is offered daily and continually as He was once offered on the cross. Thus the Lord, having committed the whole working of salvation to a sacrificing priesthood, has retired, as it were, out of direct communication with our souls, till He shall come again. Thus, to all intents and purposes, the sacrifice on the Church's altar, and the priest ministering therein, is effectually Christ to the sinner's soul. Hence, as no man cometh unto the Father but by the Son, so no man cometh unto the Son but by that visible priest, and his sacrifice and altar. To preach Christ crucified, is simply to preach that priesthood and sacrificial sacrament. To behold the Lamb of God that

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taketh away the sin of the world, is simply to behold that priest at his altar of sacrifice. To call them that labour and are heavy laden to come unto Christ for rest, is just to call them to the sacramental power of that human priest and his propitiatory sacrifice. Evidently if all this be true it is the Gospel. It must be the great absorbing theme of the preachers of the Gospel. It must be the whole Church doctrine and office. Precisely as the visible altar and the ministering priest notoriously are, in every Romish and Romanizing church edifice, the one object of sight and faith, to which everything else is subordinated, and towards which all else is made to converge and render a lowly reverence and homage; so it is, we well know, in all the teaching of those who hold that system.

Now for the *silence* of Scripture. If all this be New Testament teaching, we must expect it to be the great prominent feature of that teaching. It must stand out in the Scriptures according to its true proportions, just as it stands among those who now consistently hold it. It must appear in the teaching of the Apostles in some such bold, all-absorbing, all-essential prominence, as it now holds in the teaching of its present advocates. They must not suppose, that we can be satisfied when they pick out one or two insulated verses, and by dint of ingenious, and difficult inference, make out the indirect shadowy appearance of some hidden reference to something like a sacrifice and a mediating priesthood in the Christian ministry and ordinances—*that* is not the foundation on which such claims can be sustained. And now we ask what saith the Scripture? It is not our purpose here to show what the Scriptures say against such claims. We are speaking only of the silence of Scripture. And we are content to say that, as to there being any such thing as a priest in the Christian ministry in the sense of a sacrifice, or any such thing in the Lord's Supper as a real

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sacrifice, and, above all, a repetition of the sacrifice on the cross, there is in the New Testament, to say the least of it, a perfect silence. The word 'priest' is studiously avoided as applying to the Christian ministry. The idea of sacrifice is never even hinted at as having any distinctive application to the Lord's Supper. Now this silence is perfect condemnation; wholly unintelligible on the supposition of the system in view having been the doctrine of the inspired writers of the New Testament. But it becomes the more remarkable when we consider the character of the Old Testament dispensation, under which those writers were educated. You heard from Professor Birks how all that dispensation was occupied and filled up with sacramental ordinances, with priesthood and sacrifices every day—the whole system hinging upon, revolving around, looking unto, as its whole power and essential being, one central institution of visible sacrifices for sin, and a visible sacrificing priesthood. Now, the writers of the New Testament grew up under that system—they knew nothing else till they knew Christ. It was thoroughly imbedded in all their religious thinking. Its associations penetrated all their religious life. We cannot conceive how difficult it must have been to disengage themselves from it, when they were obliged to do so in order to know Christ, and the simplicity and spirituality of the Gospel dispensation. We have a striking example of this in the difficulty they had in comprehending and acceding to the fact, that Peter, in the house of Cornelius, had gone in to men uncircumcised, and had preached the Gospel to the Gentiles. Nothing but miracle convinced them, that such a marvellous breach in the whole Mosaic system could be else than worthy of condemnation. How then was it that, with all such habits of thought and powerful associations, coming directly out of a system in which sacrifice and priesthood was everything, when they came

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to speak of the application of the grace of Christ to sinners, and the sinner's access to God, and of the Christian sacraments and ministry, we find all *that* education and habit of mind so perfectly laid aside and overcome, that never does it make its appearance in any language used concerning the name, or office, or nature of the ministry and sacraments of Christ? But the silence is the more remarkable when we see how all that education, and those Mosaic associations, came out when the New Testament writers were speaking of the whole Christian life, and the whole company of believers. There we have sacrificial and sacerdotal language abundantly. There every believer is the temple of God. All believers constitute 'a spiritual house, a holy temple.' In that temple is a priesthood. 'Ye,' says the Apostle, speaking to all Christians, 'are a royal priesthood.' That priesthood has its appointed sacrifices. Not only are all their praises and thanksgivings 'sacrifices' in the language of the New Testament writers, but they themselves, as presented to God with a true heart, are called *living* sacrifices. This was the natural and almost necessary language, of Apostles, brought out, as they were, from the habits and associations of the temple service. But how remarkable their perfect abstinence from all such language, as soon as they come to the office of the Christian ministry, and the ordinances committed thereto! The minister of the Gospel is a priest, as he is one of the blessed company of true believers in Christ; but the Apostles go no further. It is very remarkable that they wholly abstain from applying to him, in his official character, the sacerdotal and sacrificial language of the Mosaic law, even in that figurative sense in which alone they apply it to all believers. Even similitudes taken from that source, and abounding in regard to the privileges and duties of every true Christian, are hushed and stand aside, when, in addition to what he is as a

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Christian, they come to exhibit him as a minister of Christ. Then the temple, and its whole ceremonial of priest and sacrifice, seem to pass out of mind, and it is the synagogue system, with its elders for government and teaching, having no part in priesthood or sacrifice, that seems to furnish the model and the language.

Now in all this how can we help seeing most impressively the impossibility, that the Judaizing system of Christian ministry and doctrine which we have described, and which, if it be anything in the Church of Christ, must by all logical necessity be everything, should have been the teaching of the Apostles? But more than that; when we have applied, in a mere figurative sense, the sacerdotal language of the ceremonial law to the ministers of the Gospel, just as they applied it to all Christians and to him among them, in his personal relations, would have taught no sacerdotal doctrine in a literal sense, how can we account for their remarkable avoidance of all such use of terms, except that, speaking and writing 'as they were moved by the Holy Ghost,' they were positively prevented by their very inspiration from so obeying the natural tendency of their associations? So much for the negative argument, the silence of Scripture; not meaning, however, for a moment to indicate that there is no positive direct argument of entire sufficiency to the same point. The Epistle to the Hebrews is full of such argument.

Now just a word in another direction. It is forty-three years since I first attended this Islington meeting. In 1830 I first had that privilege. The meeting was in the study, and under the direction of that most beloved man of God, the venerable father of him who now presides over us, the late most revered Daniel Wilson, soon after consecrated Bishop of Calcutta. It was, compared with this, a small meeting—great indeed if measured by the elevated character, and standing, and usefulness, and

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holiness of those composing it. But in that study or library there was much space unoccupied. I have attended this meeting on several occasions since—in 1835, in 1862, and now to-day. I have seen its growth in earnest, faithful, decided Evangelical ministers, till I now see it in this great assembly, which over-fills and crowds this spacious hall. It is to my mind an impressive and most encouraging manifestation of just the growth of Evangelical truth and teaching in the whole Church of England. What we see here in comparison with what the Islington meeting was in 1830, we see in the whole Church; and I beg to say, that in all this wide and solid growth I see no decrease of decision, of clearness, of discrimination, of boldness, of simplicity, or of humble, devout, heavenly-minded spirituality in the holding or presentation of the truth as it is in Jesus.

This was the last public utterance of the Bishop, and it exhibits all the wonted clearness and vigour of his mental powers, when suddenly called upon to address a large and thoughtful assembly. It is especially valuable as a final record of the judgment he had long formed respecting one of the greatest subjects, which have been so seriously agitating the Church of Christ.

On Tuesday, January 28th, the Bishop left London for the short tour to Italy on which he had so earnestly set his heart. The following letter to Mrs. McIlvaine—the last he ever wrote—will give a complete account of the journey, and of the many friends he had the gratification to meet.

Florence, Feb. 16th, 1873.

MY DEAREST EMILY,

. . . . I wrote you last from Cannes. . . . . I think a great deal about you in this long separation. We are so near the end of *this* life, that it seems too much time to spend so far apart. But we shall be for

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ever together after this poor life, and with the precious ones gone before, of whom I think so much, trying to realize a little where and what they are. Next Wednesday will be your birthday. We expect to spend it in Rome, in the midst of the silly carnival, which began there yesterday, and is going on moderately here, even to-day (Sunday). I fear it will disturb our enjoyment of Rome. I would advise that we go straight on to Naples, and take Rome on our return, when it will be over, and the Lenten *fast* will have begun, were it not, that as Rome is so full and rooms so difficult to get, if we lose our present opportunity, we may not get another. Mr. and Mrs. C. and I make up a most *pacific* and mutually considerate party, never having two ways or preferences —and our morning and evening prayers are delightful. Their courier, Marsch, is a perfect luxury to all of us. . . . . Mrs. C. was unwell at Pisa, and we stopped there two nights on that account. Both she and he are rather ailing here, but expect to be able to start for Rome the day after to-morrow. We all very often talk of you and dear A. . . . .

Now I will go back to Cannes and pick up the brief narrative of our journey. We stayed there at Mr. Woolfield's, enjoying his and Mrs. W.'s remarkable hospitality from Saturday till Thursday. The weather was beautiful, and in the middle of the day warm like May ; but it became chilly and cold as night drew on, and the air from the snow on the adjacent hills overcame the effect of the sun. Thursday, February 6th, we left them —stopped only between trains at Mentone—spent the night at San Remo, and next night reached Genoa—the railroad having been repaired, so as to allow the train to pass but no more. . . . .

At Genoa we stayed from Friday night to Monday night. Went to church and heard Mr. Strettell, whom A. will remember. He and Mrs. S. asked after her and N.

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He said our venerable old Christian friend, Count Tasco, died last December. From Genoa we took steamer to Leghorn; then to Pisa and here. I feel a sort of famine for letters, but we shall get some at Rome. It is quite cold here after the sun has gone down, and all the day while in the sun it is quite warm. The shade is uncomfortably cool. The Appenines are covered with snow like the Alps, and *they* are felt in the air. . . . How far behind England in all social respects is all the Continent—and how poor in all such things is Italy! Religion here, amidst the old and unfinished churches which have remained so for centuries, seems almost departed.

There was a very good congregation this morning in the American Episcopal Church—good responses and singing. . . . . Now, good-bye. I shall think very much of you Wednesday the 19th. May the most precious blessings of the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord abide upon my dearest Emily, and on you, my darling A.

YOUR DEAREST HUSBAND.

The Bishop's last illness commenced the next day. The following account of his sickness, and of his blessed end was sent by the Editor to Bishop Bedell, according to his desire.

April 15th, 1873.

. . . During the whole of our progress the Bishop was in excellent health and spirits, thoroughly enjoying this tour, which he had so earnestly requested us to take with him.

On reaching Florence on Thursday evening, neither Mrs. Carus nor myself felt sufficiently well to take the long journey to Rome next day, as had been proposed; we determined, therefore, to remain a few days at Florence to recruit.

On Sunday I went with the Bishop to the American

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Episcopal Church. He felt rather oppressed with the heat, and did not attend a second time; still he did not appear to be in the least degree unwell. The next morning (February 17th) he went to his banker's soon after eleven; and we called for him with our carriage before twelve, to take him to our friend, the Dowager Lady Lurgan, to lunch. At the bank he unadvisedly threw off his cloak, and got a severe chill, so that when we arrived he was shivering exceedingly and scarcely able to walk. We brought him home immediately, and in a few minutes our excellent medical friend, Dr. Duffy, was in attendance, and by hot applications afforded him considerable relief. He was so far better, indeed, as to be able to remain with us during the day in our salon.

The two next days the Bishop was languid, but still able to spend the day with us, and transacted some important business with the consul and vice-consul, his mind being singularly clear and accurate, whilst dictating what he afterwards copied out for himself in a firm hand. On Thursday he was so much better, that we quite believed he would soon be well enough to continue the journey. The next day, however, he was not quite so well, and towards evening became exceedingly weak, and scarcely able to walk to his bedroom. He had then a very disturbed night; his breathing became difficult, and in the morning (Saturday, February 22nd) he was evidently very ill.

Dr. Duffy then desired to have a consultation with Dr. Cipriani, the most eminent physician in Florence, and at 10 a.m. they met; and, after examining the dear patient, they returned to us with the most alarming intelligence, that the disorder was pulmonary apoplexy, with violent inflammation of the lungs—that there was really no hope of the Bishop's recovery—and that he might depart any hour that very day. This was indeed

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a terrible announcement to us, and we were quite overwhelmed by it, and could only cast ourselves upon the gracious support and direction of our compassionate Lord.

But the beloved Bishop seemed quite prepared for the intelligence, and received it with the most perfect calmness, and prepared at once for his departure to his blessed Saviour. We then telegraphed to London for his son-in-law, Mr. Messer, and to our great comfort got his reply that night, stating that he would start immediately.

The breathing of the Bishop was now very loud and rapid, but he said that it gave him no pain. He had certainly to undergo much suffering from the blisters, which had to be continually placed on his chest, but his patience through the whole trial, and his gentle submission to whatever was prescribed, were very striking and affecting. So soon as he learned how near the end might be, he began to dictate messages for us to send to all the members of his family, adding special words of loving counsel to each. He then said to me: 'Send to the Bishops in America my testimony to the Gospel of Christ, and my wish I could have made it more strong, and that not a word of it be changed.'

He then desired messages of love to be sent to Bishop Sumner and some other friends in England. Soon after he said, 'Read to me three hymns: "Just as I am," "Rock of ages," "Jesu, lover of my soul."' These hymns he always greatly enjoyed. At intervals, as he was able, when not troubled with the cough, he spoke to us of his perfect trust in Jesus—'My only trust,' he said, 'is in the Lord;' and, 'I have no doubt of my personal interest in Him.' 'Whom He loveth, He loveth unto the end.' Then, after awhile, 'He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all

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things?' He was very fond of this text, and we had often spoken of it together, as one which Mr. Simeon considered 'the strongest in Scripture,' calling it 'his sheet-anchor.'

After an interval, he made an allusion to his early life, and the goodness of the Lord to him. 'He called me,' he said, 'in my youth in circumstances unfavourable; but He has led me on, and kept me, when I had hardly any to stand with me. He, therefore, who began a good work in me, will certainly carry it on. How can I doubt it?'

Not long after this, he gave us directions about his 'remains.' He desired that they should be sent to New York, to Mr. Hewson, his son-in-law; and that he would arrange that they should be conveyed to Cincinnati, to be laid beside his children.

There were many valued friends in America, to whom the Bishop then wished to send his affectionate remembrances, and he began to mention some of them; but not being strong enough to enumerate them all, with their addresses, and fearing to omit any, he said: 'I must only send to two, who have been very special friends to me—Mr. Andrews, of Columbus, and his family (where has been my home for many years), and Mr. Buchanan, of Clifton.'

Then again he spoke of his beloved wife. 'I wish you to write to Mrs. McIlvaine, and to tell her how constantly I am thinking of her; and I pray that she may be filled with joy and peace when she comes to this hour. She will soon follow me, and perhaps *this* may hasten it.' His breathing throughout the day was very loud and laboured, but he again said he felt no pain, only uneasiness after violent coughing and expectoration. From time to time he would put his hand to his brow to feel (as he told us afterwards) whether the cold dew of death was yet upon it; so calmly was he awaiting the

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call of his blessed Lord. He seemed indeed to be always in the immediate presence of his Saviour, and never once did a doubt of his acceptance overshadow his mind. 'Blessed Lord!' he said, 'I have prayed so often that He would be with me at this time, and He will be; I am sure of it.' He then alluded to the ministry of angels, a very favourite subject with him, observing, 'When the soul is out of its tabernacle, the angels will convey it to Jesus.' Soon after he begged his love to be sent to Bishop Bedell and to Bishop Lee. After an interval, during which he seemed to be meditating, he remarked, 'I don't see any cause for care or apprehension; I know I am dying, but I have no care—The Lord is my Shepherd; He lifts up the light of His countenance upon me.—I wish to lie in His hands, and He will do with me what He pleases.—I have no will but His. —Oh, what a gracious tender Saviour He is!' He remarked to us ten days after this, with deep thankfulness, how he had been enabled to lie entirely at peace in the Lord's hands, to do with him just as He pleased. Not long after he continued: 'The Lord is very near and gracious; He is letting me down very easily. I don't realize anything of death.' He then observed with much feeling: *It is a dishonour to Christ to be afraid.* —He has abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light.—I shall soon see Him, and my dear children and my mother, and shall be like Him! Glorious Lord! oh how gracious and loving He is!— *Oh that I had served Him better! What I have left undone most troubles me. Every enlightened conscience has, I suppose, an exceeding sense of shortcomings.*' This remark was highly characteristic of our beloved friend. In our daily reading of the Scriptures with him and prayer, I have been much struck with his very deep sense of the evil of these shortcomings, and his expressions of humiliation on account of them. In all his prayers there

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was constant supplication, uttered in a very tender tone, for cleansing by 'the precious blood of the Lamb,' or, as sometimes he said, 'By Thy blood, O thou precious Lamb of God.'

Our faithful and attached courier coming in to see him, he said to him, with peculiar kindness and solemnity, 'Marsch, follow Christ! make him the chosen portion of your life, and we shall meet in His presence.' He then asked me to administer the Holy Communion to him, of which the courier and the pious nurse partook with us. On receiving the bread, the Bishop said, with much emphasis, 'I *do* feed on Him in my heart by faith with thanksgiving.' As his strength seemed to be giving way, he remarked, 'The house is fast being taken down; *but to be rebuilt.* He has brought to pass the saying that is written, 'Death is swallowed up in victory.'' Soon after he asked me to read to him the '*Te Deum*,' and on my adding the Doxology, he took up the last clause, finishing it in a clear, joyful voice.

About three o'clock he again observed, 'I do not feel unwell; I have no pain. The breathing does not trouble me; it is only noise from the action in the throat.' He was evidently desirous to relieve our anxiety, for we were much concerned for him under the fear that he suffered greatly from his laboured breathing. His tender and affectionate manner through this trying day was very touching, and he wished us more than once to come and embrace him.

Our waiter in the hotel often came into the room, standing and watching the Bishop with intense interest. Once he drew near to the bedside and took the Bishop's hand and reverently kissed it, and the dear Bishop then placed it on his head with a kind smile and solemn word of blessing.

About seven o'clock his thoughts were again with his loved friends in America, and he said to me, 'Love to

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Bishop Bedell, and grace under his additional responsibility and burden. Tell him to *lean on the arm of the Lord*;' adding his hope, that 'None of the evils prowling about in doctrine, both negatively and positively, may get a place in that beloved diocese.' Then, soon after: 'I thank God that He has so preserved the diocese from error thus far;' adding, 'I have often thanked God very much for having given me such an Assistant Bishop.'

On one occasion he asked us to leave him for a short time, when he folded his hands together very solemnly for secret prayer. On returning to him and silently watching by his side, I heard him say something suddenly about 'horrid doctrine.' I could not quite catch his words, so he asked, 'Did you understand?' adding, 'What a horrid doctrine is that of purgatory!' 'I said, 'Indeed it is. St. Paul spoke very differently when he said, that 'to depart was to be with Christ.'' He had often during our tour expressed very strongly his feelings respecting the grievous corruptions of the Church of Rome; and when looking at the various churches with their gorgeous altars and decorations, he seemed filled with pain, and his spirit was deeply stirred within him.

Soon after this he requested me to send his kindest remembrance to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and to the Bishop of Norwich, to each of whom he had just paid a visit, which had been of special interest and enjoyment to him.

He now seemed perfectly free from uneasiness, though very weak and his strength failing. About eight o'clock he said, with a happy expression of voice and look, 'This is dying in the Lord—falling asleep in Jesus.' He often spoke of the tender and loving manner in which the Lord was taking him down. We prayed with him again at 8.30. Soon after he gave directions about some little

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gifts to his children, with special messages of love to his dear sisters in Philadelphia.

At nine o'clock he desired to have prayer again, and thinking his end was very near, he said, 'A commendatory prayer.' I asked whether he meant the one in the Prayer Book, and he said, 'You can make one;' so I adopted the prayer partially, adding what seemed appropriate to our beloved friend's blessed state.

He fully expected to be with the Lord that night, and enter on the Sabbath in his very presence. Oh, how he did love his Saviour! This was always a very marked feature and distinguishing characteristic of his devoted faith.

His peace all through his illness was unbroken; and one of his messages a week after this to his beloved daughter, Mrs. Messer, was, '*Tell her my peace is perfect.*' During the day he quoted 1 John iii. 1, 2: 'Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God.' And 'Behold, *now* are we the sons of God.' How much did he rejoice in dwelling on these words! Then he quoted passages from Romans viii., and said, 'I have been particularly drawn for some time of late to meditate on the 8th chapter of the Romans.' This chapter, indeed, he frequently asked for, in portions at our private readings morning and evening, during the journey. After this he dropped off at times into a quiet sleep, and at midnight I left him. I returned at two o'clock A.M. (Sunday), and remained with him till 4.30, during which time he was very tranquil. I then left him for a little rest till six o'clock, after which I remained with him the whole day.

The disorder appeared to be then somewhat abated, and in the evening he spoke much of the sweetness of Christian love. The tenderness of his affection and loving acknowledgment of any little service we could render him during the whole of his illness was very touching.

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The next day he seemed to be much the same, and our earnest prayer was, that he might be spared to see Mr. Messer. This great mercy was granted, and the following morning, about eight o'clock, when Mr. Messer arrived, the Bishop was deeply moved, and full of thankfulness as he tenderly embraced him. The day following, February 26th, he seemed really better, and a second consultation was held, and great improvement was pronounced to have taken place.

The dear Bishop then seemed daily to be gaining strength, the cough was less frequent, he was able to take nourishing food, and got much sleep: the right lung was pronounced healed, and the dangerous symptoms were passing away, so that we had good reason to hope he might after all be restored to health.

On March 5th, after an excellent night, the Bishop felt himself to be greatly improved in strength, and talked to me in the morning of his critical condition that Saturday (February 22nd), and asked at what time he had received the doctor's report of his danger. He then said, 'He had never *so known* the Lord as he had done *that* day;' and fearing that we might have misunderstood his meaning, he said, 'The Lord had been specially *nigh* unto him.'

He appeared deeply grieved to have said anything which might even *seem* to be dishonourable to his Saviour—and the tears came into his eyes, and for the moment he was quite overcome. He then begged me to read to him the hymn, 'Crown Him Lord of all.' The next morning, on first coming in to him, he asked me to look out 'some tender hymns of love to Jesus.' Amongst others, 'Abide with me,' and 'How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,' were special favourites, as also these passages of Scripture: John xiv., Col. i., Rev. vii. 9—17, Rom. viii., and Psalm ciii.

The dear Bishop now appeared to be daily gaining

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strength. The disorder was nearly subdued, and we had every reason to hope that he would soon enjoy his usual health. But on Sunday, March 9th, he grew weaker, and the cough at night was again incessant, and deprived him of rest. The next day another consultation was held with an eminent medical friend of Mr. Messer's, who was passing through Florence. There had been a manifest change during the day, and in the evening, after a prolonged examination of the condition of the lungs, the dear Bishop was declared to be again in a very critical state. The next day he was much exhausted from the constant coughing and expectoration.

From time to time we offered such short prayers with him as he was able to bear; and repeated favourite texts, which were always a great comfort to him. It was very touching to witness his gentleness and patience, whilst suffering now so greatly from extreme exhaustion. During the whole indeed of these last days of great weariness and uneasiness the Bishop exhibited the most perfect patience. He was extremely anxious on this point, and requested prayer to be made that he might be 'preserved from the temptation to impatience,' and his desire was remarkably fulfilled. But he seemed to be constantly in the presence of his Lord—his mind quite unclouded and his peace perfect. The following night was one of great trial to him from the exhausting cough; and in the morning, and through the day, his weariness and weakness became so great that he could scarcely obtain any rest.

Still he took his usual amount of nourishment, and we did not apprehend any immediate danger; so that in the evening, about six, we left him for a short time with his nurse and the courier. But we were soon called back, for after taking his food a change suddenly came on—he said he had had enough, and after looking very kindly on them and pressing their hands, he gently laid

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his head back on the pillow and closed his eyes. We were immediately with him, and held his dear hands while feeling the pulse; but so quiet and gentle was the end, that we could not precisely say when the blessed spirit departed.

It was about seven o'clock when he seemed to be gone; for that fine countenance was then lighted up with such an expression of peaceful joy that we felt sure he was even now beholding that dear Lord, whom he had so fervently loved and longed to see. It was indeed a literal falling asleep in Jesus.

Very grateful did we feel for this most peaceful and painless end, for we much feared that the dear Bishop might have had some severe struggle at the last, from the great difficulty of breathing. But this trial was mercifully spared both to him and to us; so we all knelt down around his bed—the doctor also being present—and returned our humble thanks for this great mercy vouchsafed to us all: first for the perfect peace and entire patience and special support granted to our beloved and honoured friend; and then for ourselves, that we might have like precious grace to enable us to follow in all things the great example he had been permitted to set before us.

The precious remains were duly prepared the next day for transmission to America, and carefully deposited in the Mortuary Chapel of the Protestant Cemetery. During the whole of the dear Bishop's illness the deepest sympathy had been shown on all sides, with daily anxious inquiries after him; and prayers were offered in the American and English Episcopal Churches, and also in the Scotch Presbyterian, and in the Union Church of Dr. Van Nest. It seemed therefore very desirable, to unite all these kind Christian friends in some one service of affectionate respect for the beloved Bishop, where also they might hear of the grace of God so remarkably

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exhibited in the whole life and ministry and blessed end of this most eminent and devoted 'Man of God.'

Through the kindness of the Rev. R. Loftus Tottenham, I was permitted to hold the proposed service in his spacious English Episcopal Church, on the following Monday; and notice of my intention was given on Sunday by the clergy of the various Protestant Churches to their respective congregations.

A large and important assembly of American, English and other friends, was thus brought together, and solemnly united in this sacred service. The duty was undertaken in that church by myself, as the particular act of an English clergyman, who had for thirty-eight years enjoyed the blessed privilege of the Bishop's loving friendship, and who now desired to bear public testimony to the veneration and affection, which had been long felt for him in England. As the body was deposited in the Mortuary Chapel at some distance from the church, and was not at that time to be *interred*, it seemed proper to use a part only of the Burial Service. I therefore commenced with a few Collects. After this the ninetieth Psalm was read, the congregation taking the alternate verses; this was followed by a part of 1 Cor. xv., from verse 51 to the end, as remarkably exemplified both in the beloved Bishop's holy, faithful, and laborious life — 'steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord'—and also in his painless end of perfect peace, and entire victory over death. I then gave an address, followed by the Lord's Prayer, and the last Collect of the Burial Service, with the Benediction.

The whole congregation manifested very deep feeling, and when all was over many of the chief friends of the Bishop, with the clergy, expressed themselves very grateful for this opportunity of showing their regard and veneration for him.

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The precious remains were left in safe guardianship, in the Mortuary Chapel, till the wishes of the family should be ascertained respecting the course to be taken for their removal; and Rev. W. O. Lamson wrote from Rome, very kindly offering to convey them with all care and respect to England; an offer which was gratefully accepted.

May our gracious Lord vouchsafe to us all, and especially to the dear bereaved family, the gift of like precious faith with this most dearly-beloved and honoured 'Man of God;' and may we all be enabled to serve Christ with like simplicity, steadfastness, diligence, fidelity, holiness, and devoted love, so that we may enter at last with the same peace and joy into the presence of our Lord.

At the conclusion of his sermon '*In Memoriam*,' on Hebrews xii. 7, 8, Bishop Lee observes on Bishop McIlvaine's blessed end of perfect peace:

Unusually applicable to our subject is the exhortation of the text, '*Considering the end*'—*την εκβασιν*—the going forth, or egress of those venerated men from the scenes of earthly trial and labour. This brings before our mind a departure, than which we could not conceive aught more befitting. The life and death are in beautiful unison. It needed not, indeed, a dying testimony to assure us, that such a course as we have reviewed had terminated in the smile and welcome of the Master, and an abundant entrance into the rest of Paradise. The witness above all others to the reality of Christian hope is the consistent and patient following of the great Exemplar, step by step and day by day. Had there been no opportunity for a single word of trust and joyful anticipation; had the mind, in the parting struggle, been clouded and distressed by the infirmities of the

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flesh, it would not in the least have shaken the confidence of those who knew this true-hearted servant of Christ. But it is cause for great thankfulness, when there is allowed the manifestation of the confidence of a certain faith, of the comfort of a reasonable, religious, and holy hope. We contemplate with profound and tender interest the death-bed radiant with the love of God shed abroad in the heart and transfiguring the countenance. The power and truthfulness of the Gospel shine forth with peculiar lustre, as we approach more nearly than at other times the portals of the world of glory.

The closing scenes of Bishop McIlvaine's life were pervaded with a sweet and holy serenity, than which naught could be more impressing. His friends could not have asked or desired a happier release. The ἐκβασις was in entire harmony with the previous conversation. The sun went down in tranquil glory, undimmed by a single cloud. '*The end of that man was peace.*'

It was indeed at first a matter of painful regret that he should have died far away from home, and family, and the people of his charge, and that those nearest and dearest should not have ministered to him in his illness and closed his eyes. But there was mercy in this ordering. He was spared the pang of witnessing the agonizing sorrow of those, who were about to lose him from their midst, while the loved ones were always present to his heart. He was enabled with more composure to contemplate the approaching change. He could send more calmly his messages of undying love—and doubtless breathe no less fervent intercessions to his God and Saviour. Neither was aught wanting that affection could supply to alleviate bodily suffering. The friends of many years, in whose intimacy he had found great refreshment and delight, were at his bedside,

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ready to do everything that skill and affection could suggest. And this decease in a distant land made evident how highly he was appreciated, and how warmly he was loved out of his own country. Never, probably, was there fuller tribute of respect and veneration paid to the memory of one of our countrymen, dying on European soil; and especially were these gratifying tokens shown by his brethren of the Church of England. His mortal part, as it was borne homeward, rested for a space in the grand old shrine, which has been for ages the mausoleum of Britain's most honoured sons. To show the mind and purpose of this unwonted courtesy, I introduce an extract from a letter addressed by the Archbishop of Canterbury to one of his family:

'I was truly glad to hear from the Dean of Westminster that he had proposed to provide for your dear father's remains a temporary resting-place in Westminster Abbey. Nothing can be more proper, and I trust this marked respect, publicly paid to the dead, may be regarded by his family and Church as a proof of the affectionate regard and deep veneration in which he has been held by English Churchmen. We shall greatly miss and long remember his venerable appearance among us on so many occasions of interest. As he preached in St. Paul's, so I rejoice that he will rest, though it be only for a time, in the great Abbey, where so many of the illustrious dead lie waiting for the resurrection, whom, in common with his countrymen, he rejoiced while living to reckon as brethren of the same blood. Few men living have done so much to draw England and the United States together.'

In England, as well as in America, tears fall upon his bier, and blessings are invoked upon his memory. The Mother Church and the Daughter mourn together. Christians of various names and opinions join in expressions of affectionate veneration for him who was an

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ornament and bulwark of their common faith—and the nation feels that she has lost one of her noblest sons.

For the last twenty days the Bishop lay, in sweet and solemn expectation, at the beautiful gate of the temple. It almost seemed as if he had already entered into rest. Earthly cares and toils were over. The good fight had been fought. The course was finished. No doubt, anxiety, or fear disturbed his peace. There was nothing for him to do but repose upon the everlasting arms, and meditate upon the love of Christ and the things which God had prepared for them that love Him. Faith in the finished work of the Lord Jesus inspired a calm unruffled confidence, which no amount of good works wrought by himself, and no multiplication of priestly acts, ever could have produced. Among portions of the Word which were sweeter to him than the honeycomb were Romans viii., and 1 John iii. 1, 2, and he emphasized John xiv. 21 in a message to his family, as his own comforting experience: 'He that hath My commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me: and he that loveth Me shall be loved of My Father, and I will love him, and will manifest Myself to him.'

Two other messages of very great significance he was able to send—one to his brethren in the Episcopate, affirming his confidence in the testimony of the Gospel of Christ, which he had so constantly maintained; another of love to his Assistant Bishop, and prayer for grace under his additional responsibilities and burdens.

Thus passed away from earth your father in Christ To comment upon such a death-scene would be out of place. It is eloquent beyond all words of ours.

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CHAPTER XIX.

1873.

FUNERAL SERVICES IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY—IN ST. PAUL'S, NEW YORK—AND AT CLIFTON, CINCINNATI. —AFFECTIONATE TRIBUTES TO BISHOP McILVAINE.

WITH reverent care the precious remains of the Bishop were conveyed by his valued friend, Rev. W. O. Lamson, assisted by the Courier Marsch, from Florence, through France, to England; and on the evening of Easter Monday were brought to Westminster Abbey. On arriving at the entrance of the cloisters, the Dean, though engaged with guests at the Deanery, immediately came out to receive them, and under his kind superintendence they were placed in the Chapel of St. Faith, the pavement of which he had ordered to be carpeted with black. There the body remained for four days, near the illustrious dead who had been laid to rest in this grand old sanctuary. A special service in the Abbey was arranged by the Dean, to express the sympathy of the Church of England with that of America in their mutual loss, and to give the many friends of the late Bishop in England the opportunity to testify their respect and sorrow.

The Chapel of St. Faith adjoins the south transept of the Abbey, in which were assembled all who wished to join in the last office of affection and reverence. On Friday, April 18th, at four o'clock, the solemn service commenced as the body was borne from the chapel into the Abbey. The following distinguished friends acted as pall-bearers: The Earl of Shaftesbury; Benjamin Moran, Esq., Secretary of the American Legation, representing General Schenck, Minister of the United States at the Court of St. James; Earl of Harrowby; T. H. Puleston, Esq.; J. W. Cator, Esq.; Rev. J. M. Sum-

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ner, representing the aged Bishop of Winchester ; and A. Haldane, Esq. Then followed immediately, as chief mourners, Mr. Messer, Rev. Canon Carus, Rev. W. O. Lamson, and Courier Marsch, after whom came the large body of the Bishop's friends.

The Choir and other members of the Abbey, with the Dean, preceding the coffin, sung the opening sentences of the Burial Service, and for the Psalm chanted the Easter Day Anthem (1 Cor. v. 7, 8,; Rom. vi. 9—11 ; 1 Cor. xv. 20—22). The Lesson (1 Thess. iv. 13 to v. 14) was read by Canon Conway. The anthem was from Rev. xiv. 13 (by Sir John Goss), 'I heard a voice from heaven,' etc. The concluding part of the Burial Service, commencing 'Lord have mercy on us,' with the Lord's Prayer, was read by the Dean. After the prayer and collect, the following hymn was sung :

The saints on earth and those above
But one communion make ;
Join'd to the Lord in bonds of love,
All of His grace partake.

One family we dwell in Him,
One Church above, beneath :
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

One army of the living God,
To His command we bow :
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

Lord Jesu, be our constant guide !
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in Heaven. Amen.

The Dean then pronounced the blessing—'The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,' etc.

After this service the remains were taken through the cloisters, where the Dean again met them, attending them to the last, and saw them reverently placed in the

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hearse. They were conveyed that night to Liverpool, where the Bishop's attached friend, Mr. Inman, received them, and had them carefully deposited in one of his vessels, and so taken to New York.

On the following Sunday—the first after Easter—at the evening service in the nave of the Abbey, thronged with a vast congregation, the Dean made a graceful allusion to the loving efforts of the Bishop ever to promote union and concord between the two countries. The following is the passage from his sermon:

'When in the course of the last week the venerable remains of a beloved and noble Bishop of the American Episcopal Church were deposited in the shades of our Abbey, on their way from foreign lands to their last home beyond the Atlantic, it was a significant link in the bonds of settled union, which, in spite of ancient discords, or recent rivalries, knit together the two great nations in one communion and fellowship of faith and love, which the good Bishop in his life ever so earnestly desired—so zealously promoted.'

Bishop Bedell, in his address to the Convention of Ohio, gratefully acknowledges the kind courtesies of the Inman Steam-ship Line in conveying the body across the Atlantic without charge, and with special marks of respect, and also the prompt proposition of the United States 'Express Companies' to convey it similarly from New York to Cincinnati. 'Every possible attention (he says) was shown, and the whole offered as a mark of particular regard to the memory of one, who was no less an honour to his diocese than to his country—a distinguished representative man of the nation.'

The presiding Bishop, associated with the Bishop of New York and other Bishops, and a large body of clergy and laity, received the remains on their arrival in

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that city. The flags of the vessels in the harbour were hoisted at half-mast, and the body was then solemnly conveyed to St. Paul's Church, where the Bishop had been consecrated in 1832. A special service was held there on Tuesday, May 6th, very similar to that in Westminster Abbey, with the addition of the Collect of the American Prayer Book, in the Visitation of the Sick, beginning 'O God, whose days are without end,' and also of the prayer for 'Persons in Affliction.' The Benediction was pronounced by Bishop Smith, presiding, who was consecrated in that church and at the same time with Bishop McIlvaine.

The New York Committee then formally transferred the remains to the Committee from Ohio, to be conveyed by them to their last resting-place at Clifton, Cincinnati, where the final burial ceremonies were performed on Friday, May 9th, in Spring Grove Cemetery.

With Christian simplicity the Bishop had directed in his will that his funeral should be unostentatious; it was, therefore, remarkable for the entire absence of display, and for the exceeding plainness of the appointments. The procession formed at St. Paul's then moved to Christ Church, which had been filled to overflowing by a concourse of clergy of Episcopal and other Churches, and of friends of the Bishop, gathered to pay their tribute of affection to his memory. 'The service was simple, in accordance with his directions, read by Bishop Bedell, and the Bishops of Michigan and Delaware, the Lord Bishop of Huron, the Assistant Bishop of Kentucky, the President of the Standing Committee, and the venerable Dr. Burr'—Dr. Burr was the oldest Presbyter in the Diocese of Ohio, and the first admitted into it by Bishop McIlvaine. No sermon or address followed at the time, according to the Bishop's express desire.

After the service at Christ Church, the long funeral

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train proceeded to Spring Grove Cemetery, which it reached about two o'clock, and passed through the beautiful grounds to the spot selected for the interment —'a sunny slope shaded by a majestic elm, and within view of the place where the remains of Bishop McIlvaine's friend, Chief Justice Chase, are to rest.'

The Rev. Dr. Burr committed the body to the ground, and 'the grave soon closed over all that was earthly of the Bishop, so honoured and beloved in life, and in death so deeply lamented.'

'The interment was made literally in the earth, no vault or masonry of any kind being used, and the green mound was fashioned over the spot before the lingering friends had all departed from the final resting-place.' 'This now hallowed place is overlooked by Clifton, where the Bishop left a mourning family in the home he had made so dear to them by his presence.'

'Just as we laid him in the ground,' says Bishop Bedell, 'a glorious summer's sun was hid behind a cloud, and all the brightness and beauty of that pleasant landscape suddenly passed into shadow. The altered scene was consonant with the tone of our sadness.'

One more service remained, and it was feelingly performed the same evening at Christ Church, when Bishop Lee preached his descriptive sermon, 'IN MEMORIAM,' from which such copious extracts have been taken to enrich this volume.

In his Annual Address to the Diocese, May 20th, 1873, Bishop Bedell thus speaks of their irreparable loss, and reviews the character and Episcopate of his beloved friend:

In the first time in its history of fifty-six years the diocese is bereaved of a Bishop by death. Through forty years of the most difficult stages of its progress Bishop

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McIlvaine has been its leader and guide. It is fitting that we should now commemorate his influence, for we are reaping the blessed result of it.

Bishop McIlvaine was remarkably prepared for the position, which he has filled with such distinguished ability. Among eminent fitnesses, not least were natural graces and natural character. In form, and features, and presence, he was a prince among men. Combining dignity with grace, manly beauty with great impressiveness of demeanour; having an eye keen and piercing, capable of a frown that startled, and with a smile peculiarly gentle and winning—he was one of those few noble men whom men instinctively reverence. . . .

An ordinary college education is intended to discipline and balance the faculties. In his case, besides giving him mastery over every power, classical studies opened the way to his thorough examination of patristic theology, so soon as ecclesiastical controversies demanded it. College life at Princeton, and early ministerial experience at Georgetown and West Point, introduced him to friendships which gave breadth and catholicity to his views. Contact with the great men who were then guiding public affairs at Washington, and insight of that peculiar phase of character which fits men for military discipline at the Academy, increased his fondness for administration, and instructed him in the principles and methods of it. To these associations are no doubt to be traced his interest in public affairs, his quick appreciation of political issues, and the skilful energy he showed during the late rebellion. There was needed only one other element to complete his education for the Episcopate. God added this, the complement of other necessary forces, by giving him large pastoral experience in St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn. . . .

He entered on the care of this diocese in 1832. It was disordered by the sudden rupture of its relations with its

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first Bishop. The institutions at Gambier were in peril. There were only forty parishes in the diocese, nine of them feeble, and only seventeen clergymen. The State was still new. Travelling was difficult, always slow, often dangerous. The parishes were scattered over every portion. There was little communication between these dispersed members of our feeble communion, all the communicants numbering not quite nine hundred; and there were some unhealed breaches of charity even among these. Seldom has a Bishop entered on a more difficult task. To-day, at the end of forty years, the diocese consists of one hundred and sixteen parishes. One hundred and eight clergymen are connected with it. It numbers ten thousand communicants, and probably fifty thousand souls. Not less than seven other parishes, formed since 1832, and once strong, have become depleted by changes in currents of commerce. These should be added to the exhibit of executive labour, making one hundred and twenty-three parishes, whereas only forty existed in 1832. . . . .

But no statistics can present the general agreement in doctrine and the delightful spiritual accord, which have characterized the diocese during the major part of these forty years. There have been divisions and diversities here and there, of course. Absolute agreement among all members of so large a diocese is impossible. It would imply such a stagnation as would indicate disease, or deadness. He never expected it. But he laboured that what are known as Evangelical principles should prevail, and that diversities therefrom should never exceed the liberty of our standards. He laboured that all parishes and all the clergy should conform to outward observances, as ruled by the Canons and Liturgy, and neither by defect, nor by excess, violate external unity and order. He succeeded to a degree which might almost be claimed as complete. That irregularities should occur sometimes

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on either side was unavoidable. But he held the rule with inflexible and even justice. Nor when he laid down his work was he aware—nor am I, with some favourable opportunities of forming an opinion, to-day aware, of any irregularity, either by defect or by excess, which cannot fairly be covered by allowable liberty of interpretation. Any attempt to pass beyond this reasonable limit he promptly and always repressed.

The purpose of administration is to maintain the privileges of all alike under the laws, and to secure to all the peaceful enjoyment of every lawful privilege. For this purpose it is necessary to maintain the integrity of the law as the safeguard for all. Such being the duty and responsibility of the Episcopal office, Bishop McIlvaine's administration was a marked success. The privileges both of clergy and laity in the diocese have been enjoyed for the past forty years peacefully, and with little friction from conflicting interests. One test, a very significant one, is the fewness of acts of discipline during these years. There have been only eighteen such acts during forty years, and of these only two were for grave offences. Thirteen were voluntary renunciations of the ministry without charge of fault. And one of these acts of discipline was forced upon the Bishop by canon, and the penalty made the lightest admonition known in law. Besides these, there has been one trial arising out of a conflict of opinion between a clergyman and the Bishop, but it did not reach a verdict. The Bishop's judgment was accepted as law. In every case the Bishop's known opinion has been received as a proper ruling by subsequent calm public sentiment. Under such a test his administration seems to have as nearly reached perfection as could ever be hoped for.

This test has a wider application ; for it manifests distinctly the wisdom and tact, the firmness and moral power of the administrator in preventing strife, in settling

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controversies before they become public, in satisfying conflicting interests before they reached the point of contention. It is at this point that the greatest skill of an executive displays itself. Here his opinions exhibit their true weight, and his moral influence is tested. That executive has attained the summit of power, whose word is accepted instead of the slow decisions of a tribunal, and against whose invariable rectitude, and acknowledged correctness of judgment and firmness, men cease to contend. The records of this diocese, and the remembrances of many whom I address, attest that Bishop McIlvaine stood on this proud eminence as an administrator. His method of maintaining integrity in doctrinal opinions, and in ecclesiastical law, was to discuss variations from his own view frankly, fully, and with an earnestness that showed his sense of the importance of the topics. He entered into these discussions oftenest in Charges, or in Annual Addresses, and sometimes by Pastoral Letters. On the gravest occasions he entered into the arena of public controversy. His logical acumen here exhibited itself, accompanied by such a thorough mastery of all the elements properly belonging to the topic, and such force in presenting them, that his conclusions were invariably accepted by the diocese; and generally by the Church. In a discussion of the greatest moment, arising out of the publication of the Oxford Tracts, the calm decision of the Church at large, after years of reflection and experience, has undoubtedly affirmed the Bishop's judgment and vindicated his foresight. . . . .

His great power in the pulpit was dedicated to the manifestation of the Gospel, during all his visitations of the parishes. His main topics were—Redemption, the need of it, the mode of it, the efficacy of it, the completeness of it. How he rung the changes on that chime! Ever varied, ever the same; the melodies many,

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the harmony one; the one thought, 'Jesus Christ and Him crucified.' The range which it covered was as large as every spiritual need and every doctrine, which it illustrates or defines. His special themes were the ruin of our nature by sin, and the Atonement—the vicarious sacrifice of Christ. His remarkably clear conceptions of these two foundation truths of the Gospel scheme gave a character to his preaching very like that of St. Paul. He was thoroughly imbued with the principles affirmed in the Epistle to the Romans. It is greatly to be regretted that so many of his sermons were unwritten. Certainly the most complete exposition of the subject of Repentance, which I ever heard, was an extempore discourse delivered in Rosse Chapel, Gambier, which lives now only in the remembrance of those who listened to it. Many present will sympathize in this regret, for during later years his mind became so fertile of thoughts, that the labour of writing sermons became distressing. Many an utterance, which seemed to us almost inspired, was thus spent upon the immediate audience and lost to the world. But these sermons and his brief addresses at Confirmations, and his annual reports and charges at Conventions, exhibited his constant solicitous care for the spiritual wants of the diocese. . . . . The last days of our Bishop were signally replete with the 'peace which passeth understanding.' His testimony to the gracious power of the Gospel was very precious. Knowing that you would desire to place on record an authoritative memorial of his closing days; I wrote to the Rev. Canon Carus, requesting him to prepare such a paper for this Convention. He has kindly complied, and it will be presented this evening.

The Evening Session opened with divine service. At the conclusion, the letter of Canon Carus was read to the Convention. Judge Andrews, the Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, then reported the following:

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Resolved,—That we desire to adopt, and place upon our records, as our own, and also in behalf of the diocese, the loving testimony borne by our present Bishop, in his Address to this Convention, to the character and services of our late beloved Bishop McIlvaine, who for more than forty years performed so worthily and ably the self-denying and laborious duties of his high trust as Bishop of this diocese. He was undoubtedly among the most eminent of the bishops and ministers of the Gospel of the present century; but valuable as were his public and official utterances, his best teachings are found in his life. Talents of a very high order, consecrated to God in doing good to men, worldly prospects subordinated to the claims of duty, an active sympathy with the weak and poor and oppressed, an unspotted life showing forth with growing brightness and power the beauty of holiness even unto the end, an undying love of home, friends, country, and, above all, of the truth as it is in Jesus Christ—these are lessons which sink deep into the hearts of contemporaries, and become the heritage of many generations. We honour the memory of our departed friend and father. Death has taken him from our sight, and he rests from his labours, but the love we bear him is stronger than death; and as the highest and most lasting honour that we can pay to his memory, we desire to follow the example of his faith and patience and abundant labours, to hold fast to those cardinal truths of the Gospel, to which he gave his living and dying testimony, and to hold up to the young men of the nation, in whose hands are its destinies, the model that he has left us of a true, manly, faithful Christian life.

Resolved,—That the thanks of this Convention and of the diocese are hereby given to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster for their many acts of kindness, and especially for the many tokens of affectionate respect shown by them for the memory of Bishop McIlvaine, in

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providing for his remains a temporary resting-place, with appropriate services, in Westminster Abbey. The Church in the United States and the nation are not unmindful of the kindness manifested towards them in thus honouring their illustrious dead.

One more tribute of affectionate respect to the memory of Bishop McIlvaine must be recorded. The rare combination of gifts and graces, which were so conspicuous in his whole life and character, are vividly pourtrayed in a few choice sentences by Bishop Huntington, in his address (June 11th, 1873) to the Annual Convention of the Diocese of Central New York of the Protestant Episcopal Church: 'Age was telling, to be sure, upon his superb frame and radiant countenance, which retained, however, to the last the ruddy freshness of a child's complexion under the white crown of an old man's glory; but still, after the last General Convention at Baltimore, his head was conspicuous in our councils, and his living presence was a felt force wherever he came. His Episcopate covered almost half the existence of our Church in the United States. Inheriting Scotch blood, his mental constitution bore the marks of that ancestry in his theological genius, and his taste and ability in dogmatics, as well as in his strong personal will. Gifted with a quick and capacious understanding, moving always with the dignified and graceful mien of a noble person, and lifted into universal respect by his ardent piety, it might not be fanciful to trace in him some characteristics of his national descent—something of the evangelical unction of Leighton, of the sanctity of Erskine, of the directness of Rutherford, and even the courage of Knox. To these traits he certainly joined many that go to make up a patriotic and active American.'

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Such was the eminent servant of God, whose Memorials are now presented to the Church of Christ. Though they afford only a sketch of his thoughts and actions from time to time during his lengthened Episcopate (a complete history of which is much to be desired) these memorials will not be without value as exhibiting an example of rare judgment, devotion, gentleness, fidelity, and holiness.

'And now that He who gave has taken away, it is consoling and profitable (as Bishop Lee observes) to dwell upon his character, his course, and his labours. Mournful though the task be, it is the prompting of love, and has the warrant of Scripture. It assuages the bitterness of grief, and leads us to *magnify the grace of God in him.*'

ΤΩ ΘΕΩ ΔΟΞΑ.

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APPENDIX.

Extracts from Bishop McIlvaine's work, referred to p. 205, entitled: 'THE TRUE TEMPLE; OR, HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH AND COMMUNION OF SAINTS, IN ITS NATURE, STRUCTURE, AND UNITY.' Philadelphia: 1861.

'For lack of diligent observing the difference between the Church of God *mystical* and *visible*, the oversights are neither few nor light that have been committed.' Of the truth of these words of Hooker, as well in application to these times as his own, we have no question. There is at this time not only the lack of diligently observing the difference mentioned, but there is among us a decided and diligent effort to treat it as a fiction, and thus, in the face of our Church-standards and great writers, to represent the Church visible and mystical as identical and commensurate; in other words, that all who belong to the former belong also to the latter. . . . It is to resist such evil tendencies by promoting the more 'diligent observing the difference between the Church of God mystical and visible,' the want of which in his day the judicious Hooker lamented, that these pages are put forth, with an humble prayer and hope that the Lord and Head of the Church will be pleased to use them in some measure for the promotion of the truth, the guidance of His people, and the furtherance of the highest interests of His kingdom.

The visible Church is the Church as seen of men, in the mixed mass of the true and the false, the genuine and the counterfeit people of God. The invisible Church is the same Church as seen only of God in the unmixed company of all

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His faithful people. The one is that great flock gathered together by the call of the Gospel from all parts of the earth to the professed following of the Good Shepherd; in which the sheep of His pasture are mingled with the goats that know Him not, and are none of His—all, however, *visibly*, that is, *professedly*, His flock. The other is simply so much of that mixed multitude as do truly hear the voice of the Shepherd and follow Him, and unto whom He giveth eternal life.

To call all the visible Church *the* Church of God, when it is not all really *the* Church but only contains it, and when indeed a very great part is really of the kingdom of darkness, is only consistent with a mode of speech common in the Scriptures and in ordinary life. . . . . All the people of Israel were called 'the people of God,' 'the Israel of God,' 'the circumcision,' 'the congregation' (or Church) of the Lord, because all were *visibly* so by the profession which all made in the visible ordinances of the Jewish Church. But, said St. Paul, '*all are not Israel that are of Israel;* neither because they are all the seed of Abraham are they all children' of the promise made to Abraham. 'He is not a Jew which is one *outwardly*, neither is that circumcision which is outward in the flesh. But he is a Jew which is one *inwardly;* and circumcision is that of *the heart, in the spirit, and not in the letter; whose praise is not of men, but of God.*' Thus did St. Paul draw the distinction between the *visible* or *professing* Church, and the real but *invisible* Church under the Mosaic dispensation. . . . He thought it highly important to be very distinct in his instruction on the point, that the *sign* was not the *thing;* that the *sacrament* of circumcision was not the circumcision. It was the thing only *sacramentally*, or in the sign, not in the reality. It was the visible rite, not the invisible grace.

The analogous use of language extends to all that is visible of the Church under the Gospel. There is but one real baptism: '*not the putting away of the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a good conscience towards God;*' not the outward washing, but the inward sanctification—for baptism, precisely as circumcision, is *that of the heart, in the spirit, and not in the letter, whose praise is not of men, but of God.* Still that outward washing is called baptism, just as the outward Jewish sacrament was called circumcision. But it is important now, as in St.

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Paul's time, to keep it very distinctly in mind, that it is only *sacramental* baptism—only the sacrament or sign of baptism, not the thing. The sign or sacrament is not depreciated in this, but the thing signified is relatively honoured above it.*

Again, there is but one real communion of the body and blood of Christ, that of those who feed on Christ, *in their hearts, by faith, with thanksgiving.* And yet in Scripture the visible sacrament is called the communion. '*The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ?*' But in strictness of speech it is not the communion of the body of Christ, but only the *sacrament*, or divinely instituted sign of that communion. It is the *visible* communion. The real is *invisible.*

It is an old saying of St. Augustine, quoted in our homilies, and very common in our old writers, for the illustration of this precise point, that 'Sacraments do for the most part receive the names of the self-same things which they signify.' In this application of terms, *the Sacrament* of Communion is called the Communion; *the Sacrament* of Regeneration is called the Regeneration. By analogous terms, the receiver of these sacramental signs, and visible notes of a Christian, is called a Christian, whether he be a Christian *inwardly* or not; and the vast multitude, in the whole earth, united into one professing community, under the same signs, are called the Christian Church; though it is no uncharitableness to suppose, that an immense proportion of them have not the Spirit of Christ, and so are none of His; and consequently are no more His Church than a merely professing Christian is a true Christian, or than a merely external communicant is a real communicant of the body and blood of Christ.

Peculiar circumstances have tended so much to draw the minds of the Protestant Episcopal ministry in this country to the study and defence of those visible institutions, which are peculiar to an Episcopal Church, and which we believe to be Apostolic in origin, that it is apprehended there are not a few minds, not unfavourably disposed, that have become so unused to the old Anglo-Protestant views of the Church, as it is invisible

* 'All receive not the grace of God,' says Hooker, 'who receive the *sacraments* of His grace.'—*Eccl. Pol.*, b. 5, § 17.

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or mystical, that our undisguised exhibition of them here will seem almost new. Such minds, on a little reflection, will come to their true bearings. The slightest effort to controvert those views of Scripture, or in consistency with other great truths of the Gospel, will convince them that nothing else can be true, and that the whole doctrine is both Anglican and Scriptural. The tendency in the present day among many, in the precise direction by which the Romish Church arrived at its present doctrine, has suggested the importance of giving those views the prominence they occupy in these pages. And that no reader may be at a loss to know how entirely the doctrine of these pages is identical, in every particular, with that which our Hookers, and Taylors, and Ushers, etc., most earnestly taught, a series of extracts from such authorities is added in the Appendix, to which the reader's careful attention is requested. We have taken Cranmer and Ridley for the times of the Reformation; Jewel and Hooker for the days immediately succeeding; Bishops Taylor and Hall, Archbishop Usher, Doctors Jackson and Perkins for the trying times of the early part of the seventeenth century; and Isaac Barrow for those immediately succeeding.

Thus we have representations of all classes and schools of English divines of the times above-mentioned. And it will be seen, that among these great writers there was not the least difference of opinion as to the points now in view. That the true Church is composed only of the true children and people of God, united by a living faith to Christ; that none others have real membership in God's Church, however they may be externally associated with it in visible ordinances; that this Church is the Holy Catholic Church and Communion of Saints, having all its being in the union of its several members, by faith, immediately to Christ; that this is the *mystical* body of Christ, as nothing else can be; that it is *invisible*, because while its members on earth are personally visible, their distinction, as such, from all merely nominal or professed members is invisible; that this and no other is the Church to which all the promises are given, just as real believers among the children of Abraham were the only Church to which the promises then made belonged; finally, that this Church, mystical and invisible, is 'the pillar and ground of the truth, against which the

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gates of hell shall not prevail;' to which belong essentially the *unity of the Spirit*, however the *bond of peace*, in the common use of creeds and sacraments, may be broken;—the reader will find this to be the concurrent testimony of those unquestionable witnesses of the doctrine of the Protestant Episcopal Church in their respective times.

CONCLUDING OBSERVATIONS.

It has been no part of our plan in these pages to speak of the Church in its aspect as visible, any further than was necessary to enable us distinctly to show what is meant by the Church as invisible. Whatever may be the case out of the bounds of our Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, we do not think there is comparatively any great need within her bounds, of calling attention generally to a higher valuation of those external things which make up the Church's visible form or manifestation. In some Christian communities, no doubt, there is a serious demand for such writing. Under the idea of promoting more purely and simply, the inner life of true religion, there has been generated in some quarters a very injurious undervaluing of those outward ordinances, which, though not the life, are appointed of God, and are in a very important sense connected with the spiritual life. But such is not the tendency among us. Quite a sufficient proportion of the attention of our authors, of our magazines, of our preaching, of our Sunday-school teaching, to say the least, is given to the establishment of a strong sense of the necessity and obligation of that ecclesiastical order and polity, which we believe to have come to us from the Apostles. Hence we have not seen it necessary in these pages to enter on any consideration of such topics. We have aimed exclusively at what seemed much more needed—a right estimate of the essential necessity to the being of the Church, and to the reality of any spiritual membership therein, of that inward life of faith, and of love as the fruit of faith, for the promotion of which all the outward of the Church was designed, and has all its value.

But lest we should seem, even negatively, to look with little appreciation upon the importance of the Church's visible form to the accomplishment of her work in the earth, we may say a few words in that direction. Were we writing on the nature

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of man, and did we make a very distinct and wide difference between man and man's body, between the intellectual, immortal man, and the form in which he resides in this world, treating the former as *the* being, and the latter as only the house he lives in, confining our attention to the former, it would not seem necessary to guard against the inference, that we have little sense of the value of the body, or of the importance of keeping all its parts entire, and all its functions in health.

We do not think that the importance and duty of maintaining firmly what we consider of divine institution in the visible form of the Church, to be in anywise affected by the essential distinction we have taught, between the Church visible and invisible, as seen of men in the outward signs and profession and as she stands before God in her essential spiritual being. . . . .

However possible and very conceivable, that the spirit of true religion may prosper, in exceptional cases far removed by divine providence from access to the ordinances of the Church, we have no reason to suppose that it can flourish, or long abide among any body of people, except as operating by, and living in, those ordinances. If a reason be asked, it is sufficient to answer, as with reference to the similar dependence of the human soul upon the human body, 'So hath God ordained.' What God hath joined together let no man put asunder. Concerning the Church as it is thus equipped for its work in the world, in sacramental signs, in an ordained ministry and with 'the sword of the Spirit which is the word of God,' it has not entered into our design to speak more particularly in these pages. We have confined our attention to its *only foundation*, Christ Jesus the Lord; its only *component parts and members*, souls made alive in Him, by coming to Him in faith and receiving His Spirit; *its essential unity and communion*, the union of all such members to Christ, by participation of His life, so as to be members one of another. This Church thus composed, separated thus from all who, however joined with them in outward, sacramental communion, have no fellowship with them in the Spirit of Christ, however it be indeed a little flock in comparison with the whole mixed company of nominal Christians, is the only host of God for that great conflict with sin and hell for the salvation of

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sinners, which has been so long waged, and of which so much is yet to be fought before Satan is bound in his millennial imprisonment. . . .

It is a notable fact, that in the Temple of Solomon the materials were gathered from so many and such distant regions. The isles of the sea, the quarries of Tyre, the forests of Lebanon, the mines of Ophir, all contributed to the structure. From all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongue, come the souls that are to compose for ever and ever the Church of the living God. 'The abundance of the sea shall be converted unto Thee, and the forces of the Gentiles shall come unto Thee. The sons of strangers shall build Thy walls, and kings shall minister unto Thee.' Soon the work will be done; the scaffolding of the present ordinances will be laid aside; the ministry of us men will be no more needed. The Church will be without spot or blemish,—'her walls salvation, her gates praise.'

Then, as the divisions between earthly and heavenly, between militant and triumphant, between the Church as now seen of men and the Church as always seen of God, shall cease, so will pass away the distinction of visible and invisible, which the present condition of the Church requires. The visible, the spiritual, the perfect, will be one. All gathered together in one glorious household of God; the new creation complete; the work of redemption finished. Then the everlasting Sabbath! the sweet rest, the boundless bliss, the joyful thanksgiving and praise of the Holy Catholic Church in its fulness, the Communion of Saints in its perfectness. From the multitude that no man can number arises the adoring worship of 'Him that sitteth on the throne,' and of 'the Lamb, that was slain,' for the grace that gave to all the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. 'O pray for the peace of Jerusalem!' Pray for the peace of God's Church on the earth! We have been writing about 'the Unity of the Spirit' therein. We are reminded of the exhortation of the Apostle, 'Endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.' The Church of Christ must have the unity of the Spirit, just so far as its members are partakers of Christ and have received His Spirit. It cannot

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be severed. But how sadly the bond of peace is broken among the several portions of the professing Church every eye sees. We doubt not, indeed, that there is vastly more unbroken peace than the Church has credit for. The contentions among Christians in matters of religion are greatly exaggerated in the estimate of the world. Differences of doctrine do not always create estrangement of affection. Separation into divers distinct ecclesiastical bodies is not necessarily separation in point of personal religious attachment or the reciprocities of Christian love. There is much breach of harmony in religious confessions and associations, when there is no breach of peace between Christian and Christian as such. But that over the deep-seated and essential unity of the Spirit, pervading the whole body of God's great living household of faith, as over the unmoved heart of the ocean, in all its depth and length, there does exist on the surface, where the believer's infirmities and remaining corruptions appear, an agitation, a strife, a want of following after peace, a spirit of separation, of opposition, of party jealousy, of sectarian animosity, manifesting much evil temper, and doing great injury to the cause of Christ in the world, and which cannot be excused by any considerations of duty in the existence of error, we must all with sorrow of heart concede. It is one thing to differ with one another in matters of belief. It is another to be separated from one another in matters of brotherly kindness and charity, and to look with the evil eye of sectarian jealousy or detraction one upon another, so that we cannot rejoice in good wherever we see it, nor cast the veil of charity upon evil when no interference of ours can remedy it. There is the duty of 'contending earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints'—a duty which will remain as long as sin and Satan continue on the earth, and no love of peace can excuse us from the conflict required, though it be unto death. With all error that wars against the Gospel we must be at war. The bond of peace in which we are exhorted to keep the unity of the Spirit does not bind us to be at peace with hurtful error, but it does bind us to be at peace, as much as in *us* lies, with such as are in error. 'Speaking the truth *in love*,' is the Apostle's precept for all such circumstances. And were the truth, in matters about which Christians are divided and in contention with one another, only

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spoken, no matter how sharp the truth, *in love*—not merely in the words and tones, but out of *the heart* of love, so that contending *earnestly* for the truth should always be contending *lovingly* for the truth—then how soon would contentions disappear, because love would place a new interpretation upon the importance of many of the disagreements; separations be diminished in number, because love would not tolerate a 'middle wall of partition' where the sacred interests of truth and righteousness are not involved. How soon would diversities of religious association, separating Christians into different denominations, while as yet the way is not open for their return to one ecclesiastical organization, become divested of the party spirit which genders strife, and exhibit, only in more beautiful aspects, that inward, spiritual unity of 'all that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity,' in which brethren of the adoption, in spite of varieties of opinion, and form, and visible association, are really of one heart and do love one another. There is such a thing as 'keeping the bond of peace' even after the bond of opinion in agreement and organization has been severed. 'Charity, which is the bond of perfectness,' keeps the former when it cannot save the latter. 'Let love be without dissimulation'—genuine love that 'vaunteth not itself, behaveth not unseemly, is not puffed up, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth in the truth, hopeth all things, suffereth long and is kind;' let only such love abound, where diversities of sect among Christians unhappily abound, and see how their evils, if not their numbers, will decrease. And such love, we think, would be materially promoted would Christians of different denominations, who agree in the great essential doctrines of the Gospel, and the great constituent graces of the Christian character, only habituate themselves to the more frequent contemplation of their essential oneness in Christ (as these pages have exhibited it), rather than their disagreements on matters which affect not their common hope and salvation. What is their difference compared with their unity?

The former is about matters which, if important, are not vital. The latter is vital, essential. The former separates them into various ecclesiastical bodies. The latter keeps them all together in that one Church which is the body of Christ. Those outward relations are temporal. Death dissolves them;

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we can associate together as of this denomination in the Church, or that, only during the few days of this life. But we shall dwell together in our unity in Christ, for ever and ever. 'The communion of saints' is for everlasting. How much nearer to one another are two Christians, as such, than as joined under the bonds of the same church-organization! How much nearer two Christians by their oneness in Christ, though they be of different divisions in the visible Church, than any two professing Christians, of the same denominational union, but neither of them a Christian indeed! How much more closely and vitally joined together are the Episcopalian and the Presbyterian and the Methodist, each of whom is united to Christ in the oneness of the Spirit, than either can be to the brother in his own church, who is not in Christ! How will this appear in that day when the reapers of this great harvest-field shall be sent forth to separate the wheat from the tares, and He 'whose fan is in His hand shall thoroughly purge His floor'! There, names will be nothing. Then to have belonged here or there, to this association of professing Christians or that, this profession of faith or that, will have no vital bearing upon the great question, whether we are Christ's or not. The only church-connection of any value will be that of the Church, whose register of communicants is 'the Lamb's book of life.' The only question will be—Who came to Jesus? who lived by faith in Jesus? who was found in Him? They will come from all nations and kindreds and tongues; they will come also from all sects and denominations, of those who hold essentially the Christian faith, and they will sit down together with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of God, one blessed, perfected, loving, everlasting communion of saints; while the communion of the lost will exhibit the like features, all denominations of *professing* Christians there, none finding it an alleviation of his woe, that he went to it out of the visible fellowship of one church to another.

Oh, the unspeakable preciousness of union to Christ by faith, and to one another by the same! Who are my brethren? Jesus answered—'He that doeth the will of My Father in Heaven, the same is My mother and sister and brother.' And shall any, that call themselves disciples of Jesus, contract that answer to suit themselves?

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If the Lord of All took into His embrace, as a brother, every doer of His Father's will, shall we not be glad and rejoice that we have such an example to do likewise? In the present divided condition of the visible Church, when sect contends with sect, and party with party, and peace seems so far off, must not every true follower of Christ, having in himself the mind of Christ, feel it a very precious consolation that wherever in the whole earth are those who, under any name or form, do believe in Jesus with the heart as their only and sufficient Saviour—there his brethren are, there are those who are members with himself of the same body, communicants with him in the same spiritual meat and the same spiritual drink, to be joined for ever with him in the kingdom of God? The more we are separated by denominational divisions, the more should we love to remember that whoever follows Christ, the same is our sister or brother. Oh for a great revival of this mind of Christ in all that are called by His Name!—Oh that all reputed revivals of religion may show their genuineness in the quickening and wider diffusion of that spirit! I bless God that I know something of its possession. I cannot allow the partition-walls, which man's infirmities have built in the visible Church, to separate my affections, as a Christian, from any Christian, whatever he be. It is to me a precious thought, that wherever my Lord has a disciple, I have a brother: that if a poor sinner, who has shared with me in the corruption and condemnation, has shared also with me in the regeneration and remission by faith in Christ Jesus, then, whatever he be, barbarian, Scythian, bond or free—no matter how he may stand far off from me in sectional relations, separated by partitions which neither is willing to put away—he is united to me and I to him, as bone to bone, in the one mystical body of our common Lord and Life. We are heirs together 'of God, and joint heirs with Christ.' The present separation is for a day: the future fellowship, face to face in the presence of our glorious Lord seeing Him as He is, will be for eternity. It doth not yet appear what, as children of God now, we shall be hereafter, when the children shall come to the inheritance of the saints in light. 'But this we know, that, when our blessed Lord shall appear, we *shall be like Him.*' And when we shall have been thus changed into the perfect likeness of Christ, we shall

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have a perfect likeness in every spiritual feature to one another. Thus brother will come to brother, heart to heart as face to face. Harmony of spirit, more sweet unspeakably than all harmonies of sound, pervading all that wondrous communion, so that not a thought shall be in discord to all eternity; harmony of all wills and all minds, not only with one another but with God, in all His thoughts; harmony of holiness, of love, of adoration, ascending continually in thanksgiving and praise from the vast congregation, and centring around the throne of God and the Lamb, praising the boundless grace that saved them and that set them in those heavenly places in Christ Jesus. Oh, how will the whole Church be filled with that heavenly music! Ah, what a feeble conception do we get of that fellowship, that peace, that high, perfect *social* state of the people of God, from the present fellowship of Christian brethren on earth!

Extracts from 'OXFORD DIVINITY,' referred to p. 126. Afterwards entitled 'RIGHTEOUSNESS BY FAITH,' in 1862.

In commencing his Review, in 1841, of 'OXFORD DIVINITY,' Bishop McIlvaine writes, that—With great truth, he can say, he has diligently STUDIED the system; and that, too, with every effort to judge of it fairly, kindly, conscientiously, and with frequent prayer, to know the truth with regard to a movement, which promises so much influence, good or evil, upon the state of religion in the Protestant Church. He is constrained to say, that every further step of insight into what is indeed a thoroughly wrought, highly complex, and deep-laid scheme or system of doctrine (much as the name of system is rejected by its advocates), has produced but a deeper and deeper conviction on his mind, that, whatever may be the intention or supposition of those who maintain it, it is a systematic abandonment of the vital and distinguishing principles of the Protestant faith, and a systematic adoption of that very root and heart of Romanism, whence has issued the life of all its ramified corruptions and deformities. . . . .

Under the serious and painful convictions thus expressed, it has seemed to be a duty arising out of his relation to the Church Catholic, and his more immediate relation to the

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clergy, candidates for orders, and laity of his own diocese, to lay before the public an exhibition of this system in its essential principles, as compared with the doctrines common to the Protestant Episcopalian Churches of England and America on the one side, and those of the Church of Rome on the other. . . .

He may be charged with great presumption in attempting to discover in the writings under consideration what their own authors, so learned and acute, and their friends so learned and acute, seem not to have discovered. But presumptuous or not, the way of duty seems plain. With no profession then, but of an honest, single, prayerful desire, by the grace and mercy of God, to discharge his solemn responsibility as a watchman over the House of Israel, feeling at the same time that many others in the Church would discharge the duty far more efficiently, the author must request, at least, his brethren of the Church in his own diocese, to accompany him in the examination of this widely circulated and high-pretending theology.

But to go over the whole body of divinity in all its members, for the sake of estimating the character of this, were an endless task. We must select some great fundamental principles of the Gospel, which, viewed in one aspect, makes the main doctrinal feature of Romanism. . . . .

Now what is that fundamental question which will thus serve as a position, whence we may command the whole field of inquiry before us? We need go no further than the judicious Hooker for an answer:

'*That grand question*,' (he says) '*that hangeth in controversy between us and Rome, is, about the matter of justifying righteousness. We disagree about the nature and essence of the medicine whereby Christ cureth our disease; about the manner of applying it; about the number and the power of means, which God requireth in us for the effectual applying thereof to our souls' comfort.*'

In Chapter III. Bishop McIlvaine thus proceeds with his argument:

The great question has always been, as Hooker gives it: What is the righteousness whereby a Christian man is justified? or, as Mr. Newman in his 'Oxford Divinity' states it: What is that, which constitutes a man righteous in God's sight? . . . . Lectures on Justification.

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It will materially assist in the development of the answer given in 'Oxford Divinity' to this fundamental question, if we first occupy a few moments in considering the Scripture use of the word *Justification*, as bearing upon the nature of the *righteousness* by which we must be justified.

The justification of a sinner must be in one of two ways. It must be either by a *personal change in a man's moral nature*, or by a *relative change in his state*, as regards the sentence of the law of God. The former justification is opposed to unholiness; the latter to condemnation. The one takes away the indwelling of moral pollution; the other, imputation of judicial guilt. If we understand Justification in the first sense, as expressing the making a man righteous *by an infusion of righteousness*, as Romanism expresses it, we make it identical with *sanctification*, and therefore it is as gradual as the progress of personal holiness, and never complete till we are perfected in heaven. . . .

If we take Justification in the latter sense, as indicating a relative change, it is then a term of law, understood judicially, and expresses the act of God, in his character of Judge, deciding the case of one accused before Him, and instead of condemning, acquitting him; instead of holding him guilty, accounting him righteous; so that he becomes the man of whom David speaks—the happy man, 'unto whom the Lord imputeth no sin.' In relation to the former sense, there is not a place in Scripture wherein the word *Justify*, in any of its forms, is used, in reference to remission of sins, that can be so interpreted. As to the latter, the judicial sense, there are passages, very many, in which it can with no appearance of reason be understood in any other.* This sense is specially manifest when *Justification* is spoken of as the opposite of *Condemnation*.

Take Rom. v. 18, "As by the offence of one judgment came upon all men to condemnation; even so by the righteousness of one the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life.' Here, most evidently, justification imparts a judicial clearing from the imputation of guilt, in the precise sense and degree in which condemnation imparts a judicial fastening of the imputation of guilt. The same appears in Rom. viii. 23, 'Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is

* See Ps. cxliii. 2; Rom. iii. 8; Acts xiii. 39.

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God that *justifies;* who is he that *condemneth?* Here is the idea of a court, a tribunal, a person arraigned; the accuser is called; the whole is judicial. . . .

The great matter is, to keep clear the essential difference between *justification* and *sanctification;* between the former, as opposed to the imputation of guilt, and the latter to the indwelling of unholiness; the former as a restoration to favour, the latter to purity: this as the act of God *within* us, changing *our moral character;* the other as the act of God *without* us, changing our *relative state*—blessings inseparable indeed, but essentially distinct.

There be two kinds of Christian righteousness (says Hooker), the one without us, which we have by imputation; the other in us, which consisteth of faith, hope, charity, and other Christian virtues. God giveth us both the one justice and the other—the one by accepting us as righteous in Christ, the other by working Christian righteousness in us.

In Bishop Beveridge, of most venerable memory, we thus read:

'It is evident that the Holy Ghost useth this word *justification* to signify a man's being accounted, or declared, not guilty of the faults he is charged with, but in that respect a just and righteous person, and that too before some judge, who in our case is the supreme Judge of the world. And this is plainly the sense wherein our Church also useth the word in her Articles; for the title of the Eleventh Article runs thus, '*Of the Justification of Man:*' but the Article itself begins thus, 'We are accounted righteous before God,' etc.—which clearly shows that in her sense, to be justified is the same with being *accounted* righteous before God; which I therefore observe, that you may not be mistaken in the sense of the word as it is used by the Church and by the Holy Ghost Himself in the holy Scriptures, like those who confound justification and sanctification together, as if they were one and the same thing, although the Scriptures plainly distinguish them: sanctification being God's act in us, whereby we are made righteous in ourselves; but justification is God's act in Himself, whereby we are accounted righteous by Him, and shall be declared so at the judgment of the great day.'

Such then being the *judicial* or *forensic* sense in which man is

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said to be justified before God, a sense so essentially important to be kept distinctly in mind, that, as Bishop Andrewes says 'we shall never take the state of the question aright unless we consider it in this view.' And since a judicial process implies *a law*, according to which it is conducted, and a law requires, of course, *a perfect fulfilment* of its precepts—in other words, *a perfect righteousness*, before any can be justified by sentence of the Judge—the question occurs, *By what righteousness is a sinner to be justified before God?*

The reader is requested to mark particularly 'the two kinds of Christian righteousness' spoken of by Hooker as above—the one, NOT IN US, which we have by imputation, whereon Justification, which Beveridge calls 'the act of God IN HIMSELF,' is based; the other, IN US, a personal, inwrought righteousness, which constitutes our Sanctification, and which Beveridge calls 'God's act' not in *Himself*, like the other, but 'in *us*, whereby we are made righteous in ourselves.' 'That both these there are,' says Bishop Andrewes, 'there is no question.'

Mark the words of Bishop Andrewes, that, of the existence of these two kinds of righteousness, so distinct in nature and office, and yet equally necessary, *he knew of no question.* This fundamental distinction between the righteousness of Justification and that of Sanctification, so universal in Protestant Divinity, is found by Hooker, as in other places of Scripture, so especially in that notable passage of St. Paul (1 Cor. i. 30), where the Apostle says: 'Of Him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.' Here there is most evidently a righteousness spoken of, which is as much distinguished from sanctification, as wisdom is made distinct from righteousness. Hence, says Hooker on this passage, Christ is made 'Righteousness, because He hath offered Himself up as a sacrifice for sin; Sanctification, because He has given us His Spirit.' And this very distinction, he considers the key to the whole controversy on the subject of Justification with the Church of Rome. . . .

It is a distinction which the Church of Rome entirely denies, and which the Church of England, with all the Churches of the Reformation, has most earnestly maintained, as fundamental in the Gospel plan of our salvation.

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Now it is precisely the same distinction that opens the way to the understanding of the whole controversy between the doctrines of the Church of England, and the derived Church in America, on the one hand, and those of this Divinity on the other, as to *the matter of Justifying Righteousness.* The whole of this Divinity is founded upon *the denial* of that distinction, which we have expressed above in the words of St. Paul and his expositors, Hooker, Andrewes, and Beveridge; while, on the contrary, the whole of the Divinity of the Reformed Church of England, as to the way of salvation, is founded upon the belief of that distinction. The latter asserts a righteousness *external and imputed*, and also a righteousness *internal and inwrought* by the Spirit; the two inseparably connected indeed, but of very different natures and offices. The former acknowledges that only which is *internal and inwrought.* And this distinction is the key to all the interior of this system, precisely as it is also to all the sinuosities of Romanism.

Mr. Newman, in his 'Lectures on Justification,' writes as follows:

'It is usual at the present day to lay great stress on the *distinction* between deliverance from guilt, and deliverance from sin, to lay down as a first principle, that these are two coincident indeed, and contemporary, but *altogether* independent benefits; to call them *justification and renewal*, and to consider that any confusion between them argues serious and alarming ignorance of Christian truth. This distinction,' Mr. Newman says, 'IS NOT SCRIPTURAL' (pp. 42, 43). 'In truth, Scripture speaks of but one gift, which is sometimes called *renewal*, sometimes *justification*, according as it views it, passing to and fro, from one to the other, so rapidly, so abruptly, as to force upon us irresistibly the inference that they are *really one*' (pp. 120, 129).

And again: 'One side says that the righteousness in which God accepts us is *inherent*, wrought in us by the grace flowing from Christ's atonement; the other says it is *external, reputed*, being Christ's own sacred and most perfect obedience on earth, viewed by a merciful God, as if it were ours. And issue is joined on the following question, whether Justification means in Scripture, *counting* us righteous, or *making* us righteous.'

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A large part of his Lecture II. is occupied with the proof that Justification and Sanctification are '*really one*;' that to distinguish them as 'two kinds of righteousness' is 'not Scriptural.' He considers himself as having, in that lecture, 'proved that Justification and Sanctification are *substantially the same thing* —parts of one gift—properties, qualities, or aspects of one.' In Lecture VI., he maintains their '*identity, in matter of fact*, however we may vary our terms, or classify our ideas' (pp. 67, 68).

This, then, is the righteousness by which we are justified before God, according to this system; that same inwrought, inherent righteousness, which, in all true Divinity, is called *sanctification*.

Such, then, is the fundamental doctrine, the grand distinguishing feature of this new Divinity, asserted with so much assurance to be the doctrine of the Church of England and of her standard Divines . . . .

On this singular pretension issue is now joined. On no point of doctrinal confession are the declarations of the Anglican Church more full, more reiterated, or more earnest than on that of Justification.

There is first an Article entitled, '*Of the Justification of Man*,' in which the doctrine is summarily described in these words: '*We are accounted righteous before God, only for the merit of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, by faith, and not for our own works and deservings*.' And, then, on the subject of *our own works and deservings*, as rejected from justification, we have two more Articles; the one entitled, '*Of works done* BEFORE Justification,' which excludes them from all efficacy to make men meet to receive grace, or deserve it '*of congruity*,' because '*not pleasant to God, forasmuch as they spring not of faith in Jesus Christ, and have the nature of sin*;' the other of '*Works which* are the Fruits of Faith, and FOLLOW AFTER *Justification*;' declaring that though the necessary results of a living faith, and pleasing to God in Christ, they '*cannot put away our sins*.' Thus have three distinct Articles been expended on this subject.

But the framers of our Confession were not content with this . . . . Homilies were, therefore, used for larger exposition. The Article on Justification refers the reader for a fuller view

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of the faith of the Church to '*The Homily of Justification.* The Homily entitled '*On the Salvation of Mankind, by only Christ our Saviour,*' is, by universal acknowledgment, the one referred to; though it is not known by what means, or when, its title was changed from that given in the Article. But this is not the only homiletic exposition bearing upon the subject. The doctrine of the Church on *Faith*, and also on *Good Works*, is essentially connected with that of Justification. We have, therefore, a standard Homily on each; so that there are three Homilies or Sermons, each in three parts, all asserted in our Thirty-fifth Article to '*contain a godly and wholesome doctrine;*' all of which compose and make a treatise on Justification, and all of which are to be referred to for explaining the sense of the Church in her Article on that subject.

Now, with these combined and minute expositions, so remarkable for precision of language and perspicuity of illustration, formed, too, with particular reference to the very points on which errors have arisen, it would seem impossible that the sense of the Church should be mistaken.

In a subsequent chapter the Bishop gives a series of extracts from the great writers of the Church of England on this subject; and on account of 'the acknowledged eminence of Hooker's authority, we will station,' he says, 'our citations from him as a sort of centre, around which shall be assembled those of the age immediately before him, with such as we shall produce from the seventeenth century; thus obtaining the evidence, that what Hooker so earnestly maintained as the doctrine of the Anglican Church, was universally received among the great lights of that Church from the Reformation to his day, and for a long time after he had gone to his rest. In all the passages to be produced in this chapter the reader will note the bearing on the following fundamental points:

1. That the righteousness by which we are justified before God is no other than the Righteousness of Christ *external* to us and *imputed*. 2. That the only means whereby we apply, embrace, or apprehend that righteousness, is a living faith; no external ordinance, no external grace, having any part with faith in its office of justifying. 3. That in this office faith acts, not as having in itself any justifying virtue or quality, nor as it

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is but a name for obedience and all religion, but only *relatively* and *instrumentally*, as the hand by which we put on the righteousness of Christ.

With these points in view, we will cite from Hooker's 'Ecclesiastical Polity.'

HOOKER ON JUSTIFICATION.

'Christ hath merited righteousness for as many as are found in Him. In Him God findeth us if we be faithful, for by faith we are incorporated into Christ. Then, although in ourselves we be altogether sinful and unrighteous, yet even the man which is impious in himself, full of iniquity, full of sin, him being found in Christ through faith, and having his sin remitted through repentance; him God beholdeth with a gracious eye, putteth away his sin by not imputing it, taketh quite away the punishment due thereunto, by pardoning it, and accepteth him in Jesus Christ as perfectly righteous, as if he had fulfilled all that was commanded him in the Law; shall I say more perfectly righteous than if himself had fulfilled the whole Law. I must take heed what I say; but the Apostle saith, '*God made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.*' Such we are in the sight of God the Father, as is the very Son of God Himself. Let it be counted folly, or frenzy, or fury, whatsoever, it is our comfort and our wisdom; we care for no knowledge in the world but this, that man hath sinned and God hath suffered; that God hath made Himself the Son of Man, and that men are made the righteousness of God. You see, therefore, that the Church of Rome, in teaching justification by inherent grace, doth pervert the truth of Christ; and that by the hands of the Apostles we have received otherwise than she teacheth. Now, concerning the righteousness of sanctification, we deny it not to be inherent; we grant that unless we work, we have it not; only we distinguish it as a thing different in nature from the righteousness of justification. We are righteous the one way by the faith of Abraham; the other way, except we do the works of Abraham, we are not righteous. Of the one, St. Paul, *To him that worketh not, but believeth, faith is accounted for righteousness;* of the other, St. John, *Qui facit justitiam, justus est.* He is righteous which

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worketh righteousness. Of the one, St. Paul doth prove by Abraham's example, that we have it of faith without works; of the other, St. James, by Abraham's example, that by works we have it, and not only by faith. St. Paul doth plainly sever these two parts of Christian righteousness one from the other. For in the sixth to the Romans thus he writeth, '*Being freed from sin, and made servants to God, ye have your fruit in holiness, and the end everlasting life.*' *Ye are made free from sin, and made servants unto God:* this is the righteousness of justification; *ye have your fruit in holiness;* this is the righteousness of sanctification. By the one we are interested in the right of inheriting; by the other we are brought to the actual possession of eternal bliss, and so the end of both is everlasting life (§ 6).

'We ourselves do not teach Christ alone, excluding our own faith, unto justification; Christ alone, excluding our own works unto sanctification; Christ alone, excluding the one or the other unnecessary unto salvation. It is a childish cavil wherewith in the matter of justification our adversaries do so greatly please themselves, exclaiming, that we tread all Christian virtues under our feet, and require nothing in Christians but Faith; because we teach that Faith alone justifieth: whereas by this speech we never meant to exclude either Hope or Charity, from being always joined as inseparable mates with Faith in the man that is justified; or works from being added as necessary duties, required at the hands of every justified man; but to show that Faith is the only hand which putteth on Christ unto justification; and Christ the only garment, which being so put on covereth the shame of our defiled natures, hideth the imperfection of our works, preserveth us blameless in the sight of God, before whom otherwise the weakness of our Faith were cause sufficient to make us culpable, yea, to shut us from the Kingdom of Heaven, where nothing that is not absolute can enter' (§ 31).

At the conclusion of the important series of extracts which he has given, Bishop McIlvaine writes:

We have now presented a chain of testimony to the great Protestant and Gospel doctrine of Justification by the *imputed*

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righteousness of Christ; that righteousness consisting in Christ's *active* obedience in fulfilling the law, as well as in His *passive* in suffering its penalty; that righteousness applied, embraced, or apprehended only by faith; and faith in this act, though necessarily a lively and working faith, and working by love, yet not effectual in this application of Christ's righteousness, *because* it is a virtue, or work of love, but simply because it is the empty hand of an unworthy beggar reached out unto and taking hold on Christ. We have presented a chain of testimony from Tyndale and Barnes, morning stars of the Anglican Reformation, down through the most distinguished of the Reformers to the time of the admirable Beveridge, whose days reached into the eighteenth century. A few things must be noted as conspicuous in these extracts. *First*, they are from the most learned, conspicuous, influential, and eminently holy divines of their several ages, to whom especially the Church of England looks for her noblest sons, and the Church of succeeding ages will look for her most venerable fathers. *Secondly*, they are too plain, pointed, reiterated, concurrent, unvaried, homogeneous, to admit of a supposition that their *appearance* of doctrine in this work is owing to their being seen in a disconnected form. No context can change the testimony of such passages. *Thirdly*, they all speak precisely the same language. Just what Tyndale and Cranmer and Latimer said in the early part of the sixteenth century, Andrewes and Mede and Downame said in the early part of the seventeenth, and Hopkins and Beveridge in the latter part of the same. If there be an increase of clearness and precision in such men as Usher and Hall over those of the early Reformers, there is no variety of doctrine. *Fourthly*, there is in all these writers the most thorough conformity, and the most minute similarity of doctrine, to the Articles and Homilies of the Church of England, none either stretching beyond or falling short of those standards in any degree as regards justification. *Fifthly*, wherever any persons are mentioned by these great writers as opposing their doctrines on this head, they have no reference to any but Romanists or Socinians; the idea not having arisen in their minds that the denial of justification by a righteousness *imputed*, and the substitution of a righteousness *inherent*, could spring from any other source than Popery or Socinianism. *Sixthly*,

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wherever the doctrine common to Popery and 'Oxford Divinity' as to justification and faith is treated in the extracts above given, it is invariably regarded as a fundamental error of the very first importance—a doctrine of *merits* in opposition to *faith*, destructive of the sinner's peace, subversive of the foundations of the Gospel, by all means to be rooted out, unheard of in the Church till 'the spawn' of the schoolmen (as Usher says) brought it forth, and the arts of the Jesuits nourished it up—a doctrine considered in England's Reformation, precisely as in that of the Continent, *articulus cadentis ecclesiæ*.

The Bishop concludes this great work with the following important remarks on the proper mode of preaching the doctrine of Justification, and its holy effect when so proclaimed.

That the doctrine of Justification, as maintained in these pages, in contrast with that of 'Oxford divinity' and Romanism, when unreservedly preached, is liable to be abused by those who are ever ready to draw encouragement to continuance in impenitence from the mercies of God, cannot be questioned. It is impossible to preach the Gospel but that a carnal and sinful heart may wrest it so as to suck poison instead of honey from it; such being apt to take all occasions of turning the grace of God into wantonness. And therefore the Apostle himself, when he treated upon this subject, even our justification by faith in Christ, was still forced to prevent this objection by a peremptory denial of the consequence. Precisely the evils, which by many are supposed to result from the unreserved exhibition of this doctrine, were laid to the charge of the same as preached by St. Paul. He denied the charge, but not the doctrine. He denied that the accuser had rightly interpreted its proper inferences and effects; but persisted, through evil report and good, in preaching still the same doctrine. The abuses were of man's corruption; the doctrine was of God's wisdom, and grace, and holiness. He might as well have ceased to declare the plenteous goodness, the wonderful long-suffering, the infinite mercy of God; for out of all is extracted, by the subtle devices of human depravity, the very poison that makes men sleep so securely in their sins. But while we must faithfully imitate the example of St. Paul

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in suffering no consideration to prevent us from assigning to this doctrine a most prominent place in our ministry, as emphatically 'the word of reconciliation,' which, as ambassadors of Christ, we are to proclaim to all people; we are bound, like St. Paul, to see to it most anxiously, not only that it be so delivered as to be as much as possible protected from misunderstandings and perversions, but so also that it may be productive, through the Spirit of Christ, of true holiness of heart and life in those who profess to embrace it. We must take care that in our own hearts, in all our words, we do manifestly insist, as zealously and with as much sense of necessity, upon personal holiness, to make us '*meet*,' as upon a justifying righteousness, not personal, to give us a *title* 'to be partakers with the saints in light.' Justification by faith without works, is no more to be preached than sanctification, which embraces faith and all good works. The righteousness of Christ, imputed, is one part of salvation. It delivers us from the *condemnation* of sin. The righteousness of Christ, dwelling in us by His Spirit, is another and equally important part of our salvation. It delivers us from the *dominion* of sin. 'We are far from that libertinism to conclude, that because Christ hath obeyed the whole law for us, therefore we are exempted from obedience. He hath done for us whatever was required in order to *merit and satisfaction;* yet He hath not done for us whatever was required in order to *obedience and a holy conversation;* He hath done the work of a Mediator and Redeemer, yet he never did the work of a sinner that stood in need of a Redeemer, so as to excuse him from it. And, therefore, though men may be justified by a surety, yet they cannot be sanctified by a surety; but still holiness, obedience, and good works must be *personal* and not *imputative*.'* Christ is become the Author of eternal salvation unto all them *that obey Him*. His people must be 'a peculiar people—an holy nation—purified unto Himself, zealous of good works.' St. Paul preached that we are saved 'by *grace through faith, not of works*,' but not without immediately adding that we are 'created in Christ Jesus *unto good works*, which God hath ordained that we should walk in them.' 'Herein (saith the Lord) is my Father glorified, that ye bring forth *much fruit*, so shall ye be My disciples.'

* Bishop Hopkins.

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We come far short of the spirit of our ministry if our hearts be not intently fixed upon the promotion of personal holiness in the lives of our people; we fail entirely in the effect of our ministry if our doctrine be not successful in securing it. But how is this blessed result to be secured? How shall we preach the way of a sinner's justification by faith, so as the most successfully to promote in him 'the sanctification of the Spirit unto obedience?' I answer, not by any *reserve* on the subject of Justification, exhibiting that doctrine only partially and fearfully, in reduced terms and in a background position, as if afraid of the fulness in which the Scriptures declare it to all who read or hear them. Reserve here is reserve in preaching 'Christ and Him crucified.' Our grand message everywhere is, 'Be it known unto you, men and brethren, that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sin, and by Him all that believe are justified from all things, from which they could not be justified by the law of Moses.' St. Paul waited not till men were well initiated into Christian mysteries, before he unveiled the grand object of Atonement and Justification through the blood of Christ. No—the Gospel plan of promoting sanctification is just the opposite of holding in obscurity any feature of the doctrine of Justification. It is simply to preach that doctrine most fully in all its principles and connections; in all its grace and all its works; in its utmost plainness and simplicity; so that whatever leads to it, whatever is contained in it, whether it be sin and condemnation as needing an imputed righteousness; the love of God, as providing that righteousness in His only-begotten Son; the blessed Redeemer, as offering up Himself a sacrifice to obtain it; faith, as embracing it freely; hope, as resting upon it joyfully; the promises, as assuring the believer perfectly; the sacraments, as signing and sealing them effectually to those who duly receive them; a new heart, as the essential companion of a living faith; unreserved obedience, as the necessary expression of a new heart; obedience springing from the love of God in Christ, keeping its eye of faith for motive, strength, and acceptance upon the cross, and embracing in its walk all departments of duty; all this, as coming legitimately within the embrace of the full preaching of Justification by Faith, is the way to promote, through the effectual working of

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the Spirit of God upon the conscience and heart of the sinner, *his sanctification through the truth.*

We cannot preach the righteousness of Christ, for Justification, with any propriety, unless, as the first thing to show the sinner's need thereof, we preach the righteousness of the law in the condemnation of every soul that sinneth. No more can we preach the righteousness of Christ for Justification with any justice, unless, beside its need and nature, we preach its fruits, and trace them out in all their branches, and show how they all spring out only and necessarily of a true and lively faith. Thus does the doctrine of faith embrace, on one hand, the righteousness of the law in the condemnation of the sinner, bringing him to Christ that he may be justified by faith; and on the other, that same righteousness in the sanctification of the believer, witnessing that he is in Christ, and is justified by faith.

Does St. Paul describe the blessedness of those 'who are in Christ Jesus,' witnessing that 'to them there is no condemnation'? He adds immediately: '*Who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit,*' thus insisting on the essential connection between a justifying faith and a spiritual life. Let this text be carried out by the preacher. Let him show how Christ, if ever 'made unto us of God, by imputation, *righteousness,*' must also be made unto us, by the indwelling of His Spirit, *sanctification;* both equally, though differently, necessary for final redemption—both equally, though differently derived from Christ, through His obedience unto death; both obtained by the same faith, at the same time; distinct in office, but, like the water and the blood from the side of the Lamb of God, inseparable; so that by the blessed union of justification and holiness, peace and purity, in all the way of the believer, he may be complete in Christ. Let the preacher dwell minutely upon the *developments*, as well as the principle, of personal sanctification. The planting of the root of faith does not supersede the necessity of training and pruning the branches of obedience. It follows not in this husbandry, any more than in any other, that if the root be good, the branches will all take, of themselves, precisely the right direction. We must copy the ministry of the Apostles in the minute tracing out of the fruits of faith in all the ways of holy living—in the

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affections, desires, tempers, habits, conversation, and all relative duties. To expect the *issues* of life without seeing to the indwelling of the *principle* of life, is an error only next worse to that of being content with the latter, without attending carefully to all its processes in the former. Parental care is not satisfied when the child is evidently governed by a filial love. It brings line upon line to guide, instruct, admonish, remind, and exhort that love. So is 'the nurture and admonition' by which the minister must seek to lead out the great principle of 'faith that worketh by love'—bringing the various and minute applications of that love, 'seasonably to the remembrance' of the believer, holding up continually to an eye prone to dulness, and a heart prone to negligence, the *law;* the *precept* of holiness, 'as it is in Jesus,' commended by His authority, illustrated in His example, expounded in His Word, enforced by His love, and fulfilled in us by the indwelling of His Spirit. If we have not to urge, as a motive to obedience, that it will obtain or promote the sinner's justification, what matters it? We have it to urge, that without obedience there can be neither the living faith that justifies, nor the true holiness that makes us meet for the presence of God; we have the *duty* also, as well as the necessity of unreserved obedience, to urge upon the heart and conscience, with just as much authority as if works, instead of faith, were the only way of justification; we have more; we have also the love of God in Christ, preparing for our ruined souls His only-begotten Son to be the sacrifice for our sins; and the amazing love of Christ, bringing Him to be obedient unto the death of the cross for us miserable sinners. And thence, from His agony and bloody sweat, His cross and passion, springs the constraining motive to a diligent, devoted, cheerful, filial, zealous obedience in all things. 'The love of Christ constraineth us,' said Christians of old, 'because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead; and that He died for all, that they which live should not live unto themselves, but unto Him that died for them and rose again.' Here is love *fulfilling the law*, banishing the living unto ourselves, substituting devotedness to Christ, discerning its conclusive reason, obtaining its all-powerful motive by the eye of faith, which beholds the love of Christ dying for the

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ungodly, and thence begins immediately to *work by love* and keep His commandments.

Such is the inseparable connection between the *faith* which looks unto Jesus and justifies the soul, through a righteousness imputed, and the *love* that equally looks unto Jesus, and bears witness to the living power of that faith, and glorifies God, by a righteousness, personal and inherent, doing whatsoever he hath commanded.

The following is the BURIAL SERVICE in the AMERICAN PRAYER BOOK, referred to page 255.

The opening sentences are the same as in the English Service.

Anthem taken from the 39th and 90th Psalm.

Lesson, 1 Cor. xv. 20.

When they come to the grave, etc.

Man that is born of a woman, etc.

Then while the earth shall be cast on the body, etc.

Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God in His wise providence to take out of this world the soul of our deceased *brother*, we therefore commit *his* body to the ground, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; looking for the general Resurrection in the last day, and the life of the world to come, through our Lord Jesus Christ; at whose second coming in glorious majesty to judge the world, the earth and the sea shall give up their dead; and the corruptible bodies of those who sleep in Him shall be changed, and made like unto His own glorious body; according to the mighty working whereby He is able to subdue all things unto himself.

Then shall be said, or sung,

I heard a voice from Heaven, etc.

Our Father, etc.

Then the Minister shall say one or both of the following Prayers at his discretion:

Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of those who depart hence in the Lord, and with whom the souls of the faithful, after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity: we give Thee hearty thanks for the good example of all those Thy servants, who, having finished

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their course in faith, do now rest from their labours. And we beseech Thee, that we, with all those departed in the true faith of Thy Holy Name, may have our perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul, in Thy eternal and everlasting glory; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

O Merciful God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who is the resurrection and the life; in whom whosoever believeth shall live though he die; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Him, shall not die eternally; who also hath taught us by His holy Apostle St. Paul, not to be sorry, as men without hope, for those who sleep in Him: we humbly beseech Thee, O Father, to raise us from the death of sin unto the life of righteousness; that, when we shall depart this life, we may rest in Him; and that, at the general Resurrection in the last day, we may be found acceptable in Thy sight; and receive that blessing which Thy well-beloved Son shall then pronounce to all who love and fear Thee, saying, Come, ye blessed children of my Father, receive the kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world. Grant this, we beseech Thee, O merciful Father, through Jesus Christ, our Mediator and Redeemer. Amen.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, etc.

The subject had long been considered in England, as will be seen by the following memorial, which was sent to the Most Reverend the Archbishops and the Right Reverend the Bishops of the Provinces of Canterbury and York:

We, the undersigned clergymen of the Church of England, desire to approach your Lordships with the feelings of respect and reverence which are due to your sacred office. We beg to express our conviction that the almost indiscriminate use of 'The Order for the Burial of the Dead,' as practically enforced by the existing state of the law, imposes a heavy burden upon the consciences of the clergy, and is the occasion of a grievous scandal to many Christian people. We, therefore, most humbly pray, that your Lordships will be pleased to give the subject, now brought under your consideration, such attention as the magnitude of these evils appears to require, with a view to the devising of some effectual remedy.

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The above memorial received nearly four thousand signatures. In the month of June, 1851, it was presented to the Archbishops and Bishops; and in February, 1852, the following answer was received from his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury:

Lambeth, February 13th, 1852.

REV. SIR,

I have recently had the opportunity which I expected of communicating to a large assembly of Bishops the memorial respecting the Burial Service, which you transmitted to me, signed by four thousand clergy. The Bishops generally sympathize with the memorialists in the difficulties, to which they sometimes find themselves exposed with reference to the terms of that service. But I am sorry to report further, that the obstacles in the way of remedying those difficulties appear to them, as at present advised, to be insuperable.

I am, Rev. Sir,

Your faithful servant,

Rev. W. F. Witts. J. B. CANTUAR.

ON THE DATE OF THE ORDINATION OF MR. MCILVAINE AS DEACON, referred to page 16.

The Editor is indebted to H. T. Parker, Esq., for a copy of the following letter from Dr. Batterson, dated April 5, 1880:

'The report made by Bishop White to his Convention, that the ordination took place on the 28th of June, I copied from the journal of this diocese. Mr. Brinckle was ordained priest at the same time and place. His letters of orders, now in the hands of his daughter, state that the ordination took place on the 28th of June. The Episcopal Register, now in my possession, gives an account of the ordination, and that paper gives the same date, June 28, adding the day of the week, Wednesday. I have looked up that also, and find that Wednesday was the 28th. The paper was printed before the 4th of July; it would not be at all likely that the newspapers would print the account of an ordination before it took place. I am forced, therefore, to the conviction, that *my* dates are correct, and that Bishop White made a mistake. When I get out another edition I shall state the fact, that Bishop McIlvaine's letters of Orders do bear the date of July 4th.

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